Cicero (M. T.) [illegible]

K

M. Tully Cicero's

FIVE BOOKS OF

TUSCULAN

DISPUTATIONS.

VIZ.

I. *Of the* CONTEMPT *of* DEATH.
II. *Of enduring* BODILY PAIN.
III. *Of moderating* GRIEF *of* MIND.
IV. *Of other disorderly* MOTIONS *of the* MIND.
V. *Whether* VIRTUE *alone be sufficient to a* HAPPY LIFE.

Done into *English* by a Gentleman of *Christ Church* College, *Oxford.*

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE
Tranſlator to the Reader.

SINCE *it is next to impoſſible to ſay any Thing concerning* Tully, *that has not been already ſaid by others, I ſhall content my ſelf with extracting an Account of him out of what Materials at preſent Occur, for the uſe of ſuch as may either be unfurniſh'd with thoſe Helps, or not underſtand the Language they are deliver'd in. I ſhall begin with the Account which* Cicero *gives of himſelf, and his Studies, in his* Brutus, *and ſome Hints from other Parts of his Works; which Account, as Dr.* Kennet *well obſerves, may likewiſe by the bye ſerve to deſcribe the whole Inſtitution and Courſe of Study of the moſt famous* Romans, *with their gradual Advances to thoſe Virtues and Attainments, which we ſtill admire in their Story.*

" Cicero, *for some time after his Admission to the* Forum, *was a constant Auditor of the best Pleaders, whenever they spoke in Publick. Every Day he spent several Hours in Writing, Reading and Improving his Invention; besides the Exercise he perform'd in the Art of Oratory. For the Knowledge of the Civil Law, he apply'd himself with all imaginable Diligence to* Q. Scævola, *the most celebrated Professor of that Science, who, tho' he did not make it his Business to procure Scholars, yet was very ready and willing to assist such Persons in this Study as desir'd his Advice and Directions. 'Twas to this* Scævola *that* Cicero's *Father, when he put him on his* Manly Gown (*at Seventeen Years of Age*) *committed his Son, with a strict Charge never to stir from him, but on extraordinary Accounts.*

" *About the Nineteenth Year of his Age, in the heat of the Contention between* Marius *and* Sylla, *when the Courts of Judicature were shut up, and all Things in Confusion;* Philo, *the Prince of the Academy, leaving* Athens, *on occasion of the* Mithridatick *War, took up his Residence at* Rome. Cicero *wholly resign'd himself to his Institution, having now fixt the Bent of his Thoughts*

" *and*

" *and Inclinations to Philoſophy, to which*
" *he gave the more diligent Attendance,*
" *becauſe the Diſtractions of the Times*
" *gave him little Reaſon to hope, that the*
" *judicial Proceſs, and the regular Courſe*
" *of the Laws, would ever be reſtor'd to*
" *their former Vigour. Yet not entirely*
" *to forſake his Oratory, at the ſame*
" *time he made his Applications to* Molo
" *the* Rhodian, *a famous Pleader and*
" *Maſter of Rhetorick.*

" Sylla *being now the ſecond time ad-*
" *vanced againſt* Mithridates, *the City*
" *was not much diſturb'd with Arms for*
" *three Years together. During this In-*
" *terval,* Cicero, *with unweary'd Di-*
" *ligence, made his Advances Day and*
" *Night, in all manner of Learning; ha-*
" *ving now the Benefit of a new Inſtru-*
" *ctor,* Diodotus *the* Stoick, *who liv'd*
" *and dy'd in his Houſe. To this Maſter,*
" *beſides his Improvement in other uſeful*
" *Parts of Knowledge, he was particular-*
" *ly oblig'd for keeping him continually ex-*
" *erciſed in Logick, which he calls* a Con-
" ciſe and Compact kind of Elo-
" quence.

" *But though engag'd at the ſame time*
" *in ſo many and ſuch different Faculties,*
" *he let no Day ſlip without ſome Perfor-*
" *mance in Oratory: Declaiming con-*

" ſtantly with the beſt Antagoniſts he
" cou'd light on among the Students. In
" this Exerciſe he did not ſtick to any one
" Language, but ſometimes made uſe of
" Latin, ſometimes of Greek; and in-
" deed more frequently of the latter;
" either becauſe the Beauties and Orna-
" ments of the Greek Style would, by this
" Means, grow ſo natural as eaſily to be
" imitated in his own Tongue; or becauſe
" his Grecian Maſters would not be ſuch
" proper Judges of his Style and Method,
" nor ſo well able to correct his Failures,
" if he deliver'd himſelf in any other than
" their Native Language.

" Upon Sylla's Victorious Return, and
" his Settlement of the Commonwealth,
" the Lawyers recovered their Practice,
" and the ordinary Courſe of Judicial
" Matters was reviv'd. And then it
" was that Cicero came to the Bar, and
" undertook the Patronage of publick
" and private Cauſes. His firſt Oration
" in a publick Trial, was the Defence of
" Sextus Roſcius, proſecuted by no leſs a
" Man than the Dictator himſelf, which was
" the Reaſon that none of the old ſtaunch
" Advocates durſt appear in his behalf.
" Cicero carry'd the Cauſe, to his great
" Honour, being now about Six or Seven
" and Twenty: And having behav'd him-

" ſelf

" *ſelf ſo remarkably well in his firſt En-*
" *terprize, there was no Buſineſs thought*
" *too weighty or difficult for his Manage-*
" *ment.*

" *He found himſelf at this time to*
" *labour under a very weak Conſtitution,*
" *to which was added the natural De-*
" *fault in his Make of a long and thin*
" *Neck; ſo that in probability the La-*
" *bour and Straining of the Body requir'd*
" *in an Orator, could not conſiſt but*
" *with manifeſt Danger of his Life.*
" *This was eſpecially to be fear'd in*
" *Him, becauſe he was obſerv'd in his*
" *Pleadings to keep his Voice always at*
" *the higheſt pitch, in a moſt vehement*
" *and impetuous Tone, and at the ſame*
" *time to uſe a proportionable Violence*
" *in his Geſture and Action: Upon this*
" *Conſideration the Phyſicians, and his*
" *neareſt Friends, were continually urging*
" *him to lay aſide all Thoughts of a*
" *Profeſſion which appear'd ſo extremely*
" *prejudicial to his Health. But* Cicero
" *ſhew'd himſelf equally inflexible to the*
" *Advice of the one, and to the Entrea-*
" *ties of the other; and declar'd his Re-*
" *ſolution rather to run the riſque of any*
" *Danger that might happen, than de-*
" *prive himſelf of the Glory which he*
" *might juſtly challenge from the Bar.*

" *Confirming himſelf in this Determi-*
" *nation, he began to think, that upon*
" *altering his Mode of ſpeaking, and*
" *bringing his Voice down to a lower*
" *and more moderate Key, he might abate*
" *conſiderably of the Heat and Fury which*
" *now tranſported him, and by that means*
" *avoid the Damage which ſeem'd now*
" *to threaten his Deſign.*

" *For the effecting of the Cure, he*
" *concluded on a Journey into* Greece:
" *And ſo, after he had made his Name*
" *very conſiderable in the* Forum *by two*
" *Years pleading, he left the City. Be-*
" *ing arrived at* Athens, *he took up his*
" *Reſidence for ſix Months with the Phi-*
" *loſopher* Atticus, *the wiſeſt and moſt*
" *Noble Aſſertor of the old Academy:*
" *And here, under the Direction of the*
" *greateſt Maſter, he renew'd his Ac-*
" *quaintance with that part of Learn-*
" *ing (Philoſophy) which had been the*
" *conſtant Entertainment of his Youth; at*
" *the ſame time performing his Exer-*
" *ciſes in Oratory, under the Care of*
" Demetrius, *the* Syrian, *an eminent*
" *Profeſſor of the Art of Speaking. Af-*
" *ter this he made a Circuit round all*
" Aſia, *with ſeveral of the moſt cele-*
" *brated Orators and Rhetoricians, who*

" *volun-*

" *voluntarily offer'd him their Com-*
" *pany.*

" *But not ſatisfy'd with all theſe Ad-*
" *vantages he ſail'd to* Rhodes, *and*
" *there entred himſelf once more among*
" *the Scholars of the famous* Molo,
" *whom he had formerly heard at* Rome:
" *One that beſides his admirable Talent*
" *at Pleading and Penning, had a pecu-*
" *liar Happineſs in Marking and Cor-*
" *recting the Defaults in any Perfor-*
" *mance. 'Twas to his Inſtitution that*
" Cicero *gratefully acknowledged he ow'd*
" *the retrenching of his Juvenile Heat*
" *and unbounded Freedom of Thought,*
" *which did not conſiſt with the juſt*
" *Rules of an exact and ſevere Me-*
" *thod.*

" *Returning to* Rome, *after two Years*
" *Abſence, he appear'd quite another*
" *Man: For his Body, ſtrengthned by*
" *Exerciſe, was come to a tolerable Ha-*
" *bit: His way of Speaking ſeem'd to*
" *have grown cool; and his Voice was*
" *render'd much eaſier to himſelf, and*
" *much ſweeter to the Audience. Thus,*
" *about the One and Thirtieth Year of*
" *his Age, he arriv'd at that full Per-*
" *fection, which had ſo long taken up*
" *his whole Wiſhes and Endeavours, and*

" *which has been, ever ſince, the Admi-*
" *ration or Envy of the World.*

That Cicero *is the firſt of all Authors for Matter, Method, and Stile, is denied by no Man of any Experience in Letters: Mankind, far from contenting themſelves in being ſupplied out of him with a Stock of the choiceſt Words, ſhould have Recourſe to him all their Lives, for the Knowledge of the moſt uſeful Things; ſince none ever had a more fruitful Invention, a clearer Conception, a nobler Expreſſion, or a more ſolid Judgment, never exerted in uſeleſs Speculations, but directed to Action, in the Defence of the Commonwealth, and the oppoſing all Deſigns on its Liberty. As he was the Prince, Magiſtrate, and Ruler of thoſe that then rul'd the World, ſo he exceeds all the Writers of the World, in every Thing that ſerves to render a Man Wiſe and Virtuous, Learned and Accompliſh'd, eſpecially in State-Affairs, and Philoſophy; which latter (particularly of the Moral Kind) had lain neglected till his Time, and had met with no Author to handle it in* Latin *Proſe. This therefore* Tully *profeſſeth to undertake, as his proper Office; and how happily he ſucceeded in the Attempt,*

tempt, his Works on that Subject will be laſting Monuments; particularly this of the Tuſculan *Queſtions, which he diſputed at* Tuſculum, *a Country-Seat of his (whereof he had no fewer than Eighteen) and afterwards wrote in Five Books to his familiar Friend* Brutus, *in the* Latin *Tongue, and which, for the Pleaſure and Profit it affords, does far excel all that was ever written by any Heathen Writer, and had (no doubt) been put into the* Engliſh *Tongue e'er now, were it not for ſome peculiar Difficulties of the Phraze.*

But the Tranſlator, for that very Reaſon, choſe to begin with it, as an Eſſay to try the Reliſh of the Town, in caſe he ſhould proceed to the other Philoſophical Works of Tully: *For as to the Epiſtolary, the Oratorial and Rhetorical, he is pretty confident they will be diſpatch'd with much greater Facility,* &c.

But to return to the Character of Tully, *and to let the* Engliſh *Reader ſee, what a prodigious Figure was made by this trueſt Lover of Liberty and Mankind, I ſhall preſent him with a Tranſlation of ſo much of Mr.* Toland's Cicero Illuſtratus *as concerns the preſent Purpoſe; which ſhall conclude all I have to ſay on this Head.* Mr. *Toland's*

Mr. *Toland's* Character of *M. Tully Cicero.*

THO' 'tis my firm Opinion that the Capacities of all Nations and Ages, if the Circumſtances of Things be duly weighed and conſidered, are upon an Equality; yet what with the different Methods of Education, whether Publick or Private, what with the Neceſſary Employments or Voluntary Application of ſeveral Men, it generally happens, that the whole, or at leaſt the greateſt part of the Progreſs we make in Eloquence and Politicks, is owing to the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, whoſe *Manes* in their Books (as it were ſpeaking from their Tombs) did formerly and do ſtill give the Univerſe inimitable Leſſons of refin'd Speaking, of the Art of Government, and of the moſt poliſhed as well as the moſt virtuous Regulation of Manners, all illuſtrated and confirmed

confirmed by an infinite Number of Examples. For this Reaſon, the moſt perfect Phraſes in all the Modern Tongues, the moſt uſeful Laws and Cuſtoms, as well as our moſt ſelect Proverbs, are, either by ourſelves, or by others, borrowed from them; for a great many, though they never employed any Study upon the *Greek* or *Roman* Languages, yet either by often peruſing or by imitating the Labours of Learned Men, have gained the ſame Advantages of Elegance, Perſpicuity and Order, as if they had; not to ſpeak of the more ſolid Knowledge of Things, nor of the applying pertinent Examples to preſent Events.

Mark Tully Cicero excels all theſe Ancients, not upon one Account alone; but if thoſe which ſtill are left us were all loſt like the reſt, he alone would in a manner ſupply the Want of them. That he far ſurpaſſed all the *Romans*, as well thoſe which are remaining as thoſe which are loſt, in handling of any Subject of Philoſophy in the Speculations and Management of the Politicians, and (which I ought to have placed firſt) in the Origin, Progreſs and Perfection of Eloquence,

quence, is beyond all Diſpute; eſpecially if we may give Credit to thoſe, whoſe Teſtimony in this Caſe cannot without Abſurdity be refuſed, becauſe they themſelves are look'd upon as the Principal Ornaments, next to him, of theſe Arts. He infinitely outdid the very *Greeks*, whom he at firſt ſo carefully ſtudy'd and afterwards no leſs happily imitated, and conſequently excelled all Mankind.

Notwithſtanding all this, I may ſafely averr that this *Cicero* is almoſt wholly unknown to no ſmall number even of the Learned World; and yet no Name is more frequent, and that deſervedly, in the Mouths of all Men. He has been ſo abuſed and ill-handled by pretended Grammarians (for as for the true ones, I have a very great Eſteem for them) and by paltry Coiners of Words, that ſeveral have thought him to be one of them; ſo that as many as have been led into this Error, with *Philephus*, avoid and ſhun him as they would do an impertinent Schoolmaſter, or a pert Pedant. The ſame may be ſaid of Rhetoricians, I mean ſuch pitiful Declaimers as aſſume that Title: Attorneys, Pettifoggers and Sollicitors will

will have him to be one of them, by hook or by crook; neither are there wanting falſe Witneſſes to prove it, nor Scribling Clerks to draw him in by Quirks and Quibbles. This makes the Ignorant believe him to be wordy, impudent, mercenary and litigious, like thoſe wrangling and brawling Lawyers, who unworthily abuſe the moſt worthy Condition of Life, namely, that of Patrons and Advocates. There is not a Mayor, or Burgo-maſter of the meaneſt Town, nor a Recorder, nor a Scavenger, nor a Jury-man but what thinks himſelf a *Cicero*, or imagines *Cicero* to be like him; ſo much to the purpoſe have our Modern Criticks adapted Names to Things! for all thoſe Petty Officers which I have mentioned are by them made Conſuls, Prætors, Ediles, Queſtors, and what not!

But thoſe who have any Knowledge in the *Roman* Government, know theſe things to be ſo far from being true, that no Prince nor Magiſtrate whatſoever this Day in *Europe*, can any more be compared with *Cicero*, for Rank and Dignity, than their Dominions and Power can be compared with thoſe of the

the *Roman* Empire. But what is yet a greater Addition to his Glory, tho' he was Born but a private Gentleman, he was ſucceſſively elected Queſtor, Edile, Prætor, Conſul, Augur, and Proconſul by that Nation, which was then the Miſtreſs of the whole World, and he was ſaluted *Imperator* by the Army in *Cilicia*. No Man, not only of his own, but any other Age, was ever ſo well skilled in the Civil Law as he was, which his Orations and Epiſtles do ſufficiently teſtifie. The Greatneſs of his Eloquence was equal to the Command of the World, and his Enemy, *Julius Cæſar*, (for no Body that was his Enemy could be a Friend to his Country) confeſſed that *Cicero had deſerved a Laurel better than all the Generals that had ever triumphed, by how much more uſeful it was to extend the Bounds of the* Roman *Learning and Knowledge, than to extend the Bounds of their Empire*; for this latter we have in common with Brute Beaſts, whereas the former reſults from Reaſon, which in ſome meaſure makes us reſemble God. He was that perfect Orator which the Ancients own they never knew, but which they only formed

ed in their own Imagination; ſuch an Orator, as even he himſelf doubted whether there could be one ſo great. His Cotemporaries, and all the World down to this preſent Age, with one Voice pronounce *Cicero* to have been the only Man that ever was endowed with all the Gifts of the Mind in general. Good Heavens! how wonderful is he for the Copiouſneſs, Choice, and Placing of his Words! How great is the Dignity, Efficacy, and Sweetneſs of his Eloquence! How Exuberant the Source of his Invention, and how ready his Topicks for chuſing and amplifying his Subjects! How Exquiſite and Beautiful his Method! what Perſpicuity! what ſtupendous Elegance, and what beautiful Figures adorn the whole! what an Artiſt as well at Delighting as at Moving! in a word, what an uninterrupted courſe of Argument, and what an irreſiſtible Strength of Perſwaſion! and yet how eaſie! how ſimple! how pleaſant! how genteel! How much does this Elogium come ſhort of his Deſerts! for he was undoubtedly the beſt of the *Roman* Citizens, the greateſt Lover of his Country (in which *Cato* was his only Rival) and, to

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conclude, the moſt learned Man of his Age, not excepting that Miracle of Letters, *Varro*; for he was not only perfect Maſter of all the Orators, Politicians and Philoſophers that ever wrote, but he had alſo exhauſted the Poets, Grammarians, Geographers, Hiſtorians, and all that was Taught either in the Writings of the *Greeks* or *Latins*.

That prepoſterous Method of putting the Works of *Cicero* at Random into the Hands of raw Schoolboys, may be counted among the Reaſons why many Men conceive ſuch falſe Notions of this Divine Author, and almoſt tremble at his very Name, remembring the many Laſhes they have received from their dull Pedagogues upon his account. Thus forſooth his *Orations* and *Epiſtles* (which contain the moſt important Controverſies relating to Civil Matters, the moſt excellent Arts of Policy, and the moſt hidden Secrets of Government) are by ſome look'd upon as no other than *Declamations* to be pronounced by Boys by way of Exerciſe; or as *Letters* written by Men that had nothing elſe to do, without either Subject-Mat-

Matter or Correſpondents. Theſe, therefore, and the reſt of his Works, are read by many, with no more Deſign than to get a *Copia Verborum*, which makes many believe that there is nothing to be found in them beſides bare Words. And this, 'tis probable, is the Reaſon why the Books of ſome Writers, who pretend to be mighty Admirers of *Cicero*, contain nothing but high ſounding Words, deſtitute of all manner of Senſe or Meaning. Such there has always been, as he himſelf informs us, in the firſt Book of his Orator: *For what* (ſays he) *can be more fooliſh, than a vain Noiſe of Words, though never ſo elegant and ſelect, if they include not Senſe and Learning?* Yet I would by no means have it imagined, that I would never ſuffer Boys to read *Cicero*, whom they can never peruſe too often, and from whoſe Treaſures they may fetch all that is worthy an honeſt Man. For where can they ſooner, better, or more eaſily learn the *Latin* Tongue, than from the Prince of *Roman* Eloquence? But I muſt own, I cannot approve of the common manner of teaching. Naughty Boys are ſent to School as it were for their Puniſhment; and,

and, as they are there managed, they generally carry away an Averſion, inſtead of a Love, for Books: Afterwards, when they are ſent to ſome Univerſity, and there in a manner chain'd down to certain learned Trifles, they deſpiſe Learning all their Life-time, for the vain Pride, and empty Diſputes of ſome Profeſſors of it. But *He may be ſure he makes a Progreſs in Learning*, ſays *Quintilian, who has a true Reliſh for* Cicero.

None form a worſe Judgment of *Cicero*, than thoſe who ought never to be without him in their Hands: I mean Perſons diſtinguiſhable for the Greatneſs of their Birth, and for the Civil Law. Perhaps they are afraid 'twould be beneath them to owe any Knowledge to a Man, whom they imagine to be far inferior to them for Rank or Degree; but if they would examine into the Truth, they would have no ſuch Thoughts. This was that *Cicero*, who was the firſt that ever was adorned with the higheſt Title upon Earth, and was ſaluted *Father of his Country*, by *Quintus Catulus*, the Head of the Senate, with the Conſent of the reſt; nay, he was called ſo by *Cato* himſelf, one that of all Mankind

kind could never be ſuſpected of Flattery.

It was confirmed too in a free Common-wealth, by the Suffrages of the Citizens, at a Time when Titles of Honour were propoſed as a gratuitous Reward for Virtue; and not, as afterwards, when it was conferred on the moſt diſſolute Emperors, nor as it has been ſince, when it is given to every petty Tyrant, by thoſe very Men, who in their Hearts abhor him above all Things.

Lucius Gellius ſays, (as he himſelf does againſt *L. Piſo*) that he had deſerved a *Corona civica*, for having ſaved the Common-wealth. This, again, was that *Cicero*, who when oppoſed by the prevailing Faction, and baniſhed by it, from the very City he had ſo lately ſaved with no leſs Prudence than he had before governed it, ſaw the whole Equeſtrial Order go into Mourning for him. Why ſhould I name the Senate in particular, when all *Italy* in general did the ſame, as if it had been in ſome publick Calamity? And when he himſelf, in mean Attire, and with Hair untrimmed (*as thoſe who were Arraigned, were wont to go,*)

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ſued to the Clemency of the People, was accompanied by Twenty Thouſand of the nobleſt Perſons to intercede for him, the greateſt Part young Nobles, all in the ſame Dreſs with himſelf? Thus backed, thus loved, thus revered and admired, how eaſily might he have refuſed to ſubmit himſelf, and revenged himſelf upon his Enemies by open Force? On the contrary, his Anſwer to thoſe who blamed him, either for too much Meekneſs, or for Cowardice, was always; That he had much rather give Way to the Laws, even though they were wreſted to his utter Ruin, than ſeditiouſly to contend with them; when, if he either conquer'd, or was vanquiſh'd, it would be equally deſtructive to the Laws of the Republick, and the Lives of the Citizens. *Shall I,* (ſays he ſomewhere) *when ſo many Dangers lay in the Way, that if I was overcome, the Common-wealth muſt have been ruined, and if I conquer'd, it muſt have been by ſo much Bloodſhed, draw upon my ſelf the odious Name of the Deſtroyer of my Country, I, who had been its Preſerver? You ſay I fear Death; ſo far from it, I would not accept even of Immor-*

Immortality, contrary to the Intereſt of the Publick, much leſs would I die to deſtroy it; for I never thought, that thoſe who loſt their Lives in the Service of their Country, had found Death, but rather gained Immortality; you may ſay I rave, if you pleaſe. What an Example is here, of a true Patriot, and a real Philoſopher!

But to ſhew how much this Manner of acting gained him the Goodwill of the People, and the Eſteem of the beſt Men; 'twill be enough to relate, how far their Sorrow for his unjuſt Expulſion, was exceeded, by their Joy for his ſudden Return.

He was every where received with the greateſt Reſpect, and met with unuſual Honours, in the moſt remote Provinces. Thoſe who any ways aſſiſted him, were thanked by the Senate, as he himſelf informs us in his Oration, *pro Domo ſua:* And there too he numbers up the Decrees that were made concerning his Return, not only by Villages, Mountainneers, and Societies, but alſo by Cities, Nations, Provinces, Kings, and in a Word, by the whole World. Not only Ambaſſadors were ſent to meet and congratulate

tulate him from all the Cities, Colonies, Governments, and Towns of *Italy* (as may be ſeen in his Orations for *P. Sextius*, and againſt *L. Piſo*,) but thoſe who ſent them alſo kept Holidays with their Wives and Children, their Servants and Tenants, and crouded the Roads to ſee him. The Senate and People met him without the City, (an Honour never done to any beſides) *as if* Rome *had been moved from its very Foundations, and had gone out to receive its Preſerver.* Thus he was carried to the Capitol by all Good Men, and *brought back to* Italy *upon their Shoulders*, (as he himſelf ſomewhere ſays, and as ſome Rhetorician, under the Name of *Salluſt*, objects to him) Wherefore it was not without Reaſon he thought that one Day to be eſteem'd almoſt preferable to Immortality.

THE

THE TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS.

BOOK I.

Of the CONTEMPT *of* DEATH.

BEING entirely, or in a great Measure, releas'd from Pleadings at the Bar, and from the Business of the Senate; I have apply'd my self, *Brutus*, principally at your Desire, to those Studies which, tho' the Necessity of the Times oblig'd me to discontinue then, I still retain'd in my Mind, and have now after a long Interval resum'd: And since the Reason and Principles of all the Arts which concern the right Conduct of Life, are comprehended in the Study of Wisdom, which is term'd Philosophy, I thought proper to

illuſtrate this in the *Latin* Tongue; not that I imagine Philoſophy might not be underſtood from *Grecian* Books and Maſters, but becauſe it was always my Opinion, that our own Countrymen have either invented better than the *Greeks*, or have improv'd what they borrow'd from them, whenever they eſteem'd the Subject to be worthy their Labour. We excel them in the Manners and Methods of Life, and in the Management of Domeſtick Affairs; and our Anceſtors have undoubtedly form'd the Republick on better Laws and Inſtitutions. I need not mention the Science of War; wherein as we have exceeded in Bravery, ſo have we far ſurpaſs'd them in Diſcipline. And in thoſe Things which our Forefathers were poſſeſs'd of by Nature, and not by a learned Education, neither *Greece*, nor any other Nation, is to be compar'd to them. Where was there ſuch Steadineſs, ſuch Conſtancy, ſuch Greatneſs of Mind, ſuch Probity and Truth, and ſuch admirable Virtues of every ſort, as can ſtand in Compariſon with theirs? *Greece*, indeed, excell'd us in all kinds of Literature, in which it was eaſie to conquer thoſe who never contended. Thus the Race of Poets among the *Grecians* are the moſt ancient of the Learned: ſince *Homer* and *Heſiod* liv'd before the building of *Rome*, and *Archilochus* in *Romulus*'s Reign; but with us Poetry began much later; for about 510 Years after the City was built, *Livius* preſented a Play in the Conſulſhip of *C. Claudius*, *Cœcus*'s Son, and of *M. Tuditanus* a Year before *Ennius* was born, who was elder than *Plautus* and *Nævius*.

Poetry therefore was but lately known, or admitted among us. Tho' the *Origines* (of *Cato*) mention, that the Gueſts us'd at their Banquets to ſing the Exploits of famous Men to the Pipe; Yet his Speech ſhews their Songſters were in no Reputation,

Reputation, becauſe he objects it to *Marcus Nobilior*, as a Reproach, that he carry'd Poets with him into his Province. For, when he was Conſul, we know he took *Ennius* with him into *Æolia*. Thus as Poetry was in little Eſteem, ſo there were few who ſtudy'd it. Yet if any great Genius's aroſe, they were not inferior to the *Greeks*; and had it been thought a Qualification in *M. Fabius*, a Man of the firſt Quality, to paint, can we imagine we ſhould not have had our *Polycletus's* and *Parrhaſius's*, as well as they? Fame nouriſhes Arts, and we are animated to Study by Honour, while thoſe things always lie uncultivated which meet with no Applauſe. The *Greeks* thought the higheſt Learning conſiſted in Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick; wherefore *Epaminondas*, who, in my Opinion, was the greateſt Man that *Greece* produc'd, is reported to have play'd finely on the Flute. And ſome Years before, *Themiſtocles* was look'd on as unpoliſh'd, for refuſing to handle the Harp at a Feaſt. Muſicians therefore flouriſh'd in *Greece*, every one practis'd the Art, and he who was ignorant of it, was eſteem'd a Man of no Breeding. Geometry alſo was in wonderful Reputation among them, and accordingly they have had the moſt excellent Mathematicians; but we have confin'd this Science to Meaſuring and Reaſoning.

But we embrac'd Oratory more early, not indeed the perfect and elaborate Kind, yet ſuch as was proper for Harangues: and afterwards that which was correct and learned, appear'd. For *Galba*, *Africanus*, *Lælius*, were ſaid to be Men of Letters, and *Cato*, who was elder than them, was one of much Study; after theſe came *Lepidus*, *Carbo*, the *Gracchi*: and from thence to our Age there were ſeveral of ſuch diſtinguiſh'd Abilities that they were very little, if at all, inferior to

the *Greeks*. Philoſophy lay neglected 'till the preſent Times, and had no Improvements from the *Latin* Tongue; it ſhall, therefore, be my Undertaking to open and explain it; that if I have been ſerviceable to my Countrymen when I was in Office, I may alſo, if poſſible, be ſo in my Retirement. As I proceed, it is neceſſary that I employ the more Application and Care, becauſe I am inform'd ſeveral Books are written in our Language inconſiderately, by very worthy Men, but who were no Scholars. For it may happen that a Man may Think properly, and yet be no Maſter of Expreſſion; but for any one to ſet himſelf to write, who underſtands neither Method, nor Ornament, nor can entertain the Reader with any Pleaſure, is a wanton Abuſe both of Time and Learning. Their own Diſciples may read their Works, but no one elſe will open them, beſides thoſe who expect to be indulg'd in the ſame Licentiouſneſs of Scribbling. If therefore I have advanc'd the Honour of Oratory in any Degree, by my Labours, I ſhall open the Treaſures of Philoſophy with greater Diligence, from whence my Obſervations concerning Eloquence were deriv'd.

But as *Ariſtotle*, a Man of extraordinary Parts and abundant Erudition, being ſtung with the Reputation of *Iſocrates*, the Rhetorician, began to plead and teach publickly, and unite the Knowledge of prudent Conduct and of Eloquence together: So it is my Deſign, without laying aſide my Oratorical Studies, to practiſe this nobler and more copious Art. For that kind of Philoſophy was always, in my Opinion, the moſt perfect, which enabled a Man to ſpeak largely and politely upon the moſt important Subjects; and in theſe Exerciſes I am become ſuch a Proficient, that I cou'd venture, after the manner of the

Greeks,

Greeks, to open a publick School. As lately in *Tuſculum*, ſince your Departure, I try'd among a number of my Acquaintance what I cou'd perform in this Nature: and as formerly I declaim'd at the Bar (at which no one continu'd a longer Term than my ſelf) ſo this is my Declaiming in my old Age. My manner was to deſire any to propoſe what they wou'd have me Diſcourſe upon, and either ſitting or walking I diſcuſs'd the Matter. I have compris'd in five Books our five Days Diſputations, in which it was our Method that the Auditor ſhou'd firſt declare his Opinion, after which I aſſerted the contrary. For this, you know, is the old *Socratick* manner of Argumentation: *Socrates* thinking this the readieſt way to arrive at the Truth. But that our Diſputations may appear in a clearer Light, I will not relate them in a narrative Style, but repreſent them as if they were now proceeding before you, and thus let the Dialogue begin.

A. I hold Death to be an Evil. *M.* To whom? To thoſe who are dead, or thoſe who muſt die? *A.* To both. *M.* 'Tis miſerable therefore, if it be an Evil. *A.* 'Tis ſo. *M.* Then as well they who are already dead, as thoſe who muſt die, are miſerable? *A.* So I think. *M.* Then there is no Man but is miſerable. *A.* None at all. *M.* Now, to make your Argument uniform, all who ever have been, or ever ſhall be Born, are not only miſerable, but muſt be eternally ſo: For if you ſhou'd affirm they only are Miſerable who muſt die, all that ever ſhall live muſt be ſo, for they muſt die; yet one would think their Miſery ſhould end in Death; but ſince the Dead too are miſerable, we are born to be eternally miſerable; for they muſt be miſerable who dy'd a hundred thouſand Years ago, or to ſpeak more properly all who have ever been Born. *A.* This is my Opinion entirely.

M. Pray tell me, are you afraid of ſuch things as the three-headed *Cerberus* of Hell, the roaring Billows of *Cocytus*, the Paſſage of *Acheron*, *Tantalus* up to his Chin in Water, yet parched with Thirſt: Or

——Siſyphus, *who with inceſſant Toil*
Rolls the returning Stone?

Perhaps too you have ſome apprehenſion of the inexorable Judges *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, before whom there is no procuring *L. Craſſus*, or *M. Antony* to defend you: Or, ſince the Cauſe is before *Græcian* Judges, where there is no *Demoſthenes* to plead for you, but you your ſelf before the greateſt Aſſembly muſt defend your ſelf. This perhaps you fear, and therefore conceive Death to be an eternal Evil.

A. Can you think me ſo abandon'd to common Senſe, as to believe theſe Tales? *M.* How! don't you believe them? *A.* Not in the leaſt. *M.* I am ſorry to hear it. *A.* Why, pray? *M.* Becauſe he had need be Eloquent, that ſhou'd attempt to diſprove ſuch Things. *A.* Who could not? A mighty Buſineſs truly, to confute the Dreams and Stories of Poets and Painters! *M.* And yet the Philoſophers have taken a great deal of Pains in their Books to expoſe theſe Notions. *A.* They had little to do then, for who can be ſo void of Senſe as to be mov'd by them? *M.* If then there are none wretched in the next World, there are none exiſting in the next World. *A.* So I think. *M.* Where then are thoſe you call wretched, or what Place do they inhabit? For if they exiſt they muſt be ſomewhere. *A.* I do not think they are any where. *M.* Then they do not exiſt. *A.* Right, and yet they are miſerable for this very Reaſon, becauſe annihilated. *M.* I had much rather heard you have fear'd *Cerberus*, than ſpeak ſo inconſiderately.

ly. *A.* How ſo? *M.* You deny the Exiſtence of the ſame Perſon, whom you affirm to be miſerable; is not this abſurd? For in affirming ſuch a deceas'd Perſon is miſerable, you ſay the ſame Perſon that doth not exiſt, doth exiſt. *A.* I am not ſo ſtupid as to talk ſo. *M.* What then do you mean? *A.* I ſay, for Inſtance, *Marcus Craſſus* is miſerable, who by dying loſt ſuch immenſe Riches; *Pompey* is miſerable, for being deprived of ſuch Honour and Dignity: All in ſhort are miſerable who want Life. *M.* You are in the ſame Caſe as before: For they muſt of neceſſity Exiſt, who Are miſerable; but you juſt now deny'd the Exiſtence of the Dead; if then they are not in Being, they cannot be miſerable. *A.* Perhaps I do not expreſs my ſelf right; for not to Be any longer, when we once have *been*, I think is the greateſt Miſery that may be. *M.* Nay, by that Reaſon what can be more wretched than not to have been at all? And ſo they who have never yet been Born, are already miſerable, becauſe they do not exiſt: And we our ſelves, if after our Death we ſhall be miſerable, were miſerable alſo before we were Born: And yet for my part, I do not remember that I was in Miſery before I was Born: If you are bleſs'd with a better Memory, pray tell me what you remember of your ſelf then.

A. You turn the Matter into Ridicule, as if I ſaid the Unborn were miſerable, and not the Dead. *M.* Then you ſay the Dead are ſo? *A.* Yes, becauſe they have once *been*, and now *are* not, I affirm them to be miſerable. *M.* You do not ſee what Contradictions you run into; for what can be more abſurd, than to ſay that he who is not, not only is, but alſo is a Wretch? When you go out at the Gate *Capena*, and ſee the Tombs of *Calatinus*, the *Scipio's*, the *Servilii*, the *Metelli*, do you think them miſerable? *A.* Since you

take advantage of a Term, I will no longer ſay they are miſerable upon any other account, but purely becauſe they do not exiſt. *M.* Then you don't ſay *Marcus Craſſus* is miſerable, but miſerable *Marcus Craſſus*! *A.* Even ſo. *M.* As if whatever you ſpoke of in that manner, muſt not of neceſſity either be, or not be. Have you no Logick? Do you not know that among the Principles of that Art, this is taught, *viz.* Every Propoſition muſt be either true or falſe. Therefore when you ſay *miſerable M. Craſſus*, you either ſay in effect, *M. Craſſus* is miſerable (ſo that we may judge whether the Propoſition be true or falſe) or you ſay nothing. *A.* Well, I will yield up this Point, that the Dead are not miſerable, ſince you have oblig'd me to own that they do not exiſt, and therefore cannot poſſibly be miſerable: But as for us who live now, and yet muſt die, are not we miſerable; for what Enjoyment can we take in Life, when Day and Night we cannot but reflect, we muſt by and by die?

M. Do you obſerve what a great Evil you have deliver'd Human Nature from? *A.* How? *M.* Why, if Death were an Evil to the Dead, we ſhould be in infinite and eternal Miſery. And now I ſee the end of our Race, which when we have reach'd, nothing more is to be fear'd. You ſeem to me to fall in with the ingenious *Epicarmus*'s Notion. *A.* What was it, for I don't remember it? *M.* I will give you it in *Latin*, if I can, for you know I no more uſe to quote *Greek* when I am ſpeaking *Latin*, than *Latin* when I am diſcourſing in *Greek*. *A.* I think that right, but what was *Epicarmus*'s Notion.

M. I would not die, but as to being dead, I am indifferent. *A.* Now I recollect the *Greek*; and ſince you have oblig'd me to own that the Dead are not miſerable, convince me, if you can, that to die

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is no Misery. *M.* That is a small Point to gain. I aim at greater. *A.* What do you mean by a small Point, or what greater do you aim at? *M.* Because, since there is no Evil after Death, Death it self can be no Evil; the next State to dying is that after Death, but after Death you own there is no Evil: The Necessity therefore of dying is not an Evil, as being nothing but the Necessity of coming where confessedly there is no Evil. *A.* Pray be more plain in opening these things; for such knotty Reasons rather extort my Confession than win my Assent. But what are those greater Things you aim at? *M.* To shew you, if I am able, that Death is not only no Evil, but even a Good. *A.* I don't exact that of you, but shou'd be glad to hear what you can say on so extraordinary a Topick: For tho' perhaps you may fall short of your Design to prove Death a Good, you may yet prove Death to be no Evil. But I will not interrupt you, I had rather hear a continu'd Discourse. *M.* If I should ask you a Question, will you refuse to answer me? *A.* I shou'd not be so ill-manner'd; but unless there be an absolute Necessity I had rather you would not.

M. I shall comply with your Desires, and after the best manner I can, explain this Notion. Not that I wou'd have you take my Words for the Oracles of *Apollo*, or think that what I shall deliver is absolutely certain and determin'd; but consider me as an ordinary Man, and one out of many, conjecturing only at Probabilities; for farther than Likelihood I cannot go. It is enough for Them to be positive who make Philosophy their Profession. *A.* As you please for that, I am prepar'd to hear you. *M.* We must first consider what Death is, which all Men seem so well to know. Some think Death a Departing of the Soul from the Body; others think there is no De-

parture, but that Soul and Body die together. Of them who think the Soul departs from the Body, ſome ſay it is immediately diſpers'd; others, that it remains a long while, and others that it always exiſts. But what the Soul is, whence it comes, whither it goes, is not a thing agreed upon. Some have even thought the Heart to be the Soul, whence we have thoſe Words, *Faint-hearted*, *hearty Friendſhip*, and the like.

Empedocles thought the Blood about the Heart to be the Soul. Others imagined a certain part of the Brain to be the Soul: Others are pleas'd with none of theſe Notions, but make the Soul take up her Reſidence either in the Heart or the Brain. Some have thought the Soul to be Wind, as the generality of our Countrymen do, from the *Greek* Word ἄνεμος, *Wind*: Thus we ſay, ſuch a one breath'd out his Soul when he dy'd. *Zeno*, the Stoick, thought the Soul Fire. But tho' theſe Notions of the Soul's being the Heart, Blood, Brain, Wind, Fire, are what obtain moſt among the Vulgar, yet many private Men have other Notions, as ſeveral ancient Philoſophers in Times paſt, and of late *Ariſtoxenus* who was both a Muſician and Philoſopher, ſaid, that the ſeveral Parts of the Human Body were framed with an harmonious Conſonance, as the Strings of muſical Inſtruments, and from this Figure and Contexture of the Body aroſe various Motions, as Sounds from an Inſtrument. This Philoſopher ſpoke in his way, but advanc'd no more than what had long before been ſaid by *Plato*. *Xenocrates* deny'd the Soul had any Figure or Shape, ſaying it was a thing conſiſting meerly of Numbers, the Powers whereof *Pythagoras* before him ſaid, were of no ſmall Force in natural Operations. His Maſter *Plato* divided the Soul into three Parts: The chief of which, *viz.* Reaſon, he plac'd in the Head as in

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a Fortreſs, from which he ſeparated the other two Parts, placing Anger in the Breaſt, and Deſire under thoſe Parts which are about the Heart. But *Decæarchus* in three Books gives us an account of the Diſputings of ſeveral Learned Men at *Corinth*, and introduces one *Pherecrates*, an old Man of *Phthios*, (reported to be of the Family of *Deucalion*) arguing, that there is no ſuch thing as the Soul, but that 'tis meerly an empty Name, and that the uſing the Words *Animantia* and *Animalia* is ridiculous, in as much as neither Man nor Beaſt have any Soul, (in *Latin*, *Anima*,) and that the Power by which we do and ſuffer, is equally ſpread in all living Creatures alike, and inſeparable from the Body, as being nothing but the Body ſo figur'd as by the Force of Nature to have Life and Senſe. *Ariſtotle*, who was much Superior to any for Genius, Learning and Induſtry (always excepting *Plato*) having reckon'd up the four known Kinds of Principles, from which all things ariſe, imagines there is a certain fifth Nature of which the Soul and Mind did conſiſt: For to think, to forecaſt, to learn and teach, to invent, and many other things of this Nature; as alſo to love, hate, deſire, fear, grieve, and rejoice, theſe and the like can never proceed from any of the ſaid four Principles, therefore he adds to them a fifth Principle without any proper Name, and calls the Soul it ſelf by a new term ἐντελέχεια, intimating thereby as if it were a continual everlaſting Self-mover.

If I do not miſ-remember theſe are all the remarkable Opinions about the Soul. For I take no Notice of *Democritus*, tho' a worthy Perſon, who compounded the Soul by the fortuitous Concourſe of ſmooth and round Corpuſcles; a crowd of Atoms according to them will make any thing. Which of all theſe Opinions muſt be true, ſome

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God muſt judge, but which is moſt probable, is a Queſtion with Men. Whether will you therefore that we ſift out the trueſt of them, or return to where we left off? *A.* I could wiſh to hear both, but you ſay it is difficult; therefore if without that ſearch we may be deliver'd from the Fear of Death, let us diſcourſe upon what is before us; if not, do that now, and leave the reſt to another Opportunity. *M.* What you deſire, I think is the moſt convenient: For which ſoever of thoſe Opinions be true, Reaſon will eaſily make it evident, that Death certainly cannot be an Evil, but rather a Good. For if the Heart, or Blood, or Brain be the Soul, they will certainly periſh with the reſt of the Body, upon account of its being Corporeal. If it is Air, it will be ſcatter'd: If Fire, extinguiſh'd: If, according to *Ariſtoxenes*, Harmony, it will be broke: There is no need of mentioning *Dicæarchus*, who ſays there is no ſuch thing as Soul. According to all theſe Notions nothing can affect us after Death, for all Senſation is loſt with Life: And nothing, either good or bad, can ſignifie any thing to an inſenſible Body. Yet the Opinions of the other Philoſophers give us good Hopes, (if you think it any advantage) that our Souls upon forſaking theſe Bodies do return to Heaven, as their own proper Reſidence. *A.* That Notion pleaſes me; I wiſh, above all things, it may be true; and if it ſhou'd not be true, yet methinks I cou'd acquieſce in it with infinite Delight. *M.* If ſo, what Occaſion have you of me? Can I exceed *Plato* in Eloquence? read over with attention his Book of the Soul; it contains all that can be deſir'd on this Subject. *A.* I have indeed read it and often, but I know not how while I am reading I believe it, but when I lay aſide the Book, and begin to conſider with my ſelf concerning the Immortality of the Soul,

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all that Belief ſuddenly vaniſhes away. *M.* How comes that to paſs? Do you allow or not, that the Soul remains after Death? *A.* I allow it does. *M.* But ſuppoſing the Soul periſhes, what then? *A.* They are not miſerable, becauſe they exiſt not. This you obliged me before to grant. *M.* How then can Death appear an Evil to you, who allow we ſhall be happy if the Soul exiſts after it, or not miſerable, if it periſhes?

A. Firſt of all prove, if you pleaſe, that the Soul doth exiſt after Death; but if you cannot reach that, as being very difficult, ſhew at leaſt that Death is not at all an Evil: For I am afraid leaſt it ſhould be an Evil, I don't ſay to be in a State of Inſenſiblity, but to be ſubject to be in ſuch a State. *M.* We can produce the greateſt Authorities for the Defence of this Opinion; and ſuch Authorities in all Matters of Diſpute are frequently alledg'd, and, as they ought to be, highly valued. And firſt for Antiquity, which upon account of its being nearer to the beginning of the World, and its divine Origin, might probably know better thoſe things which were true. It was then the general Opinion of thoſe Ancients whom *Ennius* calls *Caſci*, that Senſation remains after Death, and that Man is not ſo entirely extinguiſht by departing from Life as abſolutely to periſh; which we may remark as from many other Particulars, ſo eſpecially from the Pontifical Rites, and Sepulchral Ceremonies: In as much as Perſons of their Wit won'd never have taken ſuch Care about their Sepulchres, nor conſecrated them with ſuch inviolable Devotion, unleſs they had been perſuaded that Death was not an univerſal Deſtruction of the Man, but as it were a Migration and Change of Life: Which in worthy Men and Women, leads to Heaven, but otherwiſe is ſtill ties down on Earth, but yet remains.

Thus

Thus according to this, and our Countrymens Opinion,

In Heav'n great Romulus *Immortal lives:*

Agreeable to the general Notion, says *Ennius*. Hence *Hercules* among the *Greeks*, afterwards among us, nay even as far as the Western Ocean, is esteem'd as a great and powerful God. Hence *Bacchus*, *Semele*'s Son, is honour'd as a God. And upon account of the same Opinion, the two Sons of *Tyndarus*, who are reported not only to have been Assistants in, but also Messengers of several Victories to the People of *Rome*. Thus *Ino*, *Cadmus*'s Daughter, call'd *Leucothea* by the *Greeks*, and *Matuta* by us: And, to mention no more Particulars, is not all Heaven fill'd with Human Off-spring?

Nay, if we should search farther, and dive into all that the *Grecian* Writers have deliver'd even of the Gods of the highest Rank; they too will be found to be of Human Extraction and from Earth advanc'd to Heaven. Inquire, you will see their Tombs now shew'd in *Greece*; recollect, since you are initiated, what is deliver'd of them in the Mysteries, and you will soon be sensible how true this is. The Illiterate, who knew nothing of Natural Philosophy, which was not cultivated 'till of late Years, advanced as far in these Persuasions as Nature and ordinary Reasoning would carry them; they did not know the more remote Causes of Things, but were induced by Apparitions, particularly those by Night, to think those who had dy'd did exist. And this used to be brought as a most convincing Argument why we should believe there were Gods, because no Nation hath been discover'd, so barbarous and wicked, as not to have entertained some Notion of a God. Abundance think very wrong of the Gods,

Gods, but that proceeds from ſome falſe method of Reaſoning, yet all agree there is ſome Divine Nature and Power. Nor did the Intercourſe and Converſation of Men occaſion this Conſent; nor did any Ordinances or Laws force this Opinion upon Mankind. And in every thing, the univerſal Conſent and Agreement of Mankind is to be look'd upon, as the Law of Nature. Now among all thoſe who lament their Friends Deceaſe, why do they ſo, but upon Suppoſition of their being depriv'd of the advantages of the Living: Take away this Notion, and you will take away their Grief. We grieve and are troubled, becauſe we think the Perſon lov'd is depriv'd of the Pleaſures of Life, and is ſenſible he is ſo. All this we conceive by the meer Force of Nature, without any train of Reaſoning, or acquiſition of Learning.

But the greateſt Argument is from Nature her ſelf, which ſeems tacitly to demonſtrate the Immortality of the Soul, becauſe all Men make ſuch Proviſion for Things after their Death.

They Sow, and After-ages reap the Fruit:

As *Statius* ſays in his *Synephebi*. And upon what account could any one do ſo, unleſs thinking that Poſterity alſo had ſome Relation to him? So the induſtrious Farmer plants Trees, which he ſhall never ſee bear Fruit. Nay a greater Genius plants a Common-wealth, makes Laws, eſtabliſhes Manners. What means the Procreation of Children, gaining a Name, adopting other's Children, what our Tombs and Inſcriptions? do they not ſpeak loudly that we have a Regard to future Things? Can you doubt but all Nature ought to be judg'd of, by her more noble and perfect Productions? Among the race of Men, Who are to be reputed of a more excellent Nature, but thoſe who have thought themſelves

ſelves born for the Succour and Defence of Mankind? *Hercules* is number'd amongſt the Gods. Had he not behaved thus among Men, and by this means open'd himſelf a way to Heaven, he had never obtain'd that Glory. But theſe things are old, and part of our Religion.

What do we imagine ſo many great Men in our own Common-wealth thought, who dy'd for it? That their Glory would be terminated by the ſame ſhort Period as their Life? No one ever without a ſtrong hope of Immortality expoſed himſelf to Death for his Country. *Epaminondas*, *Themiſtocles* might have liv'd at eaſe, and, not to mention Inſtances of ſo remote Antiquity and Foreign, I my ſelf might have done the ſame: But I know not how, there is rooted in the Mind an Expectation and Hope of Futurity, never to be extirpated; which is moſt forcible, and appears moſt eaſily in the moſt lofty Minds and greateſt Genius's. Take this away, and who would be ſo ſenſeleſs as to lead his Life in Labours and Dangers: This I ſpeak of Princes and Men of Power. But do not the Poets ſeek for Glory after Death? as we ſee from theſe Verſes.

View Ennius *Picture, Countrymen; he drew*
In brighter Colours your Forefathers Deeds.

He demands Glory as a Reward of them whoſe Anceſtors he had celebrated. Again,

No Tears nor Mourning my ſad Funeral grace;
I live for ever in the Mouths of Men.

Nay not only Poets, but even Artificers deſire to be remembered after Death. Why elſe did *Phidias* carve his own Face in *Minerva*'s Shield, when it was not allow'd to write his Name? What mean our Philoſophers? do not they put their Names to thoſe very Books they write to prove

Glory

Glory deſpicable? If the Conſent of all Mankind is the Voice of Nature, and all that ever have been, agree there is ſomething that appertains to them after Death; we muſt think ſo too. And if we think they who excel in Virtue or Underſtanding, becauſe they ſeem endu'd with the nobleſt Nature, do diſcern the Power of Nature more than others: 'Tis probable, ſince thoſe of the beſt Nature take ſuch care of having an Intereſt in Poſterity, there are ſome things which they will be ſenſible of after Death.

But, as Nature prompts us to believe that there are Gods, and Reaſon inſtructs us what manner of Beings they are: So we conclude from the Conſent of all Nations that the Souls of Men ſubſiſt after Death; but what Place of Reſidence they enjoy, and what they are, Reaſon muſt alſo inform us. Our Ignorance in theſe Points occaſion'd the feigning of Hell, and of thoſe Terrors which you very rationally ſeem'd to contemn: For our Bodies dying, and being put into the Earth, (from whence comes the Word *to Interr*) they imagin'd that the Dead lived afterwards under Ground. This Opinion drew after it very great Miſtakes; which the Poets helped to increaſe: For the Theatre, which is generally thronged with Women and Children, is mightily mov'd at the hearing ſuch pompous Lines as theſe.

From the deep Shades I come, thro' toilſome Ways,
Thro' mighty Clefts and hanging Rocks of Stone,
Where thickeſt Darkneſs ſpreads eternal Night.

And this Error prevailed ſo much (tho' now I think it grows out of vogue) that tho' they knew the Bodies of the Dead were burnt, yet they pretended that ſuch things were done in Hell, as, without Bodies, it is impoſſible either to do or e-

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ven to conceive. They had no Notion that Souls could ever ſubſiſt of themſelves; and therefore they ſtudy'd for ſome Form or Figure. To this end, is all *Homer*'s Account of the Dead, and my Friend *Appius*'s Necromancy; laſtly, hence proceeds the Lake of *Avernus* in our Neighbourhood,

Where Souls are rais'd in the dark gloom of Night
Thro' open Gates of Acheron, *compell'd*
By powerful Charms.

And theſe Souls they muſt needs make to ſpeak, which cannot be done without a Tongue and a Palate, or the Force and Figure of Jaws, Breaſt, and Lungs: They could perceive nothing by their Mind, and therefore referr'd all Things to the Eyes. But 'tis the part of a wiſe Man to withdraw the Mind from the Senſes, and to think differently from the Vulgar: I therefore believe that in ſo many Ages ſeveral others have thought the Soul Immortal; but, if we may believe Books, the firſt that taught that Opinion, was *Pherecydes*, a Man of great Antiquity, ſince he liv'd in the Reign of my Predeceſſor *Tullus Hoſtilius*: And it was very much ſtrengthen'd by the Diſciple of that Philoſopher *Pythagoras*, who came into *Italy* in the Reign of *Tarquin* the Proud, after having fill'd all *Greece* with his Reputation and Doctrine; inſomuch that for many Ages afterwards the Name of the *Pythagoreans* was in ſo much Eſteem, that none elſe were look'd upon as Learned.

But to return to the Ancients. They ſeldom gave any Reaſon for their Notions, or if they did, it was contain'd in Poetry and Deſcriptions. *Plato* is ſaid to have come to *Italy*, to learn the Doctrines of the *Pythagoreans*; and there, among many others, to have made an Acquaintance with *Archytas*,

Achytas and *Timæus*, and learn'd all the Notions of the *Pythagoreans*, and not only to have been of the ſame Opinion with *Pythagoras* concerning the Immortality of the Soul, but alſo to have eſtabliſh'd it with convincing Arguments; which, unleſs you deſire to be inform'd, I ſhall omit, and in ſo doing relinquiſh all Hopes of Immortality. *A.* Have you rais'd my Hopes and Expectations ſo high, and do you now forſake me? I had rather miſtake with *Plato*, who I know you have a great Value for, and who I admire ſpeaking thro' your Mouth, than be in the right with the other Philoſophers. *M.* Handſomly ſpoke; I my ſelf ſhou'd not grieve to miſtake with *Plato*. To begin; Do we, as of moſt other things, doubt alſo of this, (tho' we have the leaſt Reaſon to doubt here, for we have Mathematical Demonſtration) that the Earth is plac'd in the middle of the Univerſe, or, as 'tis call'd, the Center, and in reſpect of the Circumference of the whole Heaven to be but a Point: And the four Elements, of which all Things are compos'd, to be endu'd with particular Natures; ſo that the watry and earthy Parts, by their own Gravity, ſhould in equal Angles deſcend upon the Earth, and Sea. The other two Elements, Air and Fire, as the former were carry'd by their own Gravity to the Center of the World, ſo theſe on the contrary ſhould fly up in right Lines towards thoſe heavenly Spaces, either by force of their own Nature ſuppos'd deſirous of thoſe upper Regions; or as being lighter they were driven up by the ſuperior Gravity of the former. This being certain, it follows neceſſarily, the Soul upon its Departure out of the Body, whether Air or Fire, muſt be carry'd upwards. But ſuppoſing it a Number, which, I think, is a Saying of more Subtilty than Clearneſs, or of that fifth Nature, which is more

talk'd

talk'd of than underſtood, theſe are more pure and refin'd than the other, Air or Fire, and therefore muſt upon this Suppoſition fly to the greateſt Diſtance from the Earth. One of theſe the Soul muſt be, for I can never think it ſo Vegetable a thing as to be Heart, Brain, or, as *Empedocles* thought, Blood.

Let us paſs over *Dicæarcus*, and *Ariſtoxenes* his Contemporary and Fellow Scholar, both learned Men; one of whom never ſeem'd concern'd that he had no Soul; and the other ſo delighted with his Muſick, as to endeavour to give it ſome Relation to theſe more ſerious Matters. We may conceive Harmony to be form'd out of the Intervals of Sounds, which according as they are mingled together make Tunes. But I cannot ſee how the Poſition of the Members, and the Figure of the Body can make any Harmony without a Soul. But this Man, tho' he does not want for Learning, muſt in theſe things give place to his Maſter *Ariſtotle*. He may teach Muſick, and according to the *Greek* Proverb,

Let each one exerciſe his private Craft.

But let us utterly reject that fortuitous jumbling together of light and round Atoms, which *Democritus*, however, maintains to be warm and ſpirable, that is Animal. So that ſuch a Soul (which if it be poſſibly fram'd of thoſe four Elements whereof all things are ſaid to be produc'd, is Air inflam'd, as *Panætius* ſeems inclin'd to believe) muſt of Neceſſity fly to the upper Regions, for theſe two Elements have nothing in them that is capable of ſinking, but always endeavour to riſe upwards. Thus whether the Particles which form the Soul be diſſipated, they muſt be ſo at a great diſtance from the Earth; or whether they remain and preſerve their Nature,

they

they muſt therefore of greater Neceſſity be carry'd up to the Heavens; be it which it will, they will eaſily break thro' and divide the groſs and congealed Air which ſurrounds the Earth: For the Soul is of a more volatile or rather fiery Nature than that Air which I juſt now called groſs and congealed; and this may be gather'd from hence; namely, that our Bodies, tho' fram'd out of thoſe earthly groſs Elements, are warm'd by the heat of the Soul.

Beſides it follows, that the Soul will eaſily break thro' the Air, becauſe nothing can be ſo ſubtle, nothing ſo ſwift as to compare with the Soul. If therefore it remains incorruptible and always the ſame, it muſt of Neceſſity penetrate thro' and cut all theſe Skies, which are fill'd with Clouds, Rain, Winds, and which are moiſt and duskiſh as being fill'd with theſe Exhalations of the Earth. When the Soul hath paſs'd over this Region, and hath arriv'd at and perceives a Nature like it ſelf, compounded of thin Air and the Sun's temperate Heat, it acquieſces in thoſe Warmths, and endeavours to raiſe it ſelf no farther. For when it is plac'd in a Region of like Warmth and Subtilty with it ſelf, it is pois'd with equal Weights, and inclines on neither ſide. Then it is in its natural Seat, when it hath pierced to Things like it ſelf; where wanting nothing, it is nouriſh'd and ſuſtain'd with the ſame Nouriſhment as the Stars are. And in as much as we generally are inflam'd by the Luſts of the Body to all inordinate Deſires, and are ſo much the more greedy, as we envy thoſe who poſſeſs thoſe things which we endeavour to obtain: We ſhall then be indeed happy, when having quitted our Bodies, we ſhall at the ſame time diveſt our ſelves of all our Deſires, and of Envy. And, what now we but ſeldom do, when we have

ſtole

ſtole a few Minutes of leiſure, we then ſhall do more willingly, and wholly employ our ſelves in ſtudying and finding out the Nature of all Things. For both Nature has implanted in our Minds an inſatiable Deſire of finding out Truth; and alſo the very Qualities of thoſe Places which we ſhall arrive at, will proportionably increaſe our deſire of being acquainted with Things cœleſtial, as they facilitate and make eaſie the Ways and Methods of acquiring that Knowledge. The Hope of This it was that rais'd up the ancient Philoſophy. And this they will then compleatly enjoy, which even when they inhabited the Earth, and were interred in thick Clouds of Darkneſs, they ardently deſired to know.

But if they may think they have done any thing of Moment, who have ſeen the Mouth of the *Pontus*, and thoſe Straights that were paſs'd by that Ship which is call'd

Argos, *becauſe it bore the* Argive *Heroe*
Who brought the Golden Fleece triumphant Home:

Or thoſe who have ſeen that Sea,

Which ſevers Europe *from burnt* Africk's *Coaſt*:

What a wondrous Spectacle may we imagine it, to ſee at one view the whole Earth, its Poſition, Form, Bulk, all the habitable Regions, and again, thoſe which exceſſive Heat or Cold render unhabitable? For what we do ſee at preſent, we do not ſee with our Eyes; neither is there any Senſation in the Body; for, as we are told, not only by Philoſophers, but by Phyſicians, who have open'd and diſſected thoſe Parts, there are ſeveral Ducts from the Seat of the Soul to the Eyes, Ears, and Noſe, and therefore oftentimes in intenſe thinking, or when we are afflicted with ſome Diſtemper,

per, tho' our Eyes and Ears are in the moſt exquiſite Perfection, yet do we neither ſee nor hear: Whence it follows that the Mind only hears, and not thoſe Parts which are as it were but the Windows or Caſements of the Soul, utterly incapable of ſeeing or hearing unleſs the Soul be preſent, and in thoſe Parts perform ſuch Operations. By means of the ſame Soul too we comprehend the moſt different Objects, as Colour, Savour, Heat, Smells, Sound: Which the Soul never could know by means of five Meſſengers, unleſs all was referr'd to it, and it was ſole Judge of all. But all things will appear more clear and diſtinct when the Soul ſhall have arriv'd at her natural Seat. For now, tho' the Organs of Senſe thro' which the Soul performs its ſeveral Operations are contriv'd with wonderful Art by Nature, the Body which is earthy and concreted ſtill darkens and puzzles the Soul in acting. But when the Soul is diſtinct by it ſelf, nothing will hinder its diſcerning every thing as it is in reality.

If there were occaſion, it would be very eaſie to expatiate in the Deſcription of the many various Proſpects the Soul would enjoy in thoſe cœleſtial Regions: Thinking of theſe things, I often wonder at the Impudence of ſome Philoſophers, who pretend to admire the Knowledge of Nature, and give the higheſt Thanks to the Founder of it, and worſhip him as God: For by means of him, they ſay, they are freed from the moſt tyrannical Lords, continual Horror, and Dread Day and Night; what Horror, what Dread? what old Woman can there be fooliſh enough to fear thoſe things you confeſs you ſhould have dreaded, had you not learnt Philoſophy?

Tho,

The Shades, the Ghosts, and the dark Courts of Death,
Silence and Horror and Eternal Night.

Is not a Philosopher asham'd to boast he fears not these Things, and hath discover'd them to be Lies? We may easily guess at the natural Strength of their Minds, who could believe these things were it not for Learning. They think they have gain'd some vast Advantage, who have made a Discovery they shall totally perish when they die; which were it true, (for I shall not now dispute that Point) what hath it that is matter of Glory or Joy? Tho' indeed I can find no sufficient Reason not to think *Pythagoras* and *Plato*'s Opinion true. For even if *Plato* should not bring one Argument to prove what he says, yet (so great Deference have I for the Man) I should go near to believe it upon his sole Authority. But he hath brought such Arguments as shew he endeavour'd to persuade others, and was entirely convinc'd himself.

Yet a great many oppose this Opinion, and condemn the Soul to Death like a Criminal. Tho' they have no other Reason not to believe the Soul's Immortality, than that they cannot any ways comprehend what the Soul is separate from they Body. As if they knew any better what the Soul is in the Body, what Figure and Magnitude it hath, and what Place it is in. Or if they could see all the inward Parts of any Man, let Them imagine whether the Soul would be subject to their Sight, or whether its Subtilty would be such as no Eye could discover: Let them, say I, imagine this, who say they cannot understand Soul distinct from Body, let them say what they mean by Soul *in Body*. When I consider the Nature of the Soul more closely, it appears to me more difficult

ficult to determine what the Soul is when joined to the Body, and as it were in a ſtrange Habitation, than what it will be when it ſhall depart and go to the open Heaven, its proper Dwelling; for unleſs we can comprehend what the Nature of an Object may be which we have not ſeen, we can never comprehend God himſelf and the Divine Nature diſtinct from Body. *Dicearchus* indeed, and *Ariſtoxenes*, becauſe it was hard to find out the Nature of the Soul, deny'd that there was any Soul at all. And indeed it's the higheſt Knowledge the Soul can gain, to know it ſelf. This was the intent of the Precept of *Apollo*, adviſing every one to know himſelf: For I do not think that in this he meant to adviſe us to conſider our Limbs, Stature and Figure; for we are not meer Bodies, nor do I now ſpeak this to thy Body. Therefore when he ſaid *Know thy ſelf*, he ſaid, know thy Soul; for the Body is but a Receptacle of the Soul. Whatever your Soul performs, is performed by You. To know this, therefore, unleſs it had been Divine, had not been a worthy Precept for a higher Nature to give. But granting the Soul it ſelf cannot tell what the Soul is, doth it any way follow but that it may know at leaſt that it is, doth exiſt, doth move it ſelf? Hence ariſes the Argument of *Plato*, explained by *Socrates* in *Phædrus*, which I have handled in the Sixth Book of the Commonwealth.

That which is always moved is Eternal; but that which gives Motion to ſomething elſe, and yet owes its own Motion to ſome other thing, when its Motion ceaſes its Life will neceſſarily ceaſe alſo. Therefore that only which moves it ſelf, becauſe it never forſakes it ſelf never ceaſes to move; but is

also a Spring and Principle of Motion to all other Objects which are moved. A Principle hath no Beginning, for all things are produced from a Principle, but it self can proceed from nothing: For if it were produced by any other thing, it would be no longer a Principle. If then it never began to be, it will never die or cease to be: For a Principle, when extinct, can neither be enlivened again by another, nor can it self create, because all things must be produced by a Principle. It follows that the Principle of Motion proceeds from some Self-mover: And that is neither born nor can it die; if it could, the whole Heavens and Earth would fall together and remain without any Motion, without any possibility of gaining any new Impulse by which they should be moved. Since then it is plain, that that must be eternal which moves it self, who can deny the Soul's having this Property? for everything that is agitated by an external Impulse is inanimate. Whatever enjoys animal Life is carried by its own internal Motion: For this is the Nature and Property of the Soul: So that if that alone, of all things, is a Self-mover, unquestionably it never was born, and is eternal. Let the whole Mob of Philosophers (for so I take the Freedom to call all who differ from *Plato* and *Socrates* and that Sect) use all their trifling Endeavours: They will not only be unable to explain any thing with such Exactness as this is done, but will also be unable to comprehend with what curious Subtilty this Conclusion is drawn. The Soul therefore perceives it moves, and at the same time perceives it moves by its own natural Force, and no external one; neither can it ever be forsaken by it self; from whence it proceeds that it must be Eternal: Unless you have any

any thing to reply. *A.* I let my ſelf be eaſily perſuaded, and would by no means raiſe Difficulties and Objections in my own Mind, ſo mightily am I in love with this Opinion.

M. Do you then think thoſe Arguments of no Weight, which demonſtrate that there are in the Soul of Man Divine Properties, which, could I poſſibly conceive how they could be produced, I might then ſee how they might die? For I think my ſelf able to give an Account how the Blood, the Choler, the Phlegm, the Bones, the Nerves, the Veins, in ſhort, how all the Members and Parts of the Body are compoſed, and of what they are formed. Had the Soul it ſelf no other Quality in it, but that of being the Occaſion of Life in us, I might as well impute to Nature the Life of Man, as that of a Vine or any other Tree; for we ſay that even theſe too live. Likewiſe, were the Soul of Man only moved to avoid or to deſire, theſe Properties would be common with It and Brute Beaſts; but it hath nobler Prerogatives; firſt it enjoys an infinite Memory of innumerable Tranſactions and Things, which *Plato* conceives to be the Remembrance of a former Life: For in his Book entitled *Menon*, *Socrates* asks a Boy ſome Geometrical Queſtions about meaſuring a Square, he anſwers them like a Child, and yet the Queſtions are ſo eaſie, that in Progreſs of anſwering, he affirms juſt as he would do had he learnt Geometry. Whence *Socrates* concludes, that to learn is nothing but to remember: But this matter he handles more accurately in the Diſcourſe he made the ſame Day he dy'd; ſhewing that any one who ſeems entirely ignorant of all things, will yet by his Anſwers, to one that properly queſtions him,

make it appear he doth not ſo much learn thoſe things, as by recollecting remember; and that neither was it poſſible to be conceived how from our Childhood we ſhould have the Notions and Ideas of ſo many and ſuch great things treaſured up in the Mind, unleſs the Soul had been converſant in the Knowledge of things before it entered into this Body. And as the Body was nothing; as *Plato* every where aſſerts, (for he calls that nothing which is born and periſhes; and that only, properly ſpeaking, to *be*, which is always the ſame; ſuch he terms Ideas and we Images) the Soul could not come to know theſe things when immerſed in the Body, and conſequently brought the Knowledge of them into the Body. This too takes off from the Wonder of knowing ſo many things; the Soul doth not perceive them upon her coming firſt into this confuſed and ſtrange Houſe of the Body, but after ſhe has compoſed her ſelf, and is at eaſe, then ſhe recollects thoſe things in her Memory: Thus, to learn is nothing but to remember. I indeed am ſtruck with a greater Admiration of Memory; for what is that by which we remember? What Power hath it? Whence is its Nature? I inquire not what prodigious Memories *Simonides* and *Theodectes*, and *Cinæus* who was ſent Embaſſador by *Pyrrhus* to the Senate, are reported to have had: Nor that *Charmadas* lately, and *Scepſius Metrodorus*, or our *Hortenſius*; I mean only the common Memory of Man; and more eſpecially of them who are converſant in ſome noble Study and Art; and the Capacity of whoſe Mind it is difficult to comprehend, ſo many things do they remember.

But

But whither does all this tend, will you ſay? I am conſidering what that Power is, and whence it proceeds: Not from the Blood ſure, nor the Heart, nor Brain, neither is it formed of Atomes. Whether the Soul be Air or Fire I know not, nor am I aſhamed to acknowledge my ſelf Ignorant, when I am ſo. If I durſt be poſitive in any matter of Obſcurity, I ſhould affirm that whether the Soul be Air or Fire, it is certainly Divine; for I beſeech you, can you imagine, that ſuch a noble Faculty as the Memory could poſſibly be compounded and made of Clouds, or of the foggy Air? Tho' you cannot ſee the Eſſence of it, yet you may ſee its good Properties: Nay, if not that, yet at leaſt you may its Extent. What then, ſhall we think the Soul endued with a Capaciouſneſs wherein, as in a Veſſel, whatſoever we remember is poured? That is abſurd, for what Bottom or what Figure can the Mind be conceived to have? Or what ſufficient Capaciouſneſs? Or ſhall we think the Soul takes Impreſſions like Wax, and the Memory to be the Traces and Marks of thoſe Impreſſions in the Mind? What Marks can there be even of Things, much leſs of Words: How can the Soul have Room enough, to contain ſo great a Number of Images? What wondrous Power or Faculty is that which finds out things before concealed, and is therefore called Invention? Can you think this made of an earthly, mortal, and periſhable Nature? What are our Thoughts of him who firſt gave Names to things, which *Pythagoras* thinks an Inſtance of the higheſt Wiſdom; or of him who united Mankind into Societies, which till then was ſcattered abroad; or of him who compriſed all the Sounds of the

Voice, which ſeemed infinite, in a few Letters; or of him who obſerved the Courſe of the wandering Stars, their Progreſſions and Stations? Were not all theſe great Men? Were not they greater who found out Corn, Cloaths, Houſes, the Neceſſaries of Life, and Defences againſt Beaſts: ſo that after ſuch poliſhing, we had Leiſure, from the more neceſſary Occupations, to apply our ſelves to the more elegant and ornamental Arts of Life? An extraordinary Pleaſure was invented for the Ears, I mean that of the regular Variety and Nature of Sounds. Then we obſerved the Stars, as well thoſe which are fixed, as thoſe which, only in Name and not in Fact, are wandering. He who obſerved the Revolutions and Motions of theſe, ſhew'd, at the ſame time, that his Soul was like that of him who created theſe Wonders in the Heavens. For when *Archimedes* made the Motions of Sun, Moon, and five wandering Planets in a Sphere, he, after a ſort, did the ſame thing as *Plato*'s God, whom in his *Timæus*, he pretends, built the World, by ordering ſo that one Converſion ſhould regulate ſeveral Motions different in Slowneſs and Swiftneſs. If this could not be done in the World without a God, neither could *Archimedes* imitate thoſe Motions in his Sphere without a Divine and God-like Soul.

Nay, I think that the more generally known and eaſie things, cannot be performed but by a Divine Impulſe. Thus I cannot think a Poet can write a lofty Poem, without ſome heavenly Inſtinct of Soul; nor an Orator, without ſome ſuperior Influence, ſpeak a Diſcourſe filled with lofty Expreſſions and noble Sentiments. But Philoſophy, the Mother of all Arts, what is

is it, *Plato* ſays, except the Gift, and, as I ſay, the Invention of the Gods? 'Twas this firſt trained us up to the Worſhip of them, and then to Juſtice between Mankind, founded on the Society of Man, and afterwards to Modeſty, and Greatneſs of Mind; 'twas that which diſpelled the Miſt from before the Mind, as tho' it were from the Eyes, and enabled us to ſee all things, thoſe above, thoſe below, thoſe in the beginning, end, and middle. I entirely perſuade my ſelf, that a Power muſt be Divine which can perform ſo many great things. What is Memory of Things and Words? What is Invention? What is it, but ſuch as nothing greater can be conceived to be, even in a God? For I do not think that the Gods are delighted with *Ambroſia* or *Nectar*, or with *Juventas*, who ſerves them: I regard not *Homer*, when he ſays *Ganymede* was ſnatched up into Heaven, by reaſon of his Beauty, to be Cup bearer to *Jupiter*. There was no juſt Cauſe why he ſhould do ſo great an Injury to *Laomedon*. Theſe were all Fictions of *Homer*, who imputed Human Actions to the Gods: I wiſh he had rather inculcated Divine ones upon us. But what may we call Divine; to live, to be wiſe, to invent, to remember. Upon Account of theſe, the Soul, as I ſay, is Divine, as *Euripides*, who is bolder in his Expreſſion, calls it a God; indeed if God be either Air or Fire, the Soul of Man is ſo too. For as that Celeſtial Nature is unmixt with Earth or Water, ſo is the Humane Soul in like manner void of both. But if there be a fifth Nature, ſuch as is introduced by *Ariſtotle*, this is the Eſſence of Gods and Souls.

Agreeable to this Opinion, we have expreſs'd our ſelves thus in our Conſolation. The O-

rigin of Souls cannot poſſibly be found upon Earth: For the Soul is not compounded of diſſimilar Parts, or any thing which may riſe from, or be made of Earth: Nothing that is of an airy, fiery, or earthly Subſtance; for in none of theſe, is there any thing which is indued with the Power of Remembring, Underſtanding, Thinking; any thing which is able to recollect the Paſt, foreſee the Future, and comprehend the Preſent: Which Acts are only Divine; nor is it ever to be comprehended whence they ſhould be deriv'd to Man, but from God. The Soul then is endued with a more peculiar Nature, perfectly diſtinct from the more general and known ones. Whatever therefore Underſtands, Thinks, Wills, Lives, is Heavenly and Divine, and, for the ſame Reaſon, Eternal. Even God himſelf, as conceiv'd by us, can no otherwiſe be conceiv'd than as a Mind free, ſeparate, and diſtinct from all mortal Concretion, knowing and moving all Things, and endued with eterternal Motion.

Of this Kind, and of the ſame Nature is the Soul of Man. Where then is Soul, or what is it? Where is yours, or what is it? Can you tell me? Becauſe I have not a Knowledge extenſive enough to underſtand all I could wiſh, muſt I not therefore make uſe of what I have? The Soul is not able to ſee it ſelf, but like the Eye, which, without being able to view it ſelf, views all other Objects. It ſees not its own Shape, which is but little; but admit that it cannot, tho' in ſome manner it may yet be ſaid to do, I will urge the Argument no more, it ſees at leaſt its Power, its Sagacity, Memory, Motion, Swiftneſs. Theſe are noble, divine and

eternal

eternal Properties. It is not matter of Inquiry what Figure it hath, or where it is ſeated: For as when we ſee firſt the Appearance and Clearneſs of the Heavens, then ſo ſurpriſing a ſwiftneſs of Revolution, as not to be comprehended; then the regular Varieties of Days and Nights, the four Diviſions of the Seaſons, ſo adapted for the ripening Corn, and the Temperament of our Bodies; and the Sun, the Governor and Leader of all theſe, and the Moon, by her increaſe and decay of Light as it were ſerving inſtead of a Kalendar; when we ſee the five Stars, ſo exact in their Courſes, carry'd by different Motions to each other in one Orb divided into twelve Parts: When we view the nightly Proſpect of the Sky, every where beautify'd with Stars, then the Globe of Earth rais'd up from the Sea, and fixed in the middle Point of the Univerſe, and habitable and cultivated in two diſtant Climes, one of which, to wit, that we inhabit, is toward the North under the Seven Stars, where

Fierce Northern Blaſts congeal the fleecy Snow:

The other Southern, which is unknown to us; the *Greeks* call it Antipodes; and all other Parts uninhabitable, either frozen with Cold, or burnt up with Heat; This which we inhabit is temperate, where conſtantly in due Seaſon,

The Air is mild, the Winds do ſoftly breathe,
The Trees do paint themſelves in various Hues,
And loaded Boughs bend with the weighty Fruit,
The ſhining Fields a plenteous Harveſt yield,
The Fountains flow, the Flow'rs the Meadow grace.

When we ſee too the Numbers of Cattle, ſome for Food, ſome for Tillage, ſome for Carriage, ſome for Cloathing; and when, to compleat all, we ſee Man, the Contemplator of the Heavens and Gods, and their humble Worſhipper; as likewiſe Earth, and Seas, and all the Creatures ſubſervient to Man's Uſe:

When, I ſay, we ſee theſe and innumerable other Things of the like Nature, can we doubt that ſome Creator Preſides over theſe Things if they began to be; as *Plato* thinks: Or if, as *Ariſtotle* imagines, they have exiſted from Eternity, that there is ſome Supreme Governour of ſo magnificent a Work? So tho' the Soul of Man is no more to be ſeen by our bodily Eyes, than God; yet as we may diſcover God from his Works, ſo from Memory, from Invention, ſwiftneſs of Motion, and all the Beauty of Virtue, the Divine Nature of the Soul may be known. In what part of the Body is it then? I imagine in the Head, and I have Reaſons for my Opinion, but ſhall tell them another time; 'tis enough now to ſhow you there is a Soul in you. Of what Nature is it? Of one peculiar to it ſelf. But ſuppoſe it an airy, fiery Subſtance, it is nothing to the preſent Purpoſe. Obſerve only this. As you know God is, tho' you are ignorant of the Place he reſides in, and his Figure; ſo you may be aſſured you have a Soul in your Body, tho' you are ignorant both of its Figure and in what Part it reſides. For unleſs we are altogether ſtupid in Matters of Natural Philoſophy, we cannot doubt, the Soul hath no diſſimilar, mixt, heterogeneous Parts in it; and upon that Account is not diviſible, ſeparable, or diſcerptible, and conſequently cannot die; for

Death

Death is as it were a Deſcerption and Separation of thoſe Parts which were join'd together before by ſome Ligatures. Upon theſe and ſuch like Arguments *Socrates* rely'd, and therefore ſought no one to plead for him, nor did himſelf ſupplicate his Judges: But behaved himſelf with a noble Obſtinacy, proceeding from the Greatneſs of his Mind, and not from Pride. Upon the very Day he died, he diſcourſed largely upon theſe things; and a few Days before, when he might have eſcaped from Priſon, he generouſly refus'd to do it. And the very Moment he was to drink the deadly Draught, he diſcours'd not like one driven to Death, but like one aſcending to Heaven.

For this was his Opinion, and thus he diſcours'd: *There are two different Paths which Souls take when they are departing from the Body. Thoſe who have been guilty of very hainous Crimes, who have given themſelves up wholly to the Gratifications of their Luſts, and, blinded with theſe, have polluted themſelves with Inceſts and Debaucheries, or have uſed villanous Artifices to deſtroy and ruin the Common-wealth: Theſe, I ſay, go in a different Path, diſtant from the Aſſembly of the Gods: But thoſe who have preſerved themſelves unblemiſhed and chaſt, who have been leaſt tainted with the Bodies, and have abſtracted themſelves from them, and in Human Bodies have imitated the Purity and Life of the Gods; theſe have an eaſie Return to the Gods, from whom they proceeded.* And therefore he adds, That Swans, which are not without Reaſon dedicated to *Apollo*, as having the Gift of Propheſie from him, foreſeeing what Advantages they will gain by Death, die in an Extaſie of Pleaſure and Muſick. So too all good and

learned

learned Men ſhould do. Nor could any one doubt of this, *viz.* that, when we think intenſely of the Soul, we are ſubject to the ſame Misfortune as they who look full on the Midday Sun; our Mind, contemplating it ſelf and the Nature of the Soul, is often dazled; and ſo in both Caſes we loſe the advantage of our Diligence. Therefore our Ratiocination doubts, gazes round it, ſtops, looks often back, like one a Ship-board on the vaſt Sea: But theſe Proofs are antient, and taken from the *Greeks*. *Cato* departed out of Life as if he were glad he had got an occaſion of dying. For that God which rules in us, forbids us to quit Life without Orders from him. But when God hath given us a ſufficient Cauſe to die, as formerly to *Socrates*, lately to *Cato*, and many others; then every wiſe Man will depart with Joy, out of this Darkneſs into that glorious Light: Yet did not *Socrates* willfully break the Chains of his Priſon, the Body; but as ſummon'd by a Magiſtracy, or lawful Power, ſo when call'd by God, he departed. For the buſineſs of the whole Life of a Philoſopher is to practiſe Death.

For what elſe do we do, when we abſtract our Minds from ſenſual Pleaſures, that is from the Body, from the Love of Mony which is the Servant and Gratifier of the Body, from publick Concerns and from all Buſineſs? What is this, I ſay, but uſing the Soul to live by it ſelf, and ſeparating it from the Body? To ſeparate the Soul thus from the Body, is teaching it to die. Let us then practiſe this, let us ſeparate our ſelves as much as may be from our Bodies; that is, let us accuſtom our ſelves to die; in ſo doing we ſhall make this preſent earthly

earthly Life, bear a Reſemblance to that future heavenly One, and whenever our Souls ſhall be free from the Incumbrances of our Bodies, they ſhall the ſooner arrive at their happy Manſions: For thoſe which have been enſlaved to their Bodies will much ſlower enter into their Happineſs, upon account of their being fetter'd up for ſo many Years. When we come there, then ſhall we live indeed. This Life is a Death, which I could curſe, if I might. *A.* You have lamented Life and its Miſeries enough in your Conſolation, in reading which I always wiſh heartily to leave this World; but now more eſpecially upon hearing your preſent Diſcourſe. *M.* The time will come ſpeedily, when you muſt, whether you are willing or not, for Time flies. I am ſo far from thinking Death the only Evil, as you did a little while ago, that I rather imagine it to be the only Good; ſince it will either make us Gods our ſelves, or place us with the Gods. *A.* But ſtill there are many who don't approve of theſe Notions. *M.* I will never quit this Diſcourſe, 'till I have clear'd all the Scruples that can make you think Death an Evil. *A.* How can any one have any Scruple, after having heard your Arguments? *M.* Do you ask how? There are Legions that oppoſe this Opinion; not only the *Epicureans*, whom I do not deſpiſe, (and yet I know not how, they are generally contemn'd by the greateſt Scholars) but *Dicæarchus* too, whom I greatly admire, hath vehemently oppos'd the Immortality of the Soul: For he writ three Books, intituled *Lesbian*, becauſe made at *Mitylene*, in which he endeavours to prove the Soul mortal. The *Stoicks* indeed give us a larger Du-

ration

ration as it were to Ravens, and affirm the Soul will exist very long, but not for ever.

Will you now have me prove that, even if it were so, Death cannot be well reckon'd in the Number of Evils? *A.* As you please for that, but I am stedfastly resolv'd never to be persuaded out of Immortality. *M.* I commend you, tho' yet we ought not to be too confident on any Point, for we are often persuaded by some subtle Conclusion; we mistake, and alter our Opinions even in Matters of more Clearness than this is; for in these there is indeed some Obscurity. Therefore let us arm our selves with Reasons, lest we should be over-persuaded. *A.* With all my Heart, but I shall take care never to be so. *M.* Have you any Reason, then, why we should not dismiss our good Friends the *Stoicks*, they who assert the Soul exists when departed from the Body, but continues not to exist eternally. *A.* Who them, who allow what is the only Difficulty in the Question; to wit, That the Soul can exist distinct and separate from the Body, but after granting that, allow not what is the Consequence of such Premises, namely, that since the Soul can exist separate, it may exist so always? *M.* You make a very just Reflection on them. But shall we believe *Panætius*, who disagrees from his Master *Plato*? Upon every Occasion he calls him divine, wisest, holiest, the *Homer* of Philosophers, and yet approves not of his Notion of the Soul's Immortality. He affirms, whatever is born, or began to be, must die, (as is on all hands allow'd) and argues Souls are born, from the Likeness of Children to their Parents in their Humours, Abilities of their Mind, as well as Features of Body. Says again,

gain, nothing can grieve but it muſt be diſorder'd, that which may be diſorder'd, may die: That Souls are diſorder'd, and therefore ſubject to Death.

But it is very eaſie to confute theſe Arguments, for they proceed from his not knowing, or from his diſſembling the Knowledge of it, that whatever is ſpoken for the Immortality of the Soul, is ſpoken for it as conſider'd a Mind free from all ſuch Diſorders and Paſſions, as Anger, Hatred, Luſt, &c. and which his great Maſter againſt whom he writes, conceives ſeparate from the Soul. Now ſuch a Likeneſs appears more evident in Beaſts, whoſe Souls are not indued with Reaſon. But the greateſt Likeneſs of Men conſiſts in their Bodies, and it is very material, even to the Souls, in what Bodies they are placed. For many things proceed from the Body, which either give the Mind an edge, or take it off. *Ariſtotle* ſays, all ingenious Men are melancholy; and I wiſh often I my ſelf was more ſo. He reckons up ſeveral, and taking it for Fact, proceeds to account for it. If then thoſe things which are produced in the Body have ſuch an influence over the Body, (and in thoſe things, whatever they be, all Similitude conſiſts) it follows not at all that any Likeneſs of the Soul is born. I take no notice of Unlikeneſs, tho' that be an Argument as much for me, as the other is againſt me. I wiſh *Panætius* was now preſent, I would ask him which of his Family, the Nephew of *Africanus*'s Brother was like? Was He like his Father in Face, or Manners, who was ſo like the moſt profligate Wretches. Who was the Wiſe and Eloquent *P. Craſſus*'s Nephew like, and many other excellent Mens

Children

Children and Relations, which I need not mention here? But what am I talking of? I forget to prove, after having urg'd the Argument of the Soul's Immortality, that tho' Souls ſhould die, yet Death could not be miſerable. *A.* I took notice of you, but with great Pleaſure let you make a Digreſſion from the Point, when you argu'd for the Immortality of the Soul.

M. I ſee you aim at high Things, and are eager to go to Heaven. *A.* I hope I ſhall; but ſuppoſing, as they will have it, the Soul doth not exiſt after Death, we are then depriv'd of the Hope of a happier Life. *M.* What Evil doth that Opinion uſher in? For if the Soul periſhes like the Body, can there be Pain, or any Senſation at all in the Body after Death. No one ſays it, tho' *Epicurus* accuſes *Democritus* of doing ſo, and his Scholars deny it: Then there is no Senſation in the Soul, for if it is no where, where then can the Evil be, for there is no third State? It may perhaps be ſaid, the very departure of the Soul from the Body is not without Pain? That is a trifle: But I think that too falſe, for the Departure oftentimes is without any Senſation, and ſometimes with Pleaſure: But be it what it will, it muſt be inconſiderable, becauſe it is Momentary. The cauſe of all that Pain and Grief is rather the Departure of all the Enjoyments of Life; but ſuppoſe I ſhould ſay it is rather a Deliverance from all the Evils of Life? Shall I here lament the Life of Man? I could do it, and for good Reaſons; but why, when I am endeavouring to prove we are not miſerable after Death, ſhou'd I make even Life more miſerable by lamenting it? I have done this in the Book of Conſolation I wrote for

my

my ſelf. The truth therefore is, Death does not take us from Happineſs, but Miſery. *Hegeſias*, of *Cyrene*, diſcourſed ſo largely on this Point, that King *Ptolomy* forbad him diſputing any thing of that Nature in the Schools, becauſe ſeveral upon hearing him, had kill'd themſelves. There is an Epigram of *Callimachus*, which tells us that *Cleombrotus* the *Ambraciote*, without any Misfortune happening to him, meerly upon reading *Plato*'s *Phædo*, leap'd off a Wall into the Sea. The Book of *Hegeſias* is intituled *The Faſter*; becauſe one that had died for Want, is in it recovered by his Friends; and he tells them all the Misfortunes Human Life is expos'd to. I could ſay a great deal on this Subject, tho' not ſo much as he who thought it was no Advantage to any one to have lived. Not to bring any other Inſtances than my ſelf, had I dy'd before I had been depriv'd of all my Family, and publick Employments and Honours, Death had not taken me from Happineſs but Miſery.

But let us Inſtance in ſome one who hath never felt any frown of Fortune: Let it be *Metellus*, he who was happy in four Children: But *Priamus* was bleſſed with Fifty, ſeventeen of which were by his lawful Wife. Fortune had the ſame Power over each of theſe, but uſed it only in one. *Metellus* was laid on the Pile by a multitude of Sons, Daughters, Nephews and Nieces. But King *Priamus* was deprived of all his numerous Offspring, and at laſt dragg'd from the Altar, and killed by his Enemy. Had he dy'd when his Children were all living, and Kingdom ſecure,

Amidſt

Amidſt Barbarick State and Pomp,
In Palaces with golden Roofs;

Had he gone from Happineſs or Miſery? He would certainly have ſeem'd to have gone from Happineſs; but in reality it had been better for him, nor ever had thoſe mournful Lines been repeated,

—— All ſtately Troy *I ſaw in Flames,*
And Royal Priam *weltring in his Blood,*
And with the Stream the Fane of Jove *defil'd.*

As if any thing better than ſuch a Death could then happen to him. Had he dy'd before, he would not have felt ſuch Misfortunes; and before they arrived, he wou'd have loſt all Senſation. Had my Friend *Pompey* dy'd when he was ſick at *Naples*, he had been happy; but upon occaſion of his Recovery, the Citizens, nay all the Towns round about, ſhew'd great Demonſtrations of Joy, and congratulated him. But if he had dy'd then, which had he departed from, Happineſs or Miſery? Surely from Miſery, for he had not made War with his Son-in-law; he had not taken up Arms without any Preparation; he had not left his Home; he had not fled from *Italy*: And laſtly, after the defeat of his Army, he had not expoſed himſelf to the Power and Sword of Slaves; his Children had not been deſtroy'd, and all his Fortunes ſeiz'd on by the Conqueror. Had he dy'd then, he had dy'd in the heighth of Proſperity; by prolonging his Life ſo little a time, how many and how incredible Calamities did he bring upon his Head?

All theſe things are avoided by Death; and if they ſhould not happen, yet we thereby eſcape the

the possibility of their happening. But every one expects *Metellus*'s Fortune; as if there were more Men happy than unhappy in Life, or as if there were any thing certain in Life. But let it be granted that Men are deprived of good Things, of Happiness; and therefore the Dead want the Pleasures of Life: Thus they must say. But can he who doth not exist want any thing? The very Word to Want implies Misery: It intimates, he had it once, but hath not now; he desires it, he asks for it, he is in need of it. For these I think are the Inconveniencies of wanting. He wants Sight; hateful Blindness! his Children; sad Solitude! There is Sense in this, talking of the Living: but the Dead cannot only not want the Conveniencies of Life, but even not Life it self. For the Dead do not exist. Can any one say we who live want Horns, or Wings? No. Why? For, the not having any thing which is not proper and suitable to our Nature, is not wanting it; even tho' we know we have it not. This Argument is to be press'd home and thoroughly consider'd; laying that down as certain which we prov'd before, *viz.* If the Soul is mortal, 'tis impossible to doubt that it perishes in Death, so utterly, as not to retain the least Sense. This being granted, we must proceed to consider what it is to *Want*, that there may be no Perplexity in the Terms. To Want, then, implies, not having what we desire, for Desire is included in wanting; unless you give the Word a more restrained Sense, as wanting any thing in a Fever. And again, to want hath another Signification, one is said to want what he doth not perceive he wants; tho' it is no difficulty to bear that Want.

There

There can be no Want in Death, becauſe all Senſation is impoſſible. That too is ſaid to want Good, which is Evil. But no one even living can want what is Good, unleſs he ſtands in need of it. A living Perſon may be conceiv'd to want a Kingdom. This cannot be ſo well apply'd to your ſelf, as to *Tarquin*, when driven from his Kingdom; but it is impoſſible to conceive any thing like it in a dead Perſon, for to want implies Senſation, but the Dead have none, therefore they can with no Propriety be ſaid to *Want*.

But why ſhould we treat this Point as one of Philoſophy; when the ſubject Matter ſeems not to require ſuch Reaſoning? How often have not only our Generals, but even whole Armies gone to certain Death. If Death had been feared, *L. Brutus* oppoſing the Return of the Tyrant he had driven out, had not dy'd in the Battel: *Decius*, the Father, fighting with the *Latini*, nor the Son fighting with the *Etruſci*, and his Nephew with *Pyrrhus*, had not expoſed themſelves to their Enemies Weapons and dy'd. *Spain* had not ſeen the two *Scipios* falling in one and the ſame War for their Country; *Cannæ*, *Paulus*, and *Geminus*; *Venuſia*, *Marcellus*; the *Latini*, *Albinus*; the *Leucani*, *Gracchus*; are any of theſe now miſerable? No, nor were they ſo immediately after their Death, for no one can be miſerable without Senſation. But that very thing to be without Senſation is hateful: Hateful indeed, if it were to want; but ſince it is clear nothing can exiſt in him who doth not exiſt himſelf, nothing can be hateful to him who wants Senſation. But we dwell too much upon this; I do it only, becauſe all the ſhrinking of the Mind for

fear

fear of Death consists in this: For whoever can distinguish, (which is as clear as the Sun) that the Soul and Body perishing, the whole Animal being destroy'd, a universal Ruin happening, that Animal which once was, is no more, is annihilated; he will perfectly perceive, there is no kind of difference between a *Centaur*, which never did exist at all, and *Agamemnon* who is dead: *M. Camillus* is no more concern'd about this present Civil War, than I was for the taking of *Rome* when he was living: Why therefore should *Camillus* grieve, if he had thought this present Scene of Affairs would happen about fifty Years after his Decease; or why should I grieve, tho' I should imagine a thousand Years hence some other Nation should make themselves Masters of our City and Empire? Because our Country is so dear to us, we limit not our Concern for it by what we can possibly feel, but by its own Safety.

A wise Man therefore is never deterred by Death, (which, by reason of innumerable Casualties, is every Day threatning us, and on account of the Shortness of Life, cannot possibly be far off) so as to hinder him from using all provisional Care for the Commonwealth and his Relations, and having a regard for Posterity, tho' he shall have no Sensation of any Transactions which may come to pass. Even he, therefore, who thinks the Soul Mortal, may endeavour to perform immortal Actions, not for the sake of Glory, which he cannot feel, but for the sake of Virtue, which is necessarily followed by Glory, tho' you have no Views that way. The Nature of things is thus: As Life was the beginning of all things with respect to

us,

us, so is Death the end. As nothing was of Concern to us before we were born, so nothing will be when we are dead. What Evil then can there be in Death, since it concerns neither the Dead nor the Living; neither of these it hurts, and there is no other State. They who make it most easie consider it as Sleep, as if any one would desire to live 90 Years, on Condition that after he had spent 60, he should sleep out the t'other 30. Not only Men, but even Beasts would not. If we may credit Fables, *Endymion* slept a prodigious time on Mount *Latmos*; I fancy he is not yet awake; do you think he is in Pain when the Moon is in Eclipse least she should not kiss him, for which End it's said she laid him asleep there? What can he be in Pain for, who is without all Sensation? Sleep is, you see, an Image of Death; you use it every Day, and do you doubt whether there be any Sensation in Death it self, when you see there is none even in its Image?

Away then with that trifling Saying which is beneath the Stupidity even of an old Woman; to wit, that 'tis a miserable thing to die before ones time: What time? Is it not that which Nature has appointed? She hath lent us Life as it were Mony, without appointing any time when she will call it in again: Why then should you complain, if she recalls it when she thinks fit? She lent it on that very Condition. The same People think too, if one die in his Youth it is an Occasion of great Sorrow; but if he dies in his Infancy, he is not at all to be bewailed. And yet Nature deals more severely with these than with those who are more grown up. Ay, but say they, the Infant had not yet tasted the Sweets of Life, but the Youth had conceived Hopes of arriving at great Honours, and had even begun to enjoy

enjoy them. In all other Caſes it is better to have ſome Share of a good thing, than none; why is it not ſo too in Life? Tho' *Callimachus* not improperly remarks, that *Priam* wept oftener than *Troilus*, yet they are generally thought happy who die in a good old Age. Why ſo? I cannot conceive that Life would, by being longer, grow more pleaſant to them: But nothing is pleaſanter than Wiſdom to Man, which Age, tho' it takes all other things from us, yet gives us that. But what ſhall we call a long Life? What can be long to Man? Are we not now Boys, preſently Youths, in the midſt of our Race old Age ſeizes us before we are aware. But becauſe we are uſed to no farther Proſpects, we call this long. All things are eſtimated long or ſhort, according to our general Notion of Life. Near the River *Hypanis*, which flows out of *Europe* into *Pontus*, *Ariſtotle* tells us, there are little Animals that live but one Day. One of theſe then that dies at the eighth Hour dies old, but one that dies at Sun-ſet, and eſpecially when the Days are longeſt, is decrepit. Compare then our longeſt date of Life with Eternity, we ſhall be found to live in Compariſon no longer than thoſe little Animals.

Let us then throw aſide theſe Fooleries (for what ſofter Name can I give them) and place a happy Life in Steadineſs and Magnanimity of Mind, in a Contempt of Human things, and in all manner of Virtue. For now we effeminate our ſelves with haraſſing Apprehenſions, that if Death ſhould overtake us before we have obtained the vain Promiſes of the falſe Fortune-tellers, we ſhall be deprived and cheated of vaſt Felicities. Our Minds are here tortured

tured with Expectations, and with the Fear of seeing them frustrated. How happy ought we to think that Journey, which when we have finished, we shall be free from all Cares, all Solicitudes? How much am I delighted with *Theramenes*? What a lofty Soul is he of! Tho' I weep when I read of his Fate; yet that great Man seems not to die miserably. When he was imprisoned by order of the thirty Tyrants, he drank off the Poison as if he were a-dry, flung the rest out of the Cup with so much Force, that it sounded on the Floor, and then smiling said, *I drink to beautiful* Critias, who had been the most violent against him. For it is customary with the *Greeks* to name the Man they intend to give the Cup to next. The excellent Man was pleasant to his last Moment, even when he had that within him which he knew would be his Death. And he thereby foretold the Death of him who occasioned his, and which soon after happened. Who, that thinks Death an Evil, can commend this Evenness of Temper in Death? *Socrates* a few Years afterwards was confined in the same Prison, and drank the same deadly Cup, being condemn'd by the like Villany of his Judges, as *Theramenes* of the Tyrants. But how doth *Plato* make him speak to his Judges, after he had receiv'd Sentence of Death?

I am in great Hopes, O Judges, (says he) *that I shall be a Gainer by Dying. For either of these two must necessarily be: Namely, that Death takes away all manner of Sensation, or that 'tis a departing from this to some other Place. Whether therefore all Sensation be lost, and Death be like that Sleep which is without any Dreams or Visions, and gives us the most*

still

ſtill and undiſturbed Reſt; Good Gods! what a Happineſs is it to dye? What Number of Days can there be found preferable to ſuch a Night, as all ſucceeding Eternity will be? Who can be happier than I am? But if the other Opinion be true, and Death be a departing to that Place which ſeparate Souls inhabit: that is ſtill more happy; for then we ſhall eſcape from thoſe who but pretend to be Judges, and appear before thoſe who are ſuch indeed; Minos, Radamanthus, Æacus, Triptolemus; *and dwell with them who have lived juſtly, and with Integrity. Can ſuch a Change as this ſeem undeſirable to you? How pleaſant do you think it muſt be, to converſe with* Orpheus, Muſæus, Homer, Heſiod? *If it were poſſible to dye a Hundred Deaths, I wou'd do it to gain ſuch Advantages as I mention. How ſhall I be delighted, when I meet with* Palamedes *and* Ajax, *and others who have been circumvented by unjuſt Judges. I would examine the Prudence of that great King who led ſo mighty an Army to* Troy, *and try that of* Ulyſſes *and* Syſiphus. *Nor for the Examination of theſe Things ſhould I be condemned there, as I am here. Nor have you my Judges, (I mean thoſe who were for me) fear'd Death; for no Evil can happen to a good Man, either Living or Dead, for he is never neglected by the Immortal Gods; neither hath this happened to me accidentally: Nor have I any Reaſon to be angry either with them who have accuſed me, or with them who have condemned me, unleſs it be becauſe they meant it ill.* And thus he went on thro' all his Speech; towards the End he ſpoke thus: *But now it is Time for us to depart hence, I to dye, you to live; but whether of the two be beſt, the Immortal Gods only know, for I believe no Man does.*

How much rather wou'd I have this Man's Soul, than the Fortunes of all those who condemned him. He himself knew *which was the better*, tho' he says, *only the Immortal Gods do*; for in his Speech he tells which is: but to the last he keeps his Resolution, of not positively affirming any thing. And let us resolve to think nothing an Evil, which Nature hath laid upon All. Let us consider, that if Death be an Evil, 'tis an eternal one: Death indeed may be the End of a miserable Life; but if Death be miserable, That there is no End of. But why do I instance *Socrates* and *Theramenes*, Men excellent for Wisdom and Virtue; when a *Lacedemonian*, whose very Name is forgotten, had such Contempt for Death, that when by Sentence of the *Ephori* he was carried to it, and his Countenance being chearful, and his Behaviour easy, some one of his Enemies asked him, Whether he despised *Lycurgus*'s Laws: He answered, I on the contrary greatly thank him for laying such a Fine upon me, as I can pay without borrowing or pawning. This was indeed a Man worthy of *Sparta*! I think him even innocent, upon account of his Noble Carriage; our City hath had innumerable Examples of this kind. But why should I quote Princes and Generals, when *Cato* acquaints us, that whole Legions went often with Joy to such Attacks, as they never thought they should come off from. With the like Spirit the *Lacedemonians* died at *Thermopylæ*; upon whom *Symonides*:

Tell Sparta, *Stranger, thus you see us lye,*
In due Obedience to her Sacred Laws.

What says their General *Leonidas*, March on with a resolute Heart to Day, O *Lacedemonians*; perhaps to Night we may sup with the Happy below.

While

While *Lycurgus*'s Laws flouriſh'd, this Nation had incredible Bravery. One of them, when a *Perſian* Enemy ſaid in Bravado, You ſhall not ſee the Sun for the Multitude of our Darts and Arrows flying over your Heads; He replied, Then we ſhall fight in the Shade. I have hitherto talk'd of Men: But how bravely did the *Spartan* Mother behave herſelf, who after ſhe had ſent her Son to the Battle, and heard he was killed, ſaid, I therefore bore him, that he ſhould not ſcruple to dye for his Country.

But be that ſo. The *Spartan* Women were hardy and valiant, upon account of their Diſcipline. Shall we not therefore admire *Theodorus* of *Cyrene*, an extraordinary Philoſopher? When King *Lyſimachus* threatened him with the Croſs, he anſwered, Threaten your effeminate Courtiers with ſuch terrible Things; *Theodorus* cares not whether he rot in the Air or in the Ground. This Saying puts me in Mind of ſpeaking ſomething of Burying, and its Rites. The Matter will not now be difficult, our former Premiſes being ſettled, which relate to our having no Senſation. What *Socrates* thought of this, is very plain from that Book where his Death is deſcribed; which I have often ſpoke of. For after having diſcourſed much of the Immortality of the Soul, and when the time of his Death was now very near, *Crito* asking him how he would be buried; he anſwered, *I am afraid, my Friends, I have waſted a great deal of Time to no Purpoſe; for I have not yet perſwaded my Friend* Crito *that I ſhall fly away from hence, and leave nothing of myſelf behind. But,* Crito, *if you can find any thing of me, bury it how you pleaſe. Yet believe me, when I depart hence, none of you ſhall find me.* Admirably well ſpoken, both gratify-

ing his Friend, and at the ſame time ſhewing his own Unconcernedneſs for every thing of this Nature. *Diogenes* was rougher, and like a Cynic, ordered himſelf to be flung out unburied: His Friends asked him, "What, would you "be expoſed to Beaſts and Birds?" "No, by "no Means (anſwered he) but lay a Stick by "me, that I may beat them away. How can "you do that, replied they, for you will not "feel them? What then ſignifies their Bitings "to me, if I ſhall not feel them? *Anaxagoras* too ſpoke nobly: Being extreamly ill at *Lampſacus*, and being asked by his Friends whether he would be carried to his Country *Clazomenæ*, if he ſhould dye, anſwered, *The Way is equally long from all Places into Happineſs.* But every thing appertaining to Burying, is to be conſidered as belonging only to the Body, whether the Soul exiſt or no; And it is plain the Body hath no Senſation, whether the Soul be deſtroyed, or whether it has an Exiſtence in ſome other Place.

But all Things are full of Errors. *Achilles* drags *Hector* ty'd to his Chariot, and I believe imagines he feels how he is torn and diſmember'd: thus he thinks he revenges himſelf; and the Mother laments it as the moſt bitter Affliction.

Theſe Eyes have ſeen a barbarous woeful Sight,
Great Hector *dragg'd behind the Chariot Wheels.*

What *Hector*? Or how long will he be *Hector*? *Accius* ſpeaks better, and *Achilles* being ſometimes wiſe, ſays

To Royal Priam *I reſtor'd the Corpſe,*
But Hector *I have ta'en away for ever.*

Then

Then you did not drag *Hector*, at your Chariot-wheels, but a Body which once was *Hector's*. Thus another *Hector* riſes from the Dead, and will not let his Mother ſleep.

I call thee Mother, eaſing Cares with Sleep;
Awake and bury Me, thy wretched Son.

When theſe Verſes are Sung to mournful Solemn Muſick, which fills all the Theater with Grief, 'tis difficult not to think the unburied miſerable:

Awake and bury me, before the Beaſts
And rav'nous Fouls devour my Limbs.

He is afraid, leſt his Limbs ſhould not be ſo uſeful to him, if torn; but is under no Apprehenſion about them, if they ſhould be burnt.

See the great Monarch's Limbs unburied lie,
Spread thro' the Field, and clotted all with Gore.

I cannot conceive he ſhould be afraid, when he ſings ſo exquiſitely; we muſt lay down as certain, nothing is to be feared after Death; tho' ſome revenge themſelves upon their Enemies, even after they are dead. *Thyeſtes*, in *Ennius*, raves very copiouſly; firſt, that *Atreus* ſhould be Ship-wrack'd. This is indeed a ſad Thing, and very painful; but the reſt is trifling.

—— He, fix'd upon the ſhaggy Rock,
Diſmember'd, dies the Stones with putrid Goar,
Unburied ever.

The very Rock and Stones have as much Senſation as he who was lying on it, though the Poet imagines all this as a Torture to him. But how ſad this would be, if he could feel it! The following too is ridiculous.

Let him not even enjoy the Body's Port,
The Grave, nor after Life remain in Peace.

You ſee what great Miſtakes theſe are; they think the Grave a Haven of the Body, and that the Dead are at Reſt only in a Sepulcher. *Pelops* was mightily to blame for not teaching his Son better, and telling him how much Burial was to be regarded.

But why ſhould I take Notice of the Errors of Particulars, when I might animadvert upon thoſe of whole Nations. The *Egyptians* embalm their Dead, and keep them at Home. The *Perſians* daub their Dead all over with Wax, and then bury them, that the Bodies may laſt as long as poſſible. The *Magi* never bury their Dead, unleſs firſt torn by ſome Beaſts. In *Hircania*, the common People keep Publick Dogs, the Nobles Dogs of their own, (and we know the Dogs of that Country are the beſt,) and every one according to his Ability prepares ſome to devour him: And this they think the beſt Burying. *Chryſippus* reckons up many other Methods, with his uſual Curiouſneſs in all Antiquities. But ſome are ſo ſhocking, that I ſhall not mention them. In ſhort, all Things of this kind are entirely to be indifferent to us, but not neglected by our ſurviving Friends. Yet not to be ſo Superſtitious, as to think that dead Bodies have any Senſation. Let the Living take Care of doing what is cuſtomary and decent, but let them always think it ſignifies nothing to the Dead. Death may then be borne with the eveneſt Temper, when in this Decay of Life, we can comfort our ſelves with reflecting, that our Actions have been honourable. No one hath lived too ſhort a time

that

that hath lived perfectly well. Many Things are come to a Maturity for my own Death, and I wiſh I had dy'd long ago. For I had nothing more to wiſh for; I had filled all the Offices of Life, and could expect nothing but Storms of Fortune. If therefore Reaſon alone ſhould be too weak to make us neglect Death, yet a well-ſpent Life may oblige us to think we have lived long enough. For the Dead do not want either Riches, or Honours, or Dignities, or Praiſe, tho' they have not any Senſation. For tho' Glory hath nothing deſirable, yet it follows Virtue as the Shadow does the Body. The true Judgment of the Multitude upon the Good, if ever they have ſuch a one, is more to be praiſed in them, than the Dead to be thought happy upon that Account.

I can no ways agree to ſay, however it may be taken, that *Lycurgus* and *Solon* were other than excellent Lawgivers, or *Themiſtocles* and *Epaminondas* great Generals. *Neptune* ſhall ſooner overwhelm and deſtroy the Iſland *Salamis* itſelf, than the Memory of the Victory won there ſhall periſh; and *Leuctra* may more eaſily be taken out of *Beotia*, than the Glory of the Battle of *Leuctra*. Still more laſting will be the Fame of *Curius*, *Fabricius*, *Calatinus*, the two *Scipio's*, the two *Africani*, *Maximus*, *Marcellus*, *Paulus*, *Cato*, *Cælius*, and of a great many others; whoſe Virtues, whoever ſhall in ſome Degree have imitated, not eſtimating it by Popular Applauſe, but by the ſteady Praiſe of good Men, may go, if ever there be ſuch an Occaſion, to Death with a chearful Mind, for in this we are ſure there muſt be the higheſt Happineſs, or at leaſt no Miſery: Nay, he would deſire to die in the full Tide of Proſperity;

for no new Advantages can be ſo delightful, as the Loſs of what he had would be painful. After this Manner too, I think the *Lacedemonian* Apophthegm is to be interpreted, which was ſpoken to *Diagoras* the *Rhodian*, the famous Victor in the *Olympick* Games: When he in one Day ſaw his Two Sons Conquerors in the Olympicks, a *Spartan* came to him, and by Way of Congratulation, ſaid, *Diagoras die, for you cannot be a God.* The *Greeks* laid too high a Value upon theſe Victories, and therefore he who ſpoke this to *Diagoras*, thinking it an extraordinary Happineſs for two Brothers to be Conquerors in theſe Games, adviſed him not to continue any longer in Life, or to expoſe himſelf any further to the ill Treatments of Fortune. But in my Opinion, I have in few Words proved what I went about to prove. You have own'd that the Dead are not affected with any Evil: and I endeavoured to enlarge upon that Point, becauſe it is the main Topick and Argument of Comfort in all Grief. For whenever we grieve for ſome Miſchance which has befallen our ſelves, we ought to grieve moderately, leaſt we betray a too great Self-Love. But the Suſpicion that the Dead are in any of thoſe Evils and Torments which the Vulgar apprehend them to be in, will always afflict us with intolerable Sorrow; and for that Reaſon I dwelt longer on this Head, as being willing to root out entirely this Notion.

A. To me you did not ſeem tedious: The firſt Part of your Diſcourſe made me even deſirous to die, and the latter made me entirely indifferent about it: The whole Oration perfectly perſwaded me of this, that Death does not lead to any Evils. *M.* Shall I conclude this

this Diſcourſe with an Oratorical Epilogue, or ſhall I abandon that Study? *A.* I hope you have not abandoned a Profeſſion you have been ſo great an Ornament to, and which hath reciprocally been an Honour to you. But what is your Epilogue? Be it what it will, I am impatient to hear it. *M.* 'Tis cuſtomary in the Schools, to introduce in Diſcourſes, the Judgments of the Immortal Gods concerning Death; not of their own Fiction, but Stories taken from *Herodotus* and others. Above the reſt, *Cleobis* and *Bion*, the Sons of *Argia* the Prieſteſs, are particularly famous. The Story is very common. It was a Ceremony always uſed, to carry her in a Chariot to the Altar, which was at a conſiderable Diſtance from the Town. The Beaſts which drew her tyr'd on the Way: The young Men I juſt named, ſtripped, anointed themſelves with Oil, and drew the Chariot. The Prieſteſs, being then drawn by her Sons to the Altar, is ſaid to have pray'd the Goddeſs to give them the greateſt Bleſſing the Gods could give Men, as a Reward of their Piety. After the Youths had feaſted with their Mother, and gone to Sleep, they were found dead in their Beds next Morning. *Triphonius* and *Agamedes* made the ſame Prayer, for after they had finiſhed the Building the Temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos*, they worſhipped the God, and begg'd ſome Reward of their Labours; not any one in particular, but in general Terms, whatever was beſt for Man. *Apollo* declared he would give it them upon the third Day; the third Day they were found dead in the Morning. Thus, they ſay, the God hath determined what is beſt for Man,

and That God too, which of all others, has the greateſt Gift of Wiſdom and Divination.

There goes too a Story about *Silenus*, that upon his being taken by *Midas*, he taught the King this Secret for his Ranſom. He ſaid it was the beſt Thing for a Man not to be Born, and the next to die as ſoon as poſſible; *Euripedes* hath transfer'd this into his *Creſipho*.

In Tears, in Mourning, and in Shews of Grief,
We ought to celebrate Man's wretched Birth,
As knowing Human Life is full of Woe;
But when Death puts a Period to our Ills,
Our Friends ſhould triumph at our happy State.

There is ſomething like this in the Conſolation of *Crantor*. He tells us, one *Torinæus* of *Elis*, lamenting heavily his Son's Death, went to a Place where Divinations were made, to enquire the Reaſon of ſo great an Affliction; and theſe three Verſes were given him as an Anſwer

Mankind in Life erroneous Notions hold,
Euthynous *enjoys the Gift of Death.*
To die is the beſt Thing for him and thee.

By Authorities of this Stamp do they confirm their Opinion, and ſhew us that the Gods have determined this Queſtion. *Alcidamas*, an antient and a very excellent Orator, wrote a Panegyrick upon Death, drawn from the Conſideration of the Evils of Human Life. He wanted indeed the more ſubtile Arguments of the Philoſophers, but was perfectly Maſter of an excellent Stile. Deaths for ones Country have not only been Famous, and Celebrated by Orators, but even eagerly courted. A Story is told as Antient as *Erechtheus*, (whoſe Daugh-

Daughters willingly dy'd for their Citizens) of one *Codrus*, who fearing he ſhould be diſcovered if he wore his Royal Robes, put on the Habit of a common Man, threw himſelf into the middle of his Enemies and died; becauſe the Oracle had foretold, that *Athens* would be Victorious if their King was killed by the Enemy. The Story of *Menœceus* too is common. And *Iphigenia* order'd her ſelf to be carried to *Aulis* to be Sacrificed, reſolving to purchaſe the Enemies Blood, though at the Price of her own.

After theſe come Relations of a later Date. *Harmodius*, *Ariſtogiton*, *Leonidas* the *Spartan*, and *Epaminondas* the *Theban*, are in every ones Mouth. And yet they are not acquainted with any Accounts of the like Behaviour of our Countrymen, though they are ſo numerous, that 'twould be tedious only to name them; ſo many have there been, who have thought an honourable Death even deſirable. Since Things therefore are ſo, muſt we be obliged to uſe all the Force of Oratory, and ſpeak as it were from the *Roſtrum*, to perſwade Men to think Death deſirable, or at leaſt not to be feared? For if that laſt Day doth not annihilate, but only occaſion a Change of Place, What can be more to be deſired? But though it doth deſtroy and utterly annihilate, what is better than to fall aſleep in the midſt of all the Toils of Life, and enjoy an eternal Repoſe? If ſo, our Countryman *Ennius* ſpeaks better than the wiſe *Solon*. Thus ours,

Let no one my ſad Funeral Rites perform
With Tears and Grief.

But the Lawgiver ſays,

Let me not unlamented die, but leave
Sorrow to every Friend; with flowing Tears
Let them perform the ſad laſt Office.

But let us upon the like Occaſion, as if it were an Order from God, depart Life joyfully, and return Thanks that we are freed from Priſon, eaſed from Chains, and either to return to an eternal Manſion proper to us, or to a State of no Senſation, and no Pain. Be our Notions in theſe Points what they will, let us think that Day happy to us, how dreadful ſoever it may appear to others; and let us conſider, nothing can be an Evil, which either the Immortal Gods, or our Mother Nature, hath ordained for all Men in common. We never were created by Chance inconſiderately: No, there is certainly ſome Power which takes Care of us, and would either never have produced, or at leaſt wou'd provide for a Creature, which after the Miſeries of this Life, was to fall into an eternal Evil. Let us rather think it a Port provided for us; which I wiſh we could enter with full Sails; but if the Winds oppoſe, and drive us back, yet we muſt of Neceſſity arrive there, tho' it be ſlower. Can that which muſt of Neceſſity happen to all Men, be a Miſery to one individual? This is the Epilogue; and now the Diſcourſe is throughly compleated. *A.* This Epilogue has made me yet more firm in my Opinion. *M.* I am glad of it. Let us now take Care of our Health: To Morrow, and every Day while we continue at *Tuſculum*, we will entertain ourſelves with Diſcourſes of this Nature; particularly with ſuch Queſtions as eaſe us of Inquietude of Mind, of Fears, and Deſires; for this is the chief Advantage we reap from Philoſophy.

THE

THE *TUSCULAN* DISPUTATIONS.

BOOK II.

Of Enduring BODILY PAIN.

Neoptolemus indeed in *Ennius* ſays, It is neceſſary for him to ſtudy Philoſophy but only in ſome few Particulars; for in the main he did not like it. But I, O *Brutus*, think myſelf obliged to ſtudy Philoſophy (becauſe being entirely at Leiſure, how can I better employ my Time;) and not in ſome few Points only, as he did; for a thorough Knowledge, even in a few Particulars, can ſcarce be obtained without a general View of the whole Body of Philoſophy; and whoever underſtands

but

but ſome few, will with Difficulty reſtrain himſelf from continuing his Studies to the remaining Parts. But in a Life of Action, and as *Neoptolemus*'s then was, a Military one, the Knowledge of a few Parts of Philoſophy is of great Advantage, and tho' not productive of ſuch Fruits as might be gained by a general one, yet of ſuch as will free us in ſome meaſure from Fear, Sorrow and Deſire. In this manner, by the Diſcourſe I made yeſterday, we ſeemed to have attained a great Contempt for Death. Nor is this of ſmall Conſequence towards freeing the Mind of Fear; for no one that fears what is unavoidable, can live with a quiet Mind; but he who fears not Death, not only becauſe it is unavoidable, but alſo becauſe he perceives there is nothing in it that is to be feared, that Perſon hath made a great Advance towards living happily. Yet I am not ignorant that many will induſtriouſly contradict this, and it is impoſſible for me to avoid their Cenſure, unleſs I writ nothing at all: For if my Orations, which I chiefly deſign'd for the Judgment of the Populace, (that Art being invented to move them, and the End of Eloquence being to gain the Approbation of the Hearers) if my Orations, I ſay, had the ill Fortune to fall under the Laſh of thoſe, who commend nothing but what they think themſelves are able to perform, who give no more Praiſe than they believe they deſerve, and who, when they find themſelves outdone in Eloquence of Speech, cry out that they like poor and dry Expreſſions better than a flowing luxuriant Style, (of which kind alſo were thoſe that were call'd *Attici*, who made Profeſſion of an Art which they themſelves knew nothing of; but who are

at length ſilenced, and hooted out of the very Market-Place,) what then am I now to expect, when the Populace, in whom before was my greateſt Confidence, will joyn with my Adverſaries: For Philoſophy contents its ſelf with the Approbation of a few, deſignedly avoiding the Multitude, by which it is both ſuſpected and hated; inſomuch that ſhould any one write againſt it in general, he might be ſure of the People's Approbation; or if he ſhould attack that Part of it we moſtly follow, he would have very conſiderable Aſſiſtance from all the other Sects of Philoſophers. I have in my Diſcourſe to *Hortenſius*, anſwered the Defamers of all Philoſophy in general; and have, in my Opinion, ſufficiently defended the Academick Sect, in my Treatiſes of Academick Queſtions. And yet I am ſo far from being ſorry that they write againſt us, that I wiſh they would do ſo more than they do: For Philoſophy had never arrived to that Pitch of Glory that it did in *Greece*, were it not for the Contentions and Diſputes of the moſt Learned Maſters. I therefore encourage every one that can do it, to win this Glory alſo from *Greece*, which is now decaying, and to transfer it into our City, as our Anceſtors with great Induſtry and Labour did the other commendable Parts of Philoſophy. Thus the Glory of Oratory, from a low Beginning, hath arrived at the higheſt Degree of Perfection: So that, according to the Courſe of Nature in all other things, it muſt now be expected to decay and ſink again into nothing. But let Philoſophy begin to appear in the *Roman* Language, and let Us aſſiſt to its Advancement; let us uſe ourſelves both to confute and be confuted. This is intolerable to thoſe who are as it were

confined

confined and devoted to ſome particular Tenets, which tho' they can no ways prove, they ſtill imagine they are obliged to defend, out of a Point of Conſtancy. But we who follow Probabilities, and beyond that can make no further Advances, are ready to confute without Arrogance, and to be confuted without Anger. And if theſe Studies be Naturalized to our Country, we ſhall have no further Occaſion for *Grecian* Libraries; which are ſtored with ſuch Numbers of Volumes, by reaſon of the Multitude of their Authors, who have filled all their Books with the ſame things over and over again; and which will alſo happen to us, if many apply themſelves to theſe Studies. But let us excite only thoſe to theſe Purſuits, who have a ſufficient Stock of Learning, are Maſters of a polite Style, and can write Philoſophy with Method and Clearneſs.

There is a certain Sect amongſt thoſe that entitle themſelves Philoſophers, who are ſaid to be Authors of ſeveral Books in *Latin*, which I do not deſpiſe, as having never read them; and becauſe the Authors themſelves make Profeſſion of obſerving no Clearneſs, Method, or Ornament in their Writings, I neglect the reading of that which I can promiſe myſelf no Pleaſure from: For the Opinions of their Sect, Perſons of but moderate Learning are acquainted with; and ſince they profeſſedly neglect all Elegancy in expreſſing them, I cannot ſee why they ſhould be read by any but one another. For whereas *Plato*, and all the Followers of him and his Maſter, are read even by thoſe who are of Opinions entirely different, or at leaſt diſagree in ſome Particulars; *Epicurus* and *Metrodorus* are never look'd into but by their own Followers.

So

So the *Latin* Authors I juſt now mentioned, are only read by Men of the ſame Opinions. But I think that whatever is writ, ought ſo to be writ as to gain the Reading of all the Learned World, and notwithſtanding we may ſometimes fail in that Attempt, yet it ought always to be our chief Aim. Thus the Manner in which the *Peripateticks* and *Academicks* argue on both ſides of every Queſtion, pleaſes me, not only becauſe it was the propereſt Method to find out what was probable, but alſo becauſe it was an excellent Exerciſe of Oratory: Which *Ariſtotle* firſt begun, and his Sect followed. *Philo* too, who is within the Reach of my Memory, and whom I have often heard, uſed at ſome times to give Rules of Oratory, and at others to diſcuſs Points in Philoſophy. In Imitation of whom, we being invited by our Friends to *Tuſculum*, employ our ſpare Hours after the ſame Manner. And after having ſpent the Morning in Studies of Oratory, in the Evening we come to the Academy, and deliver in a Diſputation held not in a Narrative Style, but almoſt in the ſame Words wherein it was managed or diſputed.

As we were walking we had the Diſcourſe which follows, and begun much after this Manner: *A.* I cannot expreſs how much I was delighted, or, to ſpeak more properly, improved by your Yeſterday's Diſcourſe, tho' I am conſcious I never was too fondly deſirous of Life; yet a ſort of Fear and Sorrow ſometimes preſs'd my Mind, as thinking I ſhould one Day loſe this Life, and all its Pleaſures; but believe me, I am now ſo entirely freed from all Uneaſineſs of this kind, that I think nothing ought leſs to be regarded. *M.* That is not a Wonder; for

'tis

'tis the natural Effect of Philoſophy: It heals the Mind; drives away vain Apprehenſions; frees it from Deſires; expells Fears; but when it lights upon a good Complexion, it has a greater Efficacy. The Bold are aſſiſted, not only by Fortune, as the old Proverb ſays, but much more by Reaſon, who by her excellent Precepts increaſes the Force of Courage. Nature hath made you of Spirit Noble, and as it were formed to deſpiſe the little Accidents Mankind is ſubject to; my Diſcourſe therefore againſt the Fear of Death, eaſily made an Impreſſion upon your Mind. And yet theſe Arguments are of Force with but very few even of thoſe who invented them, and who have diſputed and written upon theſe Subjects: How few of the Philoſophers are there who regulate the Conduct of their Lives, and the Formation of their Manners, as Reaſon requires; who think their Doctrine not an Oſtentation of Learning, but a Regimen of Life; who act conſiſtently with themſelves, and practiſe thoſe Rules they teach to others. Some we ſee ſo ſwelled up with Pride and Vanity, that it had been better for them, had they been wholly ignorant: Others are greedy of Mony, or of Praiſe; and many are Slaves to their Luſts: So that their Lives and Doctrines are wholly inconſiſtent; than which to me there can be nothing more infamous. If one who profeſſes himſelf a Grammarian ſhould talk barbarouſly, or he that ſets up for a great Muſician ſhould ſing out of Tune, ſuch a one would be the more ridiculous, becauſe he blunders in the very Art he profeſſes. So a Philoſopher, that commits a Fault in the Conduct of his Life, is the more infamous, becauſe he is out in the Profeſſion he would be thought

thought a Maſter of, and offends againſt the very Rules in which he pretends to inſtruct others. *A.* If it be as you ſay, is it not to be feared that you give Praiſes to Philoſophy which it in no wiſe deſerves; ſince there can be no greater Argument of its being unprofitable, than that the greateſt Maſters of it lead ſcandalous Lives? *M.* I think that Argument is of no Force; for as all Fields that are tilled are not fruitful, ſo all Minds that are cultivated do not bring forth Fruit. Therefore the following Verſe is falſe:

Altho' the Seed in barren Ground be caſt,
Yet will it flouriſh of its proper Goodneſs.

And, to carry on the Compariſon, as no Ground can be fruitful unleſs it be manured, ſo neither can our Minds be ſo without Learning. Thus each of theſe is imperfect without the Aſſiſtance of the other. Philoſophy is the Cultivation of the Mind; 'tis ſhe that weeds it of Vices, and fits it for the receiving the Seeds of Virtue; 'tis ſhe that ſows them in it; and in due Seaſon they produce a plentiful Harveſt. But now let us begin. What ſhall we diſcourſe upon? *A.* Pain, I think, is the greateſt of Evils. *M.* What! greater than Infamy? *A.* Indeed I dare not affirm that, and am aſhamed to ſee myſelf ſo ſoon driven from my Opinion. *M.* It would be more Matter of Shame to perſiſt obſtinately in that Opinion; for what can be more baſe than to think any thing worſe than Infamy, Villany, or Beſtiality? In order to avoid which, what Pain is not only not to be refuſed, but even to be deſired and courted? *A.* So I think. But tho' Pain be not the greateſt of Evils, yet 'tis at leaſt an Evil. *M.* You ſee by how few

Words

Words you are delivered from your terrible Apprehenſions of Pain. *A.* Yes, I do ſo; but that is not all I wiſh for. *M.* I will try what I can do, but 'tis a difficult Point, and requires an unprejudiced Temper. *A.* That you ſhall find in me, for as I did Yeſterday, ſo now too I ſhall follow Reaſon, whitherſoever ſhe leads me.

M. Firſt then, I muſt obſerve upon the Imbecility of the Generality of Mankind, and on the ſeveral Sects of Philoſophers; the moſt Ancient, and the Chief of whom, *Ariſtippus*, ventur'd to affirm, that Pain was the greateſt Evil. *Epicurus* afterwards eaſily fell in with this weak and womaniſh Opinion; then *Heronymus*, the *Rhodian*, affirm'd, that to be without Pain was the greateſt Good. All the other Philoſophers, except *Zeno*, *Ariſto*, *Pyrrho*, are of that Opinion which you juſt now were of; namely, that Pain is an Evil, but not the greateſt. That which Nature her ſelf, and a generous Temper, would at firſt confeſs, to wit, that Pain is not the greateſt Evil, as you juſt now owned, in Compariſon with Infamy; Philoſophy, the Guide of Life, has for many Ages agreed to. What Honour, what Commendation, what Glory, can *He* think valuable enough to undergo corporal Pain for it, who is perſwaded that Pain is the greateſt Evil? And again, what Infamy, what Baſeneſs will not *He* be guilty of, to avoid Pain, who thinks that the greateſt of Evils? Can one be other than Miſerable, not only when he is actually in exceſſive Pain, if Pain be the greateſt Evil; but even when he conſiders it is not impoſſible but that he may ſome Time or other be in ſuch a Condition? And who is there but what may be ſo? Therefore all Men are miſerable.

rable. *Metrodorus* thinks him the happieſt Man, who has a Healthful Body, and is ſure it will always continue to be ſo. But what Man can be aſſured of ſuch an Uncertainty?

Epicurus ſays ſuch extraordinary Things, that to me he ſeems to be in Jeſt. For ſomewhere he ſays, if a wiſe Man be burnt, racked, (perhaps you expect he ſhould ſay he would bear it patiently, and without ſinking under the Oppreſſion; and indeed, this would be a great Action, and worthy of *Hercules* himſelf: But *Epicurus*, a rough Man, carries the Matter further ſtill) were he in *Phalaris*'s Bull, he would have him ſay, How delightful is this! How perfectly eaſy am I! But muſt Pain needs be pleaſant? Is it not enough, if it be not inſupportable? But even they who affirm Pain to be no Evil, do not inſiſt upon its being pleaſant for a Man to be wrack'd; they confeſs it is rough, difficult, hateful, and contrary to Nature, though it is no Evil. This Man, who eſteems Pain an Evil, and the greateſt of Evils, thinks a wiſe Man would cry out, Oh how pleaſant this is! I do not deſire you ſhould talk of Pain like *Epicurus*, who was a Man wholly given to Pleaſure. He ſays, a wiſe Man would be as eaſie in *Phalaris*'s Bull, as in a Bed of Down: For my Part, I cannot perſwade my ſelf, that a wiſe Man can be ſo much Maſter of himſelf, as to endure Pain with ſo little Concern: Let him only bear it with an Heroick Conſtancy, and that is enough: There is no need for his rejoycing; for Pain is undoubtedly a Melancholy Thing, rough, bitter, contrary to Nature, and difficult to be endured. Conſider *Philoctetes*, who muſt be pardoned for Groaning, ſince he had heard

even

even *Hercules* himſelf in *Oeta* roar for exceſſive Pain. The famous Arrows *Hercules* gave him, could not comfort him,

When the fierce Poiſon thrilling in his Veins
Forc'd him to groan.

So afterwards he cries out for Help, and begs for Death.

Oh, who will toſs me from the ſhaggy Rock,
And quench the ſcorching Poiſon in the Waves:
My cruel Tortures harrow up my Soul.

'Tis difficult to ſay that he is not in an Evil, and in a great one too, who is forced to exclaim in that Manner.

But let us view even *Hercules* himſelf, whoſe Courage was broken by Pain, though by dying he won Immortality. What Words doth *Sophocles* put into his Mouth, in his Play called *Trachinea*, when he had put on the Shirt poiſon'd with the *Centaur's* Blood, which *Deianira* ſent him.

What Torments does my waſted Body feel,
Torments too great by far to be expreſs'd!
Nor Juno's *Wrath, nor proud* Euryſtheus's *Rage,*
Ne'er tortur'd me, as now the Brat of OEneus.
She hath incloſ'd me in this Magic Shirt,
Which ſticking cloſe, burns up my tortur'd Limbs,
Preſſes my vital Parts with torrid Heat,
Parches my Lungs, and thirſty drinks the Stream
Of Purple Blood: My Body is conſum'd,
Wrapt in a Plague, wove by a Woman's Hand.
Nor Hoſtile Arms, nor Earth-born Giant's Force,
Nor monſtrous Shapes of Centaurs *gave ſuch*
(Wounds,

Nor

Nor Grecian *Proweſs, nor the Savage Rage*
Of far remote inhoſpitable Lands,
Which I once travel'd, caus'd this heavy Plague.
I die, I die, by a baſe Woman's Hand.
Oh Son, deſerve that honour'd Name, and ſhew
Thy Love and Duty, but with me die all
That Duty paid thy Mother; drag her here
With Pious Hands, and prove thy ſelf my Son;
Shew thou lov'ſt me more than that impious Woman.
Pity thy wretched Father, and ſome Tears
Some natural Tears ſhed thou to eaſe my Woes.
See like a ſickly Girl he weeps and cries,
Whoſe Heart was once invincible by all
Severeſt Blows; his Virtue now is quell'd.
Come near, my Son, and ſee this waſted Thing,
Once 'twas my Body; view me, O my Friends,
And thou dread Ruler of the Gods exert
Thy Rage, and with thy flaming Bolt deſtroy
Me and my Mis'ries; now the Poiſon flies
Through all my burning Veins: O thou right Hand,
Till now victorious, and once Sinewy Arms,
Was the Nemæan *Monſter by your Force*
Quell'd; and did that of Lerna's *baleful Lake,*
Conquer'd by this Right Hand, at length expire;
Did Armies of embattled Centaurs *fall*
By this; by this, the Erimanthian *Beaſt;*
Was the Three-headed Keeper of Hell's Gates
Bound in ſtrong Braſs, and bore off by this Arm;
Or was the watchful Dragon which did guard
The Golden Apples by this Arm deſtroy'd;
Did this ſuch fam'd Exploits perform, in all
Attacks unconquerable!

Can we ſpeak ſo ſlightly of Pain, when we ſee *Hercules* himſelf in ſuch intolerable Anguiſh?

Let

Let us alſo conſult *Æſchylus*, not only a Poet, but as the Tradition goes, a *Pythagorean* Philoſopher too. How does he make *Prometheus* bear the Pain he ſuffer'd for having ſtol'n Fire from Heaven, and for which he was puniſhed by *Jupiter*. In the midſt of his Torments, and being bound to Mount *Caucaſus*, thus he behaves himſelf.

Titanian *Race, ally'd to us by Blood,*
Behold me faſten'd here with brazen Chains
To the rough Rocks; the Mariners that chance
To touch here, tremble at my fearful Woes.
Saturnian Jove's *ſtrong Pow'r, and* Vulcan's *Art,*
Mercileſs Art and cruel Pow'r, hath chain'd
My Limbs, and in the Furies Den confin'd.
As each Third Day in conſtant Courſe returns,
Jove's *Bird with forked Talons doth return,*
And Piecemeal tears my Liver, and when fill'd
With Blood, ſhe claps her Wings, and joyous flies
Thro' Seas of Air; and ſoon as Time hath cur'd
This Wound, and my empaired Strength renew'd,
Again ſhe comes, and doth again renew
My Pains, again upon my Intrails feeds.
Thus am I forc'd to bear eternal Pains:
Theſe Chains forbid my Arms and Sinewy Strength
To force away that Bird: To endleſs Woes
I am condemn'd; in vain I ſeek for Death,
And try to end my Being and my Plague;
But Jove *reſtrains the Blow of Death, and keeps*
Me for more Pains, perhaps till dewy Drops
With their ſoft Force ſhall melt away this Rock,
And Caucaſus *and I together end.*

We can ſcarce imagine him not to be miſerable, who behaves himſelf in this Manner; and if we do ſo, we muſt needs think Pain an Evil.

As

A. As yet you argue for me: But that we will talk of by and by. Now pray tell me whence you quote thoſe Verſes, for I do not remember them. *M.* The Queſtion is proper, and I will tell you; Don't you obſerve that I have a great deal of Time upon my Hands? *A.* What then? *M.* I ſuppoſe you went often to the Schools of the Philoſophers, when you were at *Athens*? *A.* I did ſo, and took great Pleaſure in it. *M.* You remember then that, though none at that time were very Eloquent, they uſed to quote Scraps of Poetry in their Diſcourſes. *A.* Yes, and eſpecially *Dionyſius* the Stoick. *M.* You ſay true; but he did it without any Propriety and Choice: Our *Philo* was polite in his Choice and Application. Therefore ever ſince I have taken Delight in this Declamatory Manner of Writing, I often quote our Poets; and when I can find nothing in them that will ſerve my Purpoſe, I take from the *Greeks*, and tranſlate what I quote, that the *Latin* Language might want none of the Ornamental Part in Diſcourſes of this Nature. But do you obſerve how pernicious the Poets are? They introduce the moſt valiant Men lamenting, and make our Minds effeminated; for they are ſo delightful that they are not only read but alſo got by Heart. Thus the Poets, by their Romantick and ſoft Pictures of Life, have aggravated the Fault of ill Diſcipline, and quite ruined Strength of Courage. *Plato* therefore was in the right in baniſhing them from his Imaginary Commonwealth, which he conſtituted with the moſt wholſome Regulations that could be thought of. But we, who have all our Learning from *Greece*, are taught theſe things in our Childhood, get them by heart, and imagine this a Liberal Education.

But why ſhould we be angry with the Poets, when there have been even Philoſophers, the Maſters of Virtue, that have aſſerted Pain to be the greateſt Evil. Yet you, tho' but a Youth, happening to ſay ſo, and being only asked by me whether 'twas a greater Evil than Infamy, immediately quitted that Opinion. Should I ask *Epicurus* the ſame Queſtion, he would ſay that a ſmall Pain is a greater Evil than the greateſt Infamy, for that Infamy itſelf is in no wiſe an Evil, unleſs Pain follows from it. But you, in allowing Infamy to be a greater Evil than Pain, have granted enough; for if you ſtand to this, you will eaſily obſerve how much Pain is to be ſtruggled with and oppoſed; nor is it ſo much our Buſineſs to enquire whether Pain be an Evil, as to endeavour to ſupport it with Conſtancy. The *Stoicks* prove by Quirks that Pain is not an Evil, as if the Difficulty was not in the Matter, but Words. Why doſt thou deceive me, *Zeno*? When you aſſert that Pain, which to me is exceedingly terrifying, is no Ill, I am filled with Pleaſure and Expectation, and long to know how that is no Evil, which I imagine the greateſt of Evils. You anſwer, Nothing is an Evil but what is baſe and vicious. But this is trifling, you do in no wiſe take away my Scruple. I know Pain is no Vice: Therefore teach me not what I already know, but prove to me, that it is the ſame thing to me whether I am in Pain, or whether I am not in Pain. You will ſay, Virtue hath in itſelf all that is requiſite for a happy Life: Perhaps ſo: Still Pain is to be avoided: Why? becauſe it is rough, contrary to Nature, and difficult to be borne.

Abun-

Abundance of Words clear not the Difficulty, nor doth it avail to expreſs with Variety of Phraſes what we in one Word call Pain. You define Pain, but do not take it away. When you ſay it is contrary to Nature, ſcarce to be endured, you ſay right; but after ſuch a pompous Shew of Words, we ſhould have had ſome Argument, or of what Force is your Doctrine, That nothing is Good but what is Honourable, nothing Evil but what is Baſe? This is indeed wiſhing it were ſo, but not proving that it is ſo. The other ſeems to me much the more reaſonable and true: All thoſe things which are contrary to our Nature are Evils; all that are ſuitable and agreeable to it, Goods. When this is laid down, and all Chicanry of Words avoided; that which we call honourable, true and becoming, and which we include under the Name of Virtue, is ſo excellent, that in Compariſon of it we eſteem all the Abilities of the Body, and Goods of Fortune as Trifles; and the greateſt Evil, nay all Evils put together into the Scale againſt the Evil of Infamy, are of no Weight. If then you continue to allow that Infamy is a greater Evil than Pain, Pain will eaſily appear to be no Evil: For if you conceive it baſe and unworthy for a Man to groan, to cry, to uſe Womaniſh Exclamations, and to ſink under Torments, then Pain, when borne otherwiſe, will be Honourable and Noble; and whenever you happen to be in ſuch a Condition, you will behave yourſelf ſo. Pain will give way to Virtue, and be eaſed by Reflection; for there is either no ſuch thing as Virtue, or all Pain is to be deſpiſed. But call it Prudence, without which there can be no Virtue? Will Prudence

permit you to attain to any thing without Labour? Will Temperance ſuffer you to do any thing immoderately? Can a Man be ſtrictly Juſt when Torments force him to betray his Friends, diſcover Secrets, and do a great many things contrary to his Duty? If we once admit the Efficacy of Pain, what tolerable Account ſhall we give of Fortitude, and its Aſſociates, Greatneſs of Spirit, Conſtancy, Patience, and Contempt of Human Affairs? When you weep and groan, do you think any body can in Earneſt call you a Brave Heroick Man! No one will call you even Man, that ſees ſuch mean Behaviour in you. We muſt therefore quit all Pretenſions to Courage, or vanquiſh Pain.

You know that you may loſe ſome of your Houſhold Goods, and yet preſerve the reſt; but if you have loſt one Virtue, or to ſpeak more properly, becauſe Virtue cannot be loſt, if you have not this one Virtue, you cannot have any. Can you call *Philoctetes* or *Prometheus* a Man that is Valiant, Great-Spirited, Conſtant, Patient, above the little Concerns of Life? I ask you, can he be ſtil'd Valiant who lies in his Bed wet with Tears,

And with his Cries, his Shrieks, and Groans conſumes
The painful Hours.

I do not deny Pain to be Pain, for then there would be no Occaſion of Courage: But I would fain have it vanquiſhed by Patience, if there be any ſuch thing; if not, why do we introduce an inſignificant Name into our Philoſophy? Why do we make ſo much Boaſt about an empty Term? Doth Pain prick us? or does it ſtab us? If we are naked, let us offer our

ſelves

ſelves to it; but if cloath'd with *Vulcanian* Arms, I mean Fortitude, let us reſiſt it. Courage, the Safeguard of all Honour, unleſs we do ſo, will forſake and deſert us. The Laws of *Crete*, whether *Jupiter* was the Author of them, or whether 'twas *Minos* at his Command, as alſo thoſe made by *Lycurgus*, breed up the Youth to Labour, to Hunting, to Racing, to the enduring of Hunger, Thirſt, Cold and Heat. The *Spartan* Boys are whipt before the Altars, till a Quantity of Blood follows. When I was there, I heard that ſeveral have been even whipt to Death, and were ſo far from crying out, that none of them ſo much as gave the leaſt Groan. What ſhall we ſay then? Shall Boys do thus, and ſhall not Men? Shall Cuſtom prevail above Reaſon?

There is a Difference between Labour and Pain; they indeed border nearly upon each other, but yet they differ in ſome Things. Labour is either an Action of the Mind, or of Body in the Performance of ſome conſiderable Work or Office. Pain is a ſharp Motion in the Body, abſtracted from the Mind. The *Greeks*, whoſe Language is more copious than ours, expreſs both by the ſame Word πόνον; and therefore call induſtrious Men Lovers and Deſirers of Pain. We, more diſtinctly, call them Laborious, for there is a difference between Labour and Pain.

When *Caius Marius*'s Varices were cut, he was in Pain; when he lead his Armies, notwithſtanding the ſultry Heats, he labour'd: There is a Likeneſs between theſe Things, and frequent Labour makes Pain more tolerable. Therefore the Celebrated *Græcian* Lawgivers, always tried to ſtrengthen the

Bodies of the Youth by Labour. The *Spartans* accuſtomed even their Women to it, who in other Governments are permitted to uſe the ſofteſt Dreſs, and keep conſtantly within Doors. But the *Spartan* Virgins were managed after a quite different manner, and were educated ſo, as to take more Pleaſure in Wreſtling, Swimming, in being in the Heat, the Duſt, and in War, than in the Luxury of the *Barbarians*. Pain is often mix'd with theſe laborious Exerciſes, they are bruiſed, ſtruck, flung down, but conſtant Labour makes the Pain inſignificant.

I ſhall now mention our manner of making War, omitting that of the *Spartans*, who always marched to the ſoft Muſick of Flutes, and were encouraged by Speeches compoſed in Meaſure: What exceeding Labour are the Soldiery conſtantly obliged to? To carry, together with half a Month's Proviſion, Utenſils and Paliſadoes. Their Shield, their Sword, their Helmet, and their other Accoutrements, they no more reckon a Burthen, than they do their Legs, Arms, Shoulders. Arms are the Soldiers Limbs, which they bear ſo eaſily, that upon any Occaſion flinging aſide their Burthens, they can uſe them as dextrouſly as they can their Limbs. Why need I mention the Exerciſes of the Troops, their Marches, their haſtening to an Attack, all which are very laborious? 'Tis this that in a Battle makes 'em ſo prepared for Wounds; bring a raw untrained Soldier, he will be a Woman, in Compariſon. Why elſe ſhould there be ſuch a vaſt Difference between a freſh and a Veteran Army, as we have often experienced? The Age of the freſh Soldiers is generally the more proper, but Uſe only can inure them to bear Fatigue, and to

deſpiſe

deſpiſe Wounds. When the Wounded are carried off the Field, the raw Soldier, tho' ſlightly hurt, uſes the moſt mean and indecent Exclamations: But the old weather-beaten Veteran, made more bold by his Wounds, only calls for the Surgeon to bind them up.

To you, Patroclus, *I for Aid am come;*
To try t' avoid the Plague which hoſtile Arms
Have caus'd; the Purple Stream of Blood flows faſt;
The Wounded crowd ſo faſt to the two Sons
Of Æſculapius, *that I can't get to them.*

Euripylus, by this Behaviour, plainly ſhews himſelf to be a *Veteran*; obſerve how he proceeds, and finds Argument to ſupport himſelf in his Affliction.

Whoever uſes Force and bruiſing Arms,
Muſt of his Enemy the like expect.

Patroclus, I think, ſhould now take him and help him preſently to Bed, and tie up his Wounds, if he had any Humanity in him; but he acts quite contrary, and asks only how the Battle goes.

Say how the Græcian *Troops and Battle ſtand.*

He is not able to expreſs it ſo well in Words, as by the Marks he bore about him.

Therefore be ſilent, and my Wounds bind up.

Though *Euripylus* could behave himſelf thus, *Eſopus* could not.

Where Hector *and his conquering Genius preſt,*
Our yeilding Troops——

And ſo he goes on, telling the Story of the Action, though he is all the while in Pain; ſo very vain are Military Men in relating their Exploits. Shall a Veteran Soldier be able to act thus, and ſhall not a wiſe Man? But as yet I have only ſpoken of Cuſtom and Habit, not of Reaſon and Wiſdom. Old Women will faſt for two or three Days together; and take a Wreſtler's Meat from him but one Day, he will cry out to *Jupiter Olympius*, for whoſe Honour he is continually ſtriving, implore his Aſſiſtance, and ſay 'tis intolerable. Cuſtom is a great Matter. Hunters continue all Night in Snow, and patiently endure the parching Heat of the Sun. Cuſtom ſo hardens the Prize-Fighters, that though bruiſed with the Ceſtus, they do not ſo much as groan. But why do I mention theſe, who think the Victory of the *Olympicks* as honourable as a Conſulſhip? What Wounds do the Gladiators, Villains, Barbarians endure! the more managed of them would chuſe rather to take a Cut, than avoid it unhandſomely. How often does it appear that they have no other Aim than to pleaſe their Maſters or the People? The wounded often ſend to their Maſters to enquire their Pleaſure, and ſay, that if they pleaſe they are ready to die. Was even the moſt cowardly of the Gladiators ever heard to groan, or to change Colour? Who ever took his Life, or his Death baſely? Who that was ever commanded to lay his Head upon the Block, ever ſhrunk his Neck from the Sword? Shall a wretched Baſe-born Fellow behave himſelf thus, and ſhall a Man, born to Honour, be in any thing ſo weak, as not to be cured by Reaſon and Reflection? The Spectacle of the Gladiators is by ſome thought cruel

and

and inhuman, and as 'tis now managed, I cannot tell but it may be ſo; but when only Criminals fought, the Ears certainly could receive no better Doctrine againſt the Fear of Death or Pain, whatever the Eyes might do.

As I have hitherto diſcourſed of Exerciſe, Cuſtom, and Obſervation; I ſhall next proceed to Reaſon, unleſs you have any thing to reply. *A.* I have nothing at all to interrupt you with, ſo entirely am I perſwaded by your Diſcourſe. *M.* Let us then conſider, whether to be in Pain is an Evil, and leave the Stoicks, who ſo Sophiſtically play upon Words, in order to prove Pain is no Evil.

Whatever Pain is, I cannot imagine it to be ſo great an Evil as it ſeems to be in Shew and Appearance, which the Generality of Men are too much ſtruck with; and be it never ſo great, it is not intolerable. Will you give me leave juſt to touch upon what I have ſaid, that there may be ſome Connection between what I ſaid before, and what follows? Not only the Learned, but even the Illiterate, are agreed in this Point, that 'tis the Part of a brave Man to bear Pain with Conſtancy; nor was there ever any one who did not admire him that did ſo. Is it not therefore diſhonourable, either to fear when coming, or not to endure when it is come, that which all brave Men are obliged to bear with Conſtancy, and which every one commends?

All right Diſpoſitions of the Mind, which are called Virtues, are ſo named from the greateſt of all Virtues, and do properly belong to that only; for Virtue is ſo call'd from the *Latin* Word *Vir*, *a Man*; and Fortitude is the diſtinguiſhing Quality of Man; the two

great Parts of Fortitude, are the Contempt of Pain and of Death; theſe Things therefore we muſt uſe our ſelves to, if we are deſirous of attaining to Virtue, or of being Men, the Name of Virtue being derived from the *Latin* Word *Vir, a Man.*

You may perhaps be willing to know how that is to be done, and ſuch a Queſtion will not be at all unreaſonable; Philoſophy pretends to furniſh us with Means. Firſt *Epicurus*, a Man far from being wicked, nay rather excellent, ſpeaks to the beſt of his Knowledge; *Don't mind Pain*, ſays he. But who is this that talks thus? Is it not the ſame that aſſerts Pain to be the greateſt of Evils? This is not of a Piece with himſelf. However, let us hear what he has to ſay. If Pain (ſays he) be at the greateſt Height, it muſt be ſhort. *A.* Repeat theſe Words, for I do not well underſtand what is at the greateſt Height, and what is ſhort. *M.* A Thing is at the greateſt Height when it can be no higher; and that is ſhort, than which nothing can be ſhorter? I deſpiſe the Greatneſs of any Pain, which will be gone from me almoſt before I feel it. But if I was in as much Pain as *Philoctetes* was, that is great enough, though not the greateſt, for it was only in his Foot; whereas the Eyes, the Head, the Sides, the Lungs, nay, every Part may be in Torture, ſo that *Philoctetes* was far from being in the greateſt Pain. Therefore, replies he, a continued Pain hath more Pleaſure than Sorrow in it. I will not be ſo rude as to ſay ſo great a Perſon talks Nonſenſe, but I muſt think he is in Jeſt. I affirm, that exceſſive Pain (I call it exceſſive Pain, though there may be Pains ten times more afflicting,) is not always

always ſhort, and I can name ſeveral excellent Men who have been for many Years together afflicted with the moſt acute Pains of the Gout. But he very prudently fixes no Bounds, either to the Greatneſs or the Duration of Pain, ſo that we are entirely at a Loſs to know what he means by the higheſt or longeſt. Let us therefore have done with him, ſince he ſays nothing to the Purpoſe, and not expect a Remedy for Pain from him, who affirms that Pain is the greateſt Evil, tho' he made a Shew of ſome Courage in the Cholick, and the Strangury. We muſt therefore ſeek for Medicines ſomewhere elſe; and if we ſought for the moſt probable Means, we might expect to find them from thoſe who maintain that nothing is good but what is honourable, and that what is baſe is the greateſt Evil. When you are before Perſons of this Character, you muſt not dare ſo much as to groan in your Torments, for Virtue and Courage itſelf ſeems to ſpeak through their Mouths to you.

Will You, who have ſeen Children at *Lacedemon*, Youths at *Olympia*, and *Barbarians* in the *Amphitheatre*, bear the ſharpeſt Wounds patiently, cry out like a Woman at the firſt Sting of any Pain? Nay, will you not bear it calmly and ſedately? 'Tis impoſſible to be borne! Nature will not endure it! I hear you. Do not Boys, for the ſake of Glory, others through Shame, and many out of Fear, bear theſe Things, and ſhall We dare to ſay Nature will not endure what is actually endured by ſo many, and in ſo many Places? But Nature is not only able, but deſires to ſuffer it; for nothing is more deſirable, nor agreeable to Nature than Honour, Praiſe and Glory. All theſe Words mean the

ſame

ſame Thing, and I only uſe ſuch a Variety to avoid all manner of Evaſions. I mean, that that is moſt agreeable to a Man which is in itſelf deſirable, and which either proceeds from Virtue, or is placed in it; which I would not only aſſert to be the chief Good, but even the only one: As this may be ſaid of Virtue, ſo juſt the contrary may be ſaid of Vice. Nothing is more baſe, nothing more deſpicable, nothing more unworthy of a Man. And being already perſwaded of this (for in the Beginning you allow'd Infamy to be the greateſt Pain) you may eaſily govern your ſelf; though there is ſomething odd in this Phraſe, as if the ſame Perſon was two, and one governed, and the other obey'd, yet 'tis not altogether improper; for the Mind ſeems to be divided into two Parts, one of which is endued with Reaſon, and the other not; therefore when we ſay govern your ſelf, we mean that the reaſonable Part ſhould rule the more brutal: There is in the Minds of all Men ſomething pliable, low, mean, and effeminate; and were there nothing elſe in Man, he would be the moſt brutiſh of Creatures: But the Miſtreſs and Queen of all Things, Reaſon, is continually at hand, and when arrived at Perfection, is perfect Virtue. 'Tis a Man's Duty therefore, to take Care that the Reaſon command over that Part of the Mind which ought to obey. Perhaps you will inquire after what Manner. As a Maſter over a Servant, a General over a Soldier, a Parent over a Child: If that mean and pliable Part of the Mind break out into Womaniſh Cries and Tears, let the Perſon be confined among his Friends and Relations; for we often ſee thoſe reſtrained by Shame, that could

could never be won over by Reaſon: Theſe therefore we muſt confine, like Servants, as it were, in Chains and Cuſtody: But thoſe of a ſtronger Complexion of Mind are like brave Soldiers, to be ſpirited up to their Duty by warm Encouragements. That wiſe *Greek* in the *Niptræ*, does indeed complain, but not immoderately:

Drive ſlowly, leaſt my aking Wound be hurt
By ſome rude Shock.

Here *Pacuvius* ſpeaks better than *Sophocles*; for the latter introduces *Ulyſſes* grievouſly complaining of his Wound; inſomuch that the very Perſons who carried him, conſidering the Dignity of his Character, could not forbear ſaying,

For an experienc'd Warrior you behave
Too weakly, great Ulyſſes, *tho' your Wounds*
We ſee are deep.

The wiſe Poet knew very well, that being uſed to ſee others bear Wounds patiently, he ought to have followed their Example; and he afterwards makes him bear Pain without ſo much Uneaſineſs.

....Stay, hold, preſs down, now open lay
My Wound, Oh my ſharp Torment!....

He begins to commit a Weakneſs, but ends preſently.

Now cover it, be gone, nor by rude Touch
Double my Pains.

You ſee how he contains himſelf; not becauſe the Pain of his Body was gone, but that the Diſorder of his Mind was quieted. So in the

latter

latter End of the *Niptræ* he reproves others, tho' Dying;

A Man may ſilent wail ill Fortune's Strouks:
To cry's the Weakneſs of a Woman's Mind.

Here the more pliable part of the Mind obey'd Reaſon, as a wiſe Soldier does a ſtrict General.

The Man who ſhall be endued with perfect Wiſdom, (tho' ſuch a One we have never yet beheld, but the Writings of the Philoſophers inform us what ſuch a Perſon would be, if he ſhould ever Exiſt) he, I ſay, by means of that perfect Wiſdom he ſhall be endowed with, will command the inferior Part of his Mind in the ſame manner as a kind Parent does a dutiful Child; will by a Nod do whatever he will, without any Trouble or Uneaſineſs; he will keep Watch, be upon his Guard, prepare and arm himſelf to reſiſt Pain as a dangerous Enemy. What Arms will he uſe? Induſtry and Reſolution; and he will whiſper to himſelf, Beware of committing a baſe, mean, or unmanly Action: Honourable Images will be converſant to his Mind: He will take *Zeno* of *Elea* for a Pattern, who bore the utmoſt Tortures ſooner than diſcover his Accomplices for deſtroying Tyranny: He will reflect on *Anaxarchus* the *Democritian*, who at *Cyprus* falling into King *Nicrocreon's* Hand, never endeavoured to avoid any kind of Torment. *Calanus* the *Indian*, an illiterate Man, born at the Foot of Mount *Caucaſus*, burnt himſelf Alive on purpoſe. But we, if but a Foot, a Tooth, much more if all our Body pain us, cannot endure it. We are overcome by an effeminate Notion, which does not proceed ſo much from Pain as from Pleaſure, by which, when

when we are ſoftned, we are utterly unable to bear even the Sting of a Bee, without crying out. But *Caius Marius*, a Man of a ruſtick Education, tho' one that ſhewed himſelf worthy the Name of a Man, when his Varices were cut, as I mentioned before, would not be ty'd down, and was the only Perſon that ever was Cut ſo without being bound faſt. But after him, ſeveral did; and why did they ſo? Becauſe the Authority of ſo great a Man prevailed: Pain then is an Evil, not of Nature, but of Opinion. Yet the ſame *Marius* ſhew'd us, that the Sting of Pain is extreamly ſharp; for he would not ſuffer his other Leg to be cut; and thus like a Hero he bore Pain, and like a Man refuſed to endure more without ſufficient Reaſon. The main Point then is to govern ones ſelf. I have before ſhew'd what kind of Governing this was; and the Conſideration of what he is obliged to endure for the ſake of Patience, of Fortitude, and of Magnanimity, will not only reſtrain the Mind, but will alſo, I know not how, ſoften and abate the Violence of the Pain it ſelf.

For in an Engagement, as a cowardly Soldier at ſight of the Enemy flings down his Arms and runs away in all haſte, often looſes his Life upon that account, while the brave Veteran, ſtanding reſolutely to his Arms, gains a Victory without even a Wound; ſo they who are ſo weak as not to be able to bear the Appearance of Pain, caſt themſelves down, and by that Means double the Torment; whereas they who oppoſe Pain, frequently get the better of it. There is a great Likeneſs between the Mind and the Body. As we generally bear Burthens the more eaſily when we ſtretch our Muſcles and Limbs, which would be oppreſſed by them if the Joints

Joints were relaxed; ſo the Mind, in a State of Intentneſs, throws off all Preſſure, which otherwiſe would ſo load it, that it would be unable to raiſe it ſelf up. And to ſpeak the Truth, in executing all Duties, we ſhould have a certain Intentneſs of Mind. This alone is as it were the Preſerver of Duty. But in Pain, particular Care is to be taken, that nothing Mean, nothing Cowardly, nothing Womaniſh be done, but above all, let ſuch Cries as *Philoctetes* uſed be laid aſide. A Man may ſometimes be allowed to Groan, tho' even that not often; but to Cry out, is a thing beneath a Woman to do. This kind of Crying is what our Twelve Tables have forbid at Funerals. A Valiant Man doth not ſo much as Groan, but in order to obtain a greater Firmneſs; as in the Ring, the Racers cry as loud as poſſible; as alſo do Wreſtlers in their Exerciſes; Boxers, when they ſtrike their Adverſary and fling the *Cæſtus*, Groan, not that they Grieve or Sink in their Mind, but becauſe in uttering the Voice, they acquire a greater Intentneſs of Body, and ſtrike a ſtronger Blow.

They who are minded to make the greateſt Noiſe, uſe to that Intent, not only their Lungs, their Throat, and their Tongue, which are the great Organs of Speech, but endeavour to pour out their Voice with every Part of their Body. I have ſeen *M. Antony* kneel upon the Ground, when he pleaded warmly for the *Varian* Law. For as all the Engines for flinging Stones and Darts, the further they are drawn up, with the more Force do they hurl the Stones; ſo the Voice, the Swiftneſs, the Blow is the greater the more intently it is given. Since therefore the Intentneſs of the Body is of ſo great Uſe, if

Groaning

Groaning in Pain will do any thing towards encouraging the Mind, then let us Groan. But if those Groans shew the Mind to be given to Complaint, weak and abject, I can scarce allow him to be a Man that uses them. Even tho' this Groaning did give some Alleviation to the Pain, yet we ought in some Measure to consult what is becoming a brave Man; but since it is none, Why should we be Infamous without Advantage? For what is more Infamous, than for a Man to Cry like a Woman? And this Precept, which here is apply'd to Pain, is of greater Extent, and we ought to resist not only Pain, but also every thing else, with the same Intentness of the Mind. Are we inflamed with Anger, are we heated with Lust? we must betake us to the same Fortress, and defend ourselves with the same Arms. But since Pain is our Subject, we shall omit those Points. In order therefore to bear Pain calmly and sedately, it is of great Consequence to reflect thoroughly, how Noble an Action it is to do so; for we are naturally form'd with a wonderful Love and Desire of Honour; of which, when we once see any likelihood, there is nothing so difficult but what we could bear in order to attain it. Upon account of this strong Desire of the Mind for true Praise and Honour, it is, that the Hardships and Dangers of War are so willingly undergone. Brave Men, when they are in the Heat of the Battle, feel not the Wounds they receive; even tho' they felt them, they had rather die on the Spot than recede in the least from their Honour. The *Decii* saw the glittering Swords of their Enemy, when they rush'd upon the Points of them. The

Repu-

Reputation and Glory of the Death they were going to, took away all fear of Wounds. Do you think *Epaminondas* groan'd when he ſaw his Life and Blood ruſhing out together? He found his Countrymen Slaves to the *Spartans*, and left them their Maſters. Theſe Reflections comfort and aſſwage the greateſt Pain.

You will perhaps ask me, How ſhall we behave in Peace at Home, in our warm Bed? This is bringing me back to Philoſophers, who ſeldom are preſent at Battles. A trifling Perſon, named *Dionyſius* of *Heraclea*, tho' taught Courage by *Zeno*, was notwithſtanding miſled by Pain; for being in the Stranguary, he cry'd out in a lamentable Tone, That his former Notions of Pain were falſe; and when his School-Fellow *Cleanthes* asked him for what Reaſon he changed his Opinion, *Becauſe*, (anſwer'd he) *I who have ſtudied Philoſophy ſo long, cannot endure Pain, which is an undoubted Proof that Pain is an Evil*: At this, *Cleanthes* ſtamping upon the Ground, ſpoke this Verſe out of the *Epigone*:

Amphiaræus, *Doſt thou not hear this?*

Meaning *Zeno*, from whom he was ſorry that *Dionyſius* ſhould degenerate ſo far. *Poſidonius* acted in a quite different Manner: I have often ſeen that Philoſopher, and ſhall relate a Story about him, often told by *Pompey the Great*. When *Pompey* came from *Syria* to *Rhodes*, he had a Mind to hear *Poſidonius*; but was informed, that he was very much afflicted with a Pain in all his Limbs; however, he was reſolved to Viſit ſo extraordinary a Man. When he was come to him, and had paid him the uſual Com-

Compliments, he ſaid, He was very ſorry he could not hear him argue: You ſhall hear me, anſwered *Poſidonius*, I will not ſuffer the Pains of my Body to be the Occaſion that ſo great a Man ſhould come to me in vain; and ſo proceeded to diſcourſe very largely, proving as he lay upon his Bed, that nothing was good but what was honourable: And when his Pains diſturbed him, he would ſay, *Thou buſieſt thyſelf to no Purpoſe, O Pain, be as troubleſome as thou wilt, I will never confeſs that thou art an Evil.* Thus all the Labours by which Men attain to Glory, are made tolerable by our deſpiſing them.

Have we not obſerved how in thoſe Places where *Gymnaſtic* Sports are encouraged, no Pain is fear'd by the Combatants? And that in thoſe where 'tis a Glory to hunt and ride well, no Pain is avoided by thoſe who endeavour to ſignalize themſelves in thoſe Qualities? Why ſhould I mention our own Ambitions, and our Thirſt for Honours. What Trouble can there be equal to what thoſe have been at, who have arrived at them by winning ſuch Numbers of Votes one by one? *Africanus* therefore, who was continually reading of *Xenophon*, commended that Paſſage particularly where he ſays, that the ſame Labours are not equally difficult to the General and the common Soldier, becauſe the Glory of the Action greatly alleviates the Toil of the General. But amongſt the Vulgar the Opinion of Honour prevails, when they cannot perceive the thing itſelf: Therefore by Fame, and by the Cenſure of the Multitude, they are moved to think That honourable which is moſt in vogue. But as for you, if ever you come to be in Favour with the Mul-

Multitude, I would not have you be ſwayed by their Opinion, or eſteem any thing honourable becauſe they think it ſo. Make uſe of your own Judgment; and when once you have brought yourſelf to that paſs as to be pleaſed with nothing but what is really praiſe-worthy, then you will not only conquer and govern yourſelf, (which is what I juſt now adviſed you to endeavour to do) but likewiſe all Men, and all Things. Propoſe therefore to yourſelf a Greatneſs and Exaltedneſs of Mind, which always ſhines with the greateſt Luſtre in the deſpiſing of Pain; think that this is the moſt excellent Talent, and that it is ſo much the more excellent, as it is confined to yourſelf, and is without deſiring Popular Applauſe. Beſides, I think all things ſo much the more commendable, as they are done without Vanity, and the Affectation of being known to the whole World; not that the being known ought to be avoided, for all Benefactions ought to be placed in a proper Light; but becauſe I think, the Conſcience is the nobleſt Stage for Virtue to exert itſelf upon. But above all, let this be taken Care of, that the bearing of Pain (which I ſaid before was to be gain'd by uſing an Intentneſs of Mind) be uniform in every thing: For many who out of Deſire of Honour, of Victory, or in Defence of their Rights and Liberties, have patiently receiv'd Wounds, have yet ſunk under the Pain of a Diſtemper, by loſing their Intentneſs of Mind. Nor did they bear the former ſo much out of Reaſon, as out of Vanity. For this Reaſon ſome Barbarians are more than Men in Fight, but leſs than Women in Sickneſs. The *Greeks*, a People not of the greateſt

Spirit,

Spirit, yet (as the Generality of Mankind are) prudent enough, are not able to look an Enemy in the Face, yet in a Sickneſs behave themſelves decently, and like Men. The *Cimbri* and *Celtiberi* rejoyce in a Battle, and cry in a Diſeaſe: For nothing can be uniform that does not proceed from Reaſon. But when you ſee that thoſe who are led either by Paſſion or Opinion, in purſuing their Aims, are not diſcouraged by Pain; you may be ſure that either Pain is no Evil, or tho' it may be ſomething diſagreeable to Nature, yet it is ſo inconſiderable, that it may be quite ſurmounted by Courage. Which if we continually ſet before our Eyes, 'twill make ſuch an Impreſſion upon our Minds, that we ſhall not only be able to overcome one, but even all manner of Pains: For if we once reſolve to ſquare all our Actions for the avoiding of Baſeneſs, and the gaining of Honour, we ſhall not only be able to bear the Stings of Pain, but even deſpiſe the Thunder of Fortune; eſpecially when we conſider that there is ſuch an *Azylum* to fly to as we talk'd of yeſterday. As if a Man in a Voyage ſhould be purſued by Pyrates, and ſome God ſhould bid him leap over board, and tell him that either a Dolphin will catch thee, as formerly one did *Arion*, or Horſes, ſuch as *Pelops*'s were, which are reported to have drawn Chariots over Waters, ſhall take and carry thee whither thou wilt; ſure any one then would throw aſide his Fear. So when odious and cruel Pains oppreſs us, if they are ſo great as not to be endured, we know whither we may fly to. So much for this Opportunity. But perhaps you ſtill hold to your former Opinion. *A.* Not in the leaſt, and I think

think myself by these two last Days Discourses, freed from the two things I was mostly used to fear. *M.* To Morrow we will renew our Disputations, as we have appointed. *A.* With all my Heart, and in the Forenoon too, as we did to Day. *M.* I shall readily comply with all your reasonable Desires.

The End of the Second Book.

THE

THE TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS.

BOOK III.

Of Moderating GRIEF *of* MIND.

WHAT can be the Reaſon, *Brutus*, that, ſince we conſiſt of Soul and Body, the Art of curing and preſerving the Body in Health, has been ſo much ſtudied, and the Invention of it aſcribed to the Gods, when the Medicine of the Mind hath not only been not ſo much deſired before it was found out, but alſo not ſo much cultivated and approv'd of after it was invented, ſo that by ſome it is even ſuſpected and hated? Is it not becauſe the Mind feels the Pains and Diſorders of the Body, and not the Body

Body those of the Mind? So that the Mind only judges of itself, when that whereby it is judged is out of order. But if Nature had at first formed us in such a manner that we had been able to have viewed and considered her, and to have regulated the Course of our Lives by her Directions, then there had been no need for us to have sought after those weak Helps of Reasoning and Learning. Nature, as it is, hath given us but a few Sparks of Understanding, which by our vicious Manners and Opinions we so effectually quench, that scarce the least Glimpse of the Light of Nature appears: For there are in our Minds innate Principles of Virtue, which, if they were suffered to grow, would themselves lead us to a happy Life. But now, as soon as ever we come into the World, we are engaged in all manner of Depravity and Perverseness of Opinions; so that we seem, together with our Nurse's Milk, to have sucked in Errors: And afterwards when we are brought to our Parents, we are delivered over to Tutors, from whom we imbibe so many mistaken Notions, that Truth is forced to give way to Vanity, and Nature herself to yield to Opinion. Poets too do not a little contribute to add to this; for upon account of the great Shew they make of Learning and Wisdom, they are heard, read, nay got by heart, and inculcated into the Minds of Youth. Then the greatest Master of all, the Multitude, who always applaud Error and Vice, confirm us in our former Mistakes. Thus we entirely revolt from Nature, and imbibe false Opinions. They have declared that nothing is better for Man, nothing more desirable, than Honour, Empire and Popular Applause, which every great Mind endeavours to attain, and tho'

they

they intended only to get true Honour, which is what Nature requires, yet it purſues its Vanities, and does not follow the true Picture of Virtue, but the dark Image of Fame. True Glory is a ſolid thing, not a Shadow; 'tis the unanimous Praiſe of good Men, the uncorrupted Voice of thoſe who are Judges of excellent Virtue. This anſwers to Virtue, as an Image, and in as much as it is the Attendant of good Actions, it is not to be deſpiſed by good Men. But her Ape, the raſh, the inconſiderate, the Applauder of Error and Vice, I mean Popular Fame, corrupts all the Charms of true Honour, by counterfeiting her Beauty. Some Men being blinded with this, tho' their only Aim was Honour, yet not knowing where or what it is, have deſtroy'd Commonwealths, and ſome have killed themſelves; yet all theſe deſire what is beſt, and are guilty, not thro' Wilfulneſs, but Ignorance. Why ſhould I mention thoſe that are hurried away either by Covetouſneſs or inordinate Deſires; whoſe Minds are ſo diſtemper'd, they come into the Rank of Madmen, which all Fools are in. Muſt no Remedy be ſought after for ſuch Diſorders as theſe? Are the Diſeaſes of the Body more pernicious than thoſe of the Mind? May our Bodies be cured, and cannot our Minds?

But the Diſeaſes of the Mind are more numerous and pernicious than thoſe of the Body. They are ſo much the more hateful as they are of the Mind; which, as *Ennius* ſays, when it is uneaſy always miſtakes, can endure nothing, and is always craving; and to omit all others, and obſerve only on theſe two Diſeaſes, Deſire and Uneaſineſs, what Diſtempers of the Body are more painful? How can it be proved the Mind

cannot cure itſelf, when 'tis allow'd, it hath invented Remedies for the Body: And when beſides, the Bodies themſelves and Nature have a great Share in curing them? Nor have all who have deſired to be in Health, and uſed Remedies to that intent, been able to obtain it; but thoſe Minds, which deſire to be cured, and obey the Inſtructions of the Wiſe, muſt unqueſtionably be cured. Philoſophy is the Phyſick of the Mind. The Help of which is not, as in Diſeaſes of the Body, to be ſought for from without; we muſt uſe all Care and Induſtry to cure ourſelves. But I think I have fully ſhew'd in my Diſcourſe to *Hortenſius*, how much Philoſophy ought to be eſteemed and cultivated. After this, I attempted to diſpute and write upon the higheſt Points: Theſe Books contain my Diſputations with my Friends at *Tuſculanum*. As in the foregoing Books I have diſcourſed of Death and Pain, the third Day's Diſputation ſhall make the Third Book. Coming into the Academy, towards the Evening, I demanded of ſome of thoſe who were preſent a Subject to talk upon. And thus the Diſpute was managed.

A. I think a wiſe Man is ſubject to Grief.

M. Is he not alſo ſubject to all the other Perturbations of the Mind, as Fear, Luſt, Anger? for theſe are almoſt the ſame with thoſe which the *Greeks* call Πάθη, which to tranſlate Word for Word, I might call Diſeaſes; but 'tis not cuſtomary for us to expreſs ourſelves ſo. The *Greeks* call Pitying, Envying, Rejoycing, Diſeaſes or Motions of the Mind, diſagreeing and contrary to Reaſon. Theſe ſame Motions of a confuſed Mind, I think I may not improperly call Diſorders, for our manner of talking will not allow me to call them Diſeaſes. But

if

if you approve of the Expreſſion — *A.* Yes, I am of your Opinion. *M.* Do you then think a wiſe Man can be troubled with theſe Diſorders? *A.* I do. *M.* I ſhould not much eſteem that Wiſdom which differs ſo little from Madneſs. *A.* What? do you think every Diſorder of the Mind a Madneſs? *M.* Yes; and, which I have often wondered at, ſo have all our Anceſtors many Ages before *Socrates*'s Time, from whom all moral Philoſophy is derived. *A.* How could that be? *M.* Becauſe the very Word Madneſs ſignifies an Illneſs or Diſeaſe of the Mind, that is to ſay, an Unſoundneſs, which is call'd Madneſs; and all Diſorders of the Mind Philoſophers call Diſeaſes, and affirm all Fools to be in theſe Diſtempers: They who are in a Diſtemper are not in a State of Health; the Minds of all Fools are diſtempered, and therefore they are in a State of Madneſs: For they thought the Health of the Mind conſiſted in being eaſy and uniform in its Actions, and a Mind void of theſe Qualities they called mad; as thinking that the Senſes could no more exiſt undiſturbed in a diſordered Mind, than Health could in a diſeaſed Body.

Nor have they with leſs Subtilty called an Affection of the Mind that is void of Reaſon * Madneſs. From whence we may perceive, that they who gave theſe things Names, were of the ſame Opinion with the *Stoicks*, who followed *Socrates*, namely, that all Fools were mad; for whenever a Mind is diſeaſed (the Philoſophers

* The *Latin* Word is *Amentia*, quaſi *a mente*, *i. e.* deprived of the Light of the Mind, or of Reaſon.

losophers as I said before, call these disorderly Motions, Diseases) it is no more sound than is a Body that is in a Fit of Sickness: So that Wisdom is the Health of the Mind, and Folly a Distemper, which is Madness. This is much more clearly expressed in the *Latin* Terms than in the *Greek*. But of this another time: Let us now proceed. The very Word itself sufficiently resolves the Question; for those whose Minds are disturbed with no Disorder, which is the Disease peculiar to them, we are to look upon to be in a State of Health; and on the contrary, those who are so disturbed, we may call mad. Thus we very properly say, That They are not in their own Power who are hurried away either by Lust or Anger; tho' Anger itself may be considered as a Branch of Lust, for it is defined to be a violent Desire or Lust of Revenge. They therefore who are said to be out of their own Power, are therefore said to be so, because they are not under the Power and Governance of Reason, to which Nature hath allotted the Command of the Mind. I cannot say from whence the *Greeks* derive their Word Μανία, but we express ourselves with more Exactness in this Point than they do; for we distinguish that Madness which includes Folly, from raving Madness. The *Greeks* endeavour to do the same, but want a proper Word. For what we call stark Madness they do Melancholy, as if the Mind could not be as well disturbed by violent Anger, Fear or Grief, as by that. *Athamas*, *Alcmæon* and *Orestes*, are recorded to have been stark mad. A Man in this Condition the Twelve Tables will not suffer to be the Master of his own Goods: Therefore they do not simply say, *If he be mad*, but *if he be*

stark

ſtark mad. For they thought Madneſs a temporal Indiſpoſition of the Mind; but yet thought the Man was able to perform the ordinary Offices of Life; but ſtark Madneſs they reckon'd a thorough Blindneſs of the Mind in all Points; which tho' it may ſeem to be the greater Evil, yet a wiſe Man ſeems more liable to that than to ſimple Madneſs or Unſoundneſs of Mind. But this is another Queſtion; therefore let us turn to the Point.

You ſaid it was your Opinion a wiſe Man might be ſubject to Grief. *A.* It is ſo indeed. *M.* The Opinion is ſuitable to the Nature of Mankind, for we are not made of Stone, but there appears to be in the Mind a natural Softneſs and Tenderneſs, which is ruffled by Grief, as by a Storm. *Crantor*, a Perſon of the greateſt Character in our Academy, ſaid not abſurdly; *I cannot agree with them who ſo highly commend Indolence, for there neither can nor ought to be any ſuch State. I would not willingly be ſick, but if I am, I ſhall have Senſation, whether any Part be cut or torn from my Body; for not to feel Pain, cannot proceed but from an extraordinary Stupidity both of Mind and Body.* But let us obſerve, if this be not the Talk of Men, who flatter our Weakneſs, and indulge us in our Follies; let us attempt not only to lop the Boughs of our Miſeries, but entirely to pull them up by the Roots; yet ſo deep fixed are the Roots of Folly, that ſome part of them may ſtill remain, however, let it be no more than needs muſt. Let us lay this down firſt for certain, that unleſs the Mind be cured, which can only be done by Philoſophy, there will be no end of our Miſeries. Wherefore, ſince we have begun to diſcourſe of this,

let us deliver our ſelves to be cured by it; if we will, we may be cured. I will take more into my Diſcourſe than I at firſt propoſed to do, and ſhall not only ſpeak of Grief, but alſo of every Diſorder as I phras'd it, and as the *Greeks* do, every Diſeaſe of the Mind. Firſt then, let us imitate the Stoicks, who compriſe their whole Argument in few Terms, and afterwards, according to our own Method, we will expatiate and enlarge upon them.

A Man that is brave, is alſo confident; and though this Word is generally uſed as a Term of Reproach, yet it is derived from relying upon any thing which are commendable. He then that is confident is not fearful; for to confide, is directly oppoſed to Fear; but he that is ſubject to Grief may alſo fear; for thoſe Things which we are grieved at when preſent, we muſt fear though abſent. A Man therefore that is liable to Grief, is not valiant; 'tis highly probable, a Man ſubject to Grief, is ſo alſo to Fear, to a lowneſs and poorneſs of Spirit, and whoever is thus, muſt too be liable to Slavery; and he that confeſſes that, muſt own himſelf liable to Cowardice and Timidity; a wiſe Man cannot be liable to Cowardice or Timidity, and therefore not to Grief. Beſides, no one can be wiſe, who is not Valiant; a Man ſubject to Grief is not Valiant, and therefore a wiſe Man is not ſubject to Grief. Beſides, a Valiant Man muſt neceſſarily be great Minded, whoever is great Minded is invincible, and he that is invincible muſt deſpiſe human Things, and eſteem them beneath him: Now no one can pretend to deſpiſe thoſe Things which give him any Grief. It follows therefore, that a

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By a Temperate Man we mean much the ſame as by Wiſe, the *Greeks* call ſuch a one σώφρων, and the Virtue σωφροσύνη, which I indifferently call Temperance or Moderation, and ſometimes Modeſty; though I cannot tell whether this Virtue may properly be called Frugality, which Word the *Greeks* uſe in a very reſtrained Senſe, and by frugal mean only χρήσιμους, that is, uſeful Men. But with us that Expreſſion hath a much more comprehenſive Signification, and means all manner of Abſtinence and Innocence; though the *Greeks* have no peculiar Word to expreſs the laſt, but may properly enough call it ἀβλάβεια, for Innocence is a Diſpoſition of the Mind to do no ſort of Injury or Hurt. Nay, Frugality in our Language, includes many other Virtues; for if it did not, and were of that narrow Signification that many imagine, *L. Piſo*'s Sirname would not have been Matter of ſuch Praiſe as it is. But ſince neither he who through Fear abandons his Poſt, (which is Cowardice,) nor he who out of Avarice denies a *Depoſitum* (which is Injuſtice)

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ſtice) nor he who out of Raſhneſs ruins any Action he hath the Management of, (which is Folly) ſince I ſay none of theſe are called a frugal Man by us, Frugality muſt include in it the three Virtues, Fortitude, Juſtice, Prudence. Though indeed it is the Property of every Virtue to have a near Connection with all the reſt. Frugality then muſt be the fourth Virtue, and comprehenſive of the other three; its Office ſeems to be to regulate and allay the Deſires of the Mind, and to preſerve in every thing a Conſtancy againſt Luſt, and a Moderation. The Vice, which is the Oppoſite to this, is term'd Naughtineſs. Frugality, perhaps, is derived from Corn, (*Fruges*) the beſt Product of the Earth; and Naughtineſs, (though it may ſeem a ſtrained Etymology,) from there being naught that is valuable in ſuch a Perſon; a frugal Man then, or, if you like the Expreſſion better, a moderate and temperate Man, muſt be alſo conſtant; he that is conſtant, muſt be at Eaſe; he that is at Eaſe is free from all Diſorders; and he who is free from all Diſorders, muſt be ſo too from Grief. Theſe are the Properties of a wiſe Man; a wiſe Man therefore is never griev'd.

Dionyſius of *Heroclea*, therefore, ſpeaks not amiſs, when upon *Achilles*'s complaining thus in *Homer*,

My Heart ſwells high with Wrath and burning Rage,
When I reflect upon my deep Diſgrace,

he ſays, Is the Hand well when it is ſwollen? Is not any Member out of Order when it is grown bigger than ordinary? Muſt not the Mind then, when it is ſwollen, be out of Order?

A wiſe Man's Mind is always calm, and never hath thoſe diſorderly Swellings, but an angry Mind hath; a wiſe Man therefore is never angry; for if he be angry, he has ſtrong Deſires; for it is the Property of a Man in Anger, earneſtly to deſire that ſome heavy Pain may fall on the Perſon that injures him; if he deſires it, he muſt be pleaſed with gaining his Deſire, and if ſo, he muſt be pleaſed with another's Misfortune, which a wiſe Man never is; a wiſe Man therefore is never angry. If a wiſe Man could be griev'd, he might alſo be angry, but he is free from Grief, and therefore is alſo free from Anger.

He that is ſubject to pitying, is alſo to envying; for whoever is concern'd at the Misfortune of one, may alſo be troubled at the Succeſs of ſome other. So *Theophraſtus*, lamenting the Death of his Friend *Caliſthenes*, is grieved at the Good Fortune of *Alexander the Great*; and therefore he ſays, that *Caliſthenes* had indeed fallen into the Hands of the moſt Powerful and Fortunate of all Men; but one that was ignorant of making a right Uſe of ſuch great Advantages. But as Pitying is a Paſſion proceeding from the Misfortunes of another, ſo Envying is a Paſſion proceeding from the Succeſs of another. He who is liable to the Paſſion of Pitying, is ſo too to that of Envying. A wiſe Man is not capable of Envying, and therefore not of Pitying. And if a wiſe Man is grieved at the good Fortune of any one, he is alſo liable to pitying; a Wiſe Man therefore is not ſubject to Grief. Thus the Stoicks argue, and I think draw a very far-fetched Concluſion. Theſe Notions and Arguments I ſhall explain more largely, for it

is moſt convenient to make uſe of the Opinions and Proofs of thoſe, who ſeem to have a more Noble and Maſculine Thought and Manner of proving than the reſt; for the *Peripateticks*, with whom I am alſo acquainted, and who are Maſters of the greateſt Learning and Oratory, do not prove to me, the Medium which they ſay is in theſe Diſorders and Diſeaſes of the Mind. For whatever is in it ſelf an Evil, though it be a Medium, yet is too great an Evil; our Deſign being to convince you, that there can be no Evil at all in a wiſe Man. For as the Body, if it be but moderately Sick, can in no wiſe be ſaid to be in Health, ſo in the Mind that Medium is far from Health. Our Countrymen, therefore, very properly in this Caſe, as in many others, call Trouble, Sollicitude, Grief, a Sickneſs of the Mind, becauſe of their Likeneſs to the Sickneſſes of the Body. By almoſt the ſame Word do the *Greeks* expreſs any Diſorder of the Mind; for they call every turbulent Motion of the Mind πάθος. But we expreſs our ſelves better, for Grief of Mind is very like Grief of Body, or Sickneſs. But Luſt, and immoderate Elation or rejoycing of the Mind, is not like the Sickneſs of the Body. Nay, Fear it ſelf is far from being like Sickneſs, though it be very like Grief; but properly ſpeaking, Sickneſs of Body, and Grief of Mind, always imports Pain in each. I muſt now proceed to explain the Origin of this Pain, or of the Cauſe which produces this Grief of Mind. For as Phyſicians, when they have diſcovered the Cauſe of a Diſeaſe, reckon they have almoſt found out a Cure for it; ſo I, when I have diſcovered

diſcovered the Occaſion of our Grief, ſhall ſoon find out a Method to cure it.

Opinion, then, is the ſole Cauſe, not only of Grief, but alſo of all other Diſorders; which are of four Sorts, and many more in Number. For as every Diſorder is a Motion of the Mind, void of Reaſon, or contrary to it; and as every ſuch Motion is ſtirr'd up by an Opinion either of ſome Good, or of ſome Evil; the four Diſorders are divided into two equal Parts. Two proceed from an Opinion of ſome Good; the one is an immoderate Elation of the Mind, proceeding from the Opinion of enjoying ſome preſent Good; the other is Deſire, or to ſpeak more properly, Luſt, which is an immoderate Appetite of ſome imaginary Good, contrary to Reaſon. And as theſe two ſorts, namely, immoderate Pleaſure and Luſt, are excited by an Opinion of ſome Good; ſo the other two, namely, Fear and Grief, proceed from an Opinion of ſome Evil: Fear is an Opinion of ſome impending Evil, and Grief an Opinion of ſome preſent Evil, which we conceive to be great enough to countenance our being grieved at it. If, therefore, we are willing to lead the Life that is allotted us with any Eaſe and Comfort, we muſt with all our Strength reſiſt thoſe Diſorders, which Folly ſtirs up to torment us. I ſhall another time Diſcourſe upon the other Diſorders, and now endeavour only to expel Grief, which is the Point in Diſpute, ſince you have affirmed that a wiſe Man is ſubject to it, which I can by no Means allow. For it is a ſhocking, miſerable, deteſtable Thing, and by all poſſible Methods to be avoided.

What

What think you of the Deſcendant of *Tantalus* and *Pelops*, who ſtole *Hippodamia* from his Father-in-Law *Oenomaus*, and married her? How little does he appear the Nephew of *Jupiter*, when he laments with an abject and broken Spirit?

Approach not, Stranger, leſt ſome horrid Plague
Light on thee; all thy Virtues are no guard;
So ſtrong in me reigns an Infectious Guilt.

Wilt thou condemn and deſtroy thy ſelf, *Thyeſtes*, for another's Crime? Do you not think that Son of the Sun unworthy of his Father's Light?

My Eyes are ſunk; Leanneſs my Body waſtes;
And Briny Tears make Traces in my Cheeks;
My unſhav'd Beard, ſqualid, neglected lyes,
Covering my Breaſt.

All theſe Evils, fooliſh *Æteus*, thou haſt drawn on thy ſelf; hadſt thou abated thy Pride, they had never happened to thee: Grief, as I ſhall preſently ſhew, proceeds from an Opinion of ſome preſent Evil, but thou mourneſt for the Loſs of thy Kingdom, not for that of thy Daughter; her thou hateſt, and perhaps not without Reaſon, but the Loſs of thy Kingdom it is that afflicts thee. Yet there is Impudence in Sorrow, I mean when any one grieves becauſe he cannot Reign over Men that are born Free. *Dionyſius* the Tyrant being expelled from *Syracuſe*, taught School at *Corinth*, ſo little could he endure to live without governing. But what could be more impudent, than the Behaviour of *Tarquinius*, who waged War with the *Romans*, becauſe they would not endure

dure his Pride? He at laſt, when neither the Arms of the *Vientes*, nor of the *Latins*, could reeſtabliſh him on his Throne, retired to *Cumæ*, and there died with Age and Grief.

And do you think a wiſe Man can poſſibly be oppreſſed by Grief, that is, Miſery? For as every Diſorder is Miſery, Grief is ſo in the greateſt Degree. Luſt is raging, immoderate Joy is trifling, Fear is mean; but Grief is worſe than all the reſt, it cauſes Pining, Anguiſh, Affliction, Baſeneſs; it conſumes away the Perſon, and preys upon the Heart. If we cannot ſurmount this Weakneſs, we muſt be miſerable: And it is plain that we are then grieved, when we imagine that ſome great Evil is preſſing upon us. *Epicurus* thinks that Grief is naturally occaſioned by an Opinion of Evil; ſo that whoever beholds another in Miſery, and conſiders that he himſelf is liable to the ſame Misfortune, muſt of courſe be continually grieved. The *Cyrenaics* are of Opinion, that Grief is not produced by every Evil, but only by thoſe that are unexpected. Certainly the coming of any Misfortune by Surpriſe, does in a great meaſure make it more grievous: All ſudden Calamities are the more heavy; upon this Account the following Lines are deſervedly commended.

When I begot my Sons, I knew full well
That they muſt die; and when to Troy *I ſent them,*
I knew they went to War, and not to Feaſts.

Such a Meditation as this upon the Proſpect of future Evils, makes them fall lighter when they do come. For this Reaſon *Theſeus*'s Words too in *Euripides*, are commended. I ſhall, according

according to my Cuſtom, turn them into our own Language.

I, by Advice of wiſe and learned Men,
Brought to my Thoughts all Scenes of future Woes:
Death, or ſad Exile from my Native Soil.
Such Gloomy Proſpects always fill'd my Mind,
That no Calamity which Chance could bring
Might unawares ſeize on my Mind unarm'd.

But what *Euripides* ſays of *Theſeus*, who he pretends received that Advice from a wiſe Man, he means of himſelf, for he was a Hearer of *Anaxagoras*, who upon the News of his Son's Death is reported to have ſaid, *I knew he was Mortal.* Intimating thereby, that ſuch an Accident might be grievous to them who had never foreſeen it, but not to him. Therefore it is not to be doubted, but every thing that is reputed an Evil, is by ſo much the more afflicting, as it is leſs expected; and tho' the Suddenneſs of it is not the ſole Occaſion of Grief, yet ſince a Preparation of Mind for any Evil takes abundantly from their Bitterneſs, let us continually ſet before our Eyes the Accidents Mankind are ſubject to. And this is that Divine Wiſdom ſo highly extolled, namely, a thorough Knowledge of, and conſtant accuſtoming of the Mind to every Turn of Life; and to admire or wonder at nothing when come to paſs, nor to think it impoſſible to happen before it does. *In a Calm we ſhould be always ſure to provide for a Storm; ſo he that comes home from a long Journey, ought to think of the Dangers and Loſſes that may befal him; he may find his Son debauched, his Wife dead, and his Daughter dangerouſly ill. All theſe are common Accidents, and ſhould not ſur-*

prize

prize him if they happen; but if Things fall out better than he expected, he ought to look upon it as clear Gains. Terence made this Observation from the Philosophers, and expressed it handsomely; and shall not we, from whom the Thought was taken, express it better, and stick closer to the Opinion? Hence proceeded that Sameness of Face, which *Xantippe* is reported to have observed in her Husband *Socrates*, who always went out and returned Home without any Alteration in his Countenance. But it was not only a Sameness of Face, either in him, or *M. Crassus* the elder, who, *Lucilius* says, never laughed but once in his whole Life; but it was a perfect Serenity of Mind, which the Uniformity of the Countenance was only an Index of. We shall therefore borrow from the *Cyrenaics* Arms to blunt the Sharpness and Edge of all Afflictions, by continually ruminating upon them. Besides, let us reflect, that they are Evils bred only by Opinion, and not Nature; for if they were Evils in their own Nature, how could any Foresight or Consideration soften them? If we review *Epicurus*'s Opinion, we shall find greater Subtilties in this Matter. He thinks that every one must of Necessity be grieved, who believes himself pressed by any Evils, whether he foresaw or provided for them, or whether they were grown familiar to him by Use; for Age and Time can neither lessen Evils, nor any Consideration beforehand soften or abate them: Nay, all such Consideration of Evils, which perhaps will never happen, is foolish and ridiculous: All Evils are afflicting enough when they do come, but such Consideration as before-mentioned, makes the Evil always present, and is eternal Grief.

But

But if the Evils ſhould never come to paſs, we have been guilty of the greateſt Abſurdity, ſince all the Trouble we have been giving our ſelves by ſuch Conſiderations, is now to no Purpoſe; all Means of abating our Grief, he thinks to conſiſt in two things, either not thinking at all of ſuch ſorrowful Subjects, or in entertaining the Mind with more Pleaſurable and delightful Proſpects; for he imagines that the Mind is capable of obeying Reaſon, and of acting according to her Dictates. Reaſon therefore forbids us to conſider Evils, withdraws us from ſuch melancholy Apprehenſions, and afterwards clears up the Mind with the gay Proſpects of all imaginable Pleaſures, which the Soul of Man can feel, or his Life comprehend. Theſe are the *Epicuræans* Notions, the other ours; let us proceed to examine the former, that we may ſee the Reaſons for rejecting them.

Firſt then, They are to blame in finding Fault with the Conſideration of Futurity; for nothing more abates and takes from Grief, than the Conſideration that there is no Accident but we are ſubject to, meditating upon the Condition of Humane Life, the Law of Nature, and always endeavouring to obey it. Such Reflections are ſo far from giving us perſonal Grief, that they guard us from all manner of Grief. He that conſiders the Nature of Things, the various Accidents that may befal us, and the Weakneſs of Humane Nature, does not thereby torment himſelf, but performs one of the wiſeſt and moſt becoming Offices he is capable of. For by ſuch Conſiderations on Humane Things, he makes a Progreſs in the Studies of Philoſophy, and arms himſelf with a threefold Conſolation againſt all Evils; Firſt, By calling

to

to mind, that they are in no wise surprising, in as much as he always thought they might happen, and this very much abates all Misfortunes: Secondly, That all Humane Afflictions are to be borne moderately: And Lastly, That there is no Evil but Guilt, and there can be no Guilt in any Thing which could not possibly be avoided. But as for what *Epicurus* talks about retreating from Grief, and withdrawing our Thoughts from any gloomy Apprehensions, there is nothing in it; for 'tis not in our Power, when we are in Misery, to dissemble or forget it; every thing that we reckon an Evil, tortures us, wounds us, and in short gives us not a Moment's Rest: And dost thou, O *Epicurus*, bid me forget that which is contrary to Nature? 'Tis ridiculous and impossible: Nature had provided us with one Cure for all Sorrows and all Grief, even length of Time, and he unmercifully deprives us of That too. Time is a Medicine, which, tho' it works but slowly, yet at last infallibly cures all Sorrows: You bid me think of Good, and forget Evil: You would speak better, and more like a Philosopher, if you taught us, that those Things are Goods which are most becoming a Man to practise.

Pythagoras, or *Socrates*, or *Plato*, would say thus to me; Why art thou sad? Why dost thou yield to Fortune, which tho' perhaps it may discompose thee in some Measure, yet it cannot entirely break thy Forces? The Strength of Virtue is very great; if it is asleep, rouse it up; put it all in Action; Fortitude will lead it on, and so confirm thy Mind, that thou shalt despise any thing which can possibly happen to Man. Temperance (which is the same with Moderation,

tion, and which I just now called Frugality) will also assist thee, and suffer thee to do nothing that is Base or Dishonourable; and what is baser than Effeminacy in a Man? Even the Laws will not suffer thee to be Effeminate, tho' in Cases of this nature they seem to be the least concerned. They will tell you, you break thro' their Rules, by desiring what is not your own, by demanding the Prerogative and Excellence of a God, when you are but a Mortal Man; or are angry to repay that which was only Lent you for a Time. What Answer canst thou make to Prudence, who will acquaint you that Virtue is contented with her self, and is alone sufficient to make Life happy? But if it depend upon any thing External, and does not comprehend all Things sufficient to Happiness within it self, I cannot see why she should be so much commended or desired. If you invite me to such a Good as this, O *Epicurus*, I obey, I follow you, I forget my Evils as you direct, and that the rather upon this account, because I think them not Evils: But you carry my Thoughts to Pleasure; but to what Pleasures? I believe to those of the Body, or such as for the sake of the Body are remembred or hoped for. Is not this the thing? do I interpret wrong? for it is common with the *Epicureans*, to deny that we understand *Epicurus* right. This is his Meaning, and this, when I was at *Athens*, the sharp old *Zeno* used with great Vigour to contend for; Disputing that he was the Happy Man who was at present in Possession of Pleasures, and believed that he should continue to be so his whole Life without any Pain. But if any Pain did intervene, he should reflect, if it was extream it would be very short, if long very mild, and there-

therefore have more Pleaſure than Trouble in it; and by vertue of thinking thus, he would be Happy, eſpecially if he had been before rightly informed to have no Apprehenſion either of Death or of the Gods.

Thus you have *Epicurus*'s Notion of a happy Life expreſſed in *Zeno*'s Words, ſo that they cannot contradict it now. But what can ſuch Reflections and Method of Life avail in many Caſes? Could they eaſe *Thyeſtes* or *OEeta* whom I before mentioned, or *Telamon* driven from his Country, poor and baniſh'd, who in ſuch Circumſtances occaſioned this Admiration:

Is this fam'd Telamon, *whoſe Glory reach'd*
The Skies, to whoſe dread Nod whole Nations
bow'd!

But if any ones Fortitude hath left him at the ſame time with his Fortune, a Remedy is to be ſought for from the old Philoſophers, and not from theſe Men of Pleaſure. For where is the Plenty of Goods they talk of? Suppoſe it were the chief Good not to be in Pain, (tho' this can with no Propriety be called Pleaſure) Will Indolence remove Pain? Suppoſe Pain be the greateſt Evil, Is he therefore who is not troubled with that, in a State of moſt exquiſite Pleaſure? Do we now, *Epicurus*, fly from the Argument, or mean any other Pleaſures than ſuch as you, with no great Modeſty, diſpute for? Are not theſe your own Words, in the Book which contains your whole Philoſophy? I ſhall tranſlate it word for word, that it may not be ſaid I do not argue fairly. 'I cannot compre-'hend what is a Good, that is without Sen-'ſual Pleaſures, ſuch as our Taſte, or our 'Hearing afford us, in Meat or Muſick, or 'which is without thoſe that our Eyes give us

'from

'from the Figure, Beauty, and Motion of 'Things; or in a word, which is abſtracted from 'all ſuch Pleaſures as are any Ways produced 'by the Senſes. It cannot be reply'd, That the 'Pleaſures of the Mind conſiſt only in real 'Goods, for I have known the Mind rejoyce 'upon the ſole Hope of the Things juſt now 'mentioned, which, when it has once obtained, 'it is void of all Grief. Here *Epicurus* very clearly ſhews us, what ſort of Pleaſure he means; and a little lower he goes on thus, 'I have 'often enquired of thoſe who are call'd Wiſe, 'what Happineſs would be left if they excepted 'all the Things I juſt now mentioned; but I 'could get no Anſwer; for if they made any 'Boaſts of their Virtue and Wiſdom, they muſt 'mean nothing but the right Management of 'thoſe Pleaſures I before mentioned. And all that follows is of the ſame Stamp, and his whole Book, which is a Treatiſe about the Chief Good, is filled with ſuch kind of Stuff. Will you then call *Telamon* to a Life of this kind, to eaſe him of his Trouble? If any of your Friends ſhould be in Affliction, would you invite him to a Ragouſt, ſooner than to a Socratick Treatiſe? To a Fidler, ſooner than to *Plato*'s Doctrine? Would you lay a gay flowery Proſpect before him, bring him Noſegays, burn Perfumes, and crown him with Garlands? To theſe Delicacies, add but one more, give him but a Miſtreſs, and you wipe off all Grief at once.

Epicurus muſt acknowledge all this, or blot out of his Book all my former Quotations, or rather indeed burn the whole Book, for 'tis entirely Senſual. But let us conſider how we can relieve him from Grief who would ſpeak thus:

Fortune

Fortune I want, much more than high Deſcent;
That gave me boundleſs Rule and Regal Sway,
But envious Chance hath thrown me down thus low.

What! Shall we give him a Bottle to comfort him, and to ſtop his Tears? Again, the ſame Poet gives us another Object of our Pity.

Tumbled from Royal Pow'r, and wanting Hector's *Aid,*

'Tis perfectly reaſonable we ſhould aſſiſt this Perſon, for he acquaints us that he wants Help.

What Aids ſhall I require, or whither fly,
Deſpoil'd of Towns and Caſtles both; What Court
Will me receive? Whoſe Guardian Gods are beat,
Whoſe very Altars Hoſtile Rage and Flames
Have burnt.

You know what follows particularly;

O Father! Country! and Great Priam's *Dome!*
The Royal Palace of Heroick Kings,
With pompous State fill'd, and Barbarick *Wealth,*
I ſaw thee once, whilſt yet the guilded Roof
And noble Pillars of Corinthian *Braſs,*
Stood undeſtroyed----

O excellent Poet! tho' deſpiſed by *Euphorius's* Singers. He imagines all Things that fall out unexpectedly are therefore more Grievous; and having deſcribed perhaps too largely the King's Riches, which he thought Eternal, adds,

I ſaw this Noble Pile to Aſhes ſink,
And Royal Priam *weltring in his Blood,*
Polluting Jove's *great Fane, with blackning Gore.*

Incom-

Incomparable Poetry! Tragical both in the Thought and Expreſſion! How ſhall we deliver this Perſon from his Grief? Lay him on a rich Couch; bring in Muſick; give him a Cordial Potion, and ſome Meat. Are theſe the Means to aſſwage Grief? You your ſelf juſt before affirmed, that you knew of no others: He muſt be diverted from his Grief by thinking on Goods: I ſhould agree with *Epicurus* in this, if I agreed with him in what were Goods.

It may perhaps be replied, Do you really think *Epicurus* meant thus, or that he was ſo ſunk in Senſuality? Not in the leaſt: I have obſerved many noble grave Speeches in him; and therefore, as I have often ſaid, I argue againſt his Method of Reaſoning, and not againſt his Manners. For tho' he does deſpiſe the Pleaſures, which he juſt now praiſed, yet I cannot but remember that he thought them the greateſt Good; for he did not lay down the ſingle Term Pleaſure, but expreſſed himſelf more fully, and gave us entirely his Notion and Meaning. 'Taſte, Venery, Sports, Muſick, all Objects 'pleaſing to the Eyes.' Do I lie? and do I impute things to him that he never meant? Are not theſe his very Expreſſions? If I am wrong, I deſire to be confuted. What do I contend for, but that the Truth ſhould be put to Light? Yet the ſame Perſon aſſerts that Pleaſure doth not increaſe e'er the more for the Pain being taken away, and that the greateſt Pleaſure is not to be in Pain. Here in a few Words he hath made three great Miſtakes: Firſt, he contradicts himſelf; for juſt now he ſaid he knew of no Pleaſure which did not proceed from ſome Titillation of the Senſes, and yet here the greateſt Pleaſure is (ſays he) to be free from

from all Pain. Can any thing be more contradictory? The ſecond Miſtake is, that, as in Nature there are three things entirely diſtinct, namely, to be in Pain, to be in Pleaſure, and to be in a State of Indolence, neither in Pleaſure or Pain, he confounds the firſt and laſt of theſe together, and makes no Diſtinction between abſolute Pleaſure and Indolence. His third Miſtake is common to many others with him, I mean this, that whereas Virtue is of all things the moſt deſirable, and that for the attaining of it Philoſophy was invented and cultivated, He hath ſeparated the greateſt Good from Virtue, and conſiders them as two things. Yet he often commends Virtue: And indeed *C. Gracchus*, tho' he himſelf had exhauſted the Treaſury by exceſſive Donations and Penſions, ſtrenuouſly pleaded againſt ſuch Crimes. But why ſhould I regard Words, when I ſee Facts? *Piſo* the Frugal always oppoſed the Law for the Diviſion of the Corn; but when it was paſs'd he, a Conſular Perſon, claim'd his Part. Upon that *Gracchus* asked him in the hearing of the People of *Rome*, whether he thought he acted conſiſtently, when he demanded Corn in right of the ſame Act which he oppoſed paſſing. 'I 'would not, *Gracchus*, replied he, have you 'have the Power to divide my Goods amongſt 'the People, but if it muſt be ſo, I would 'claim my own Share. Did not that excellent and wiſe Man in thoſe Words ſufficiently ſhew, that by the *Sempronian* Law the publick Patrimony was diſſipated? Read *Gracchus*'s Orations, and you will take him for an excellent Husbander of the publick Treaſures. *Epicurus* denies that any one can live happily unleſs he be virtuous; he denies Fortune hath any

Power

Power over a wiſe Man; prefers a ſcanty Diet to a plentiful Table; affirms that there is no Time wherein a wiſe Man is not happy: All this is worthy a Philoſopher, but then they perfectly contradict his Opinion of Pleaſure. But perhaps he means not ſuch a kind of Pleaſure. Yet he explains himſelf, and deſcribes ſuch a Pleaſure as hath nothing virtuous in it. If we do not underſtand what he means by Pleaſure, how ſhould we know what he means by Pain? But he who places the greateſt Evil in Pain, ſhould not pretend ſo much as to make mention of Virtue. The *Epicureans*, who are the beſt of Men, (for no Sect are ſo little malicious) complain that I always induſtriouſly oppoſe *Epicurus*. If I do contend with him, yet it is after ſuch a manner as we contend for Honours and Poſts. I think the greateſt Good is placed in the Mind, they in the Body: I in Virtue, they in Pleaſure. They contradict each other, and implore the Aſſiſtance of other Philoſophers; but I do not care for ſuch Contentions. Is the Queſtion concerning the Punick War? Nay even in that, tho' *Cato* and *Lentulus* were of different Opinions, yet they never quarrelled: But theſe Phlioſophers are always bickering about a Notion ſo ſcandalous, that they dare not openly defend it, either in the Senate, or before the People, Army, or Cenſors. But let us take them in hand another time, and after ſuch a manner that there may appear to be no Quarrel: I ſhall eaſily yield to that Party which hath Truth on its Side: And now only give them this Advice; Be their Doctrine ever ſo true, namely, that a wiſe Man conſiders all things with relation only to his Body, or to give the Thought

a better Turn, that he does nothing but for his own Intereſt; yet ſince theſe Notions are in no wiſe laudable, I would have them rejoyce only in private, and not make their Boaſts in publick.

We are next to examine the Opinion of the *Cyrenaics*, which tell us that Grief proceeds only from ſome Calamity which is unexpected. Indeed there is a great deal to be imputed to Surprize, as I ſaid before: I know *Chryſippus* too thinks that what we have no Forecaſt of comes with greater Violence; but yet all things are not thus: For tho' the ſudden Approach of an Enemy occaſions ſome Diſorder more than an expected one, and a ſudden Storm terrifies the Sailors more than one foreſeen; and tho' it be ſo of many other things; yet when you conſider more cloſely the Nature of unexpected things, you will find nothing more in them than that they ſeem greater than indeed they are: And that, Firſt, becauſe we have not due time to conſider the Greatneſs of ſuch ſurprizing Accidents: And Secondly, becauſe often upon Reflection it appears that thoſe Misfortunes might have been avoided if foreſeen, and an Evil occaſion'd by our own Negligence, gives us greater Uneaſineſs than another. This appears from the Power Time has to ſoften and aſſwage all manner of Grief, inſomuch that tho' the ſame Evils are ſtill preſent, it ſoftens the Trouble of them, and in ſome quite takes it away. Many *Carthaginians* were Slaves at *Rome*, and many *Macedonians* too, after the taking of their King *Perſes*; when I was young I alſo ſaw ſeveral *Corinthians* in *Peloponneſus*: All of theſe might uſe *Andro-*

mache's Lamentation: *I ſaw theſe Things*, &c. Nay perhaps they had ſung thoſe Verſes, for their Countenances, Speech, Geſture, was ſuch as eaſily ſhew'd they were *Argives* or *Sicyonians*, and the ſudden Sight of the Ruins of *Corinthus* have oftentimes more moved me than they have the *Corinthians*, whoſe Hearts were hardened againſt Sorrow by the Length of their Captivity. I have read a Conſolatory Diſcourſe wrote by *Clytomachus* after the taking of *Carthage*, and ſent to his Fellow-Citizens who were made Priſoners. It contains a Diſputation of *Carneades*, which *Clitomachus* ſays he put in the Form of a Diſcourſe. The Argument was this: A wiſe Man might be grieved for the conquering of his Native Country. This *Carneades* oppoſed, and his Reaſoning is comprized in that Book. Thus the Philoſopher gave them the Conſolation in their preſent Calamity, which a Misfortune that was grown old would not have wanted; for had that Book been ſent many Years after the Ruin of *Carthage*, it would not have healed Wounds but Scars. Time by little and little wears away Grief; not that the thing itſelf can any ways be leſſened; but only that which Reaſon ought to do, Time does, and ſhews all thoſe things which at firſt appear'd ſo terrible, to be in themſelves very inconſiderable.

It may be reply'd, What Occaſion then is there for any Reaſoning or Comforting, or any of thoſe Methods generally made uſe of to aſſwage Sorrow? Or to what Purpoſe is it to tell the Afflicted, that no Accident ought to be conſidered as unexpected? Or will a Misfortune be the

the more tolerable to any Man for his reflecting he was always liable to it. Such a Conſideration never leſſens the Pain itſelf; but only ſhews that nothing has happened but what might be expected: Yet this manner of arguing is of ſome Uſe, tho' perhaps not much, in Conſolatory Diſcourſes. The Unexpectedneſs of the Misfortune then, is not the ſole Occaſion of Grief. Perhaps the Blow may fall a little heavier than if the Misfortune were foreſeen and expected; but it cannot be more grievous in Fact, tho' its being new to us may make it ſo in Appearance. There are two Methods of diſcovering the Truth, not only in ſuch things as ſeem Evils, but alſo in ſuch as ſeem Goods: For we either enquire into the Nature of the thing itſelf, as what and how great it is; as for Inſtance, diſcourſing of Poverty, we lighten the Burthen of it by ſhewing with what few and little things Nature contents herſelf: Or, laying aſide the Subtlety of Arguments, we bring in Examples. And here we call to Mind *Socrates*, *Diogenes*, and the Saying of *Cecilianus*:

Learning lies oft conceal'd in mean Attire.

For ſince the Force of Poverty is every where the ſame, why ſhould it be tolerable to *C. Fabritius*, and not ſo to others? Of this kind is that Method of Conſolation which teaches that all Accidents are the common Lot of Mankind: Such a Diſputation not only leads us into a right Knowledge of Human Life, but alſo inſinuates that what others have formerly

merly borne, and ſome do daily bear, may alſo be borne by us without ſo much Difficulty.

In diſcourſing on Poverty, 'tis common to inſtance ſeveral Perſons who have borne it patiently: In diſcourſing on the Contempt of Honours, Examples are brought in of Perſons who are the happier for being without them; and Their Lives are commended who have preferred a private Retreat to the Hurry of publick Buſineſs: It is common to quote the Verſe of that great King, who commends, nay almoſt envies the Happineſs of the Man who ſhall come to a good old Age, in ſafe Obſcurity. By ſuch Examples too People are comforted in their Loſs of Children. Thus unexpected Accidents are made to ſeem leſs than we at firſt thought them, when we conſider that others already have and ſhall hereafter bear the ſame Calamities. So that upon Reflections of this Nature it appears how much all our Misfortunes were magnified by Opinion. This *Telamon* declares:

When I begot my Sons, &c.

And *Theſeus*:

I by Advice of wiſe and learned Men,
Brought to my Thoughts all Scenes of Human Life.

But *Anaxagoras* ſays,

I knew my Son was Mortal.

Each

Each of these great Men, after a long Observation of Human Affairs, found that Misfortunes were not to be dreaded according to the Notions of the Vulgar. Those who consider beforehand of Misfortunes, and those who do not, seem to me to differ only in this, Reason cures the first of their Grief, and Time the latter: Each, tho' by different Means, arriving at this Knowledge, that the Evils which were reckoned the most intollerable, are not really so great as to destroy the Happiness of Life. Hence it is evident that any unexpected Accident is not the more afflicting upon account of its Suddenness, but for its Novelty; and therefore he who hath considered it before, is not so much concern'd at the same Accident which happens to the other, because it is not so new to him as 'tis to the other. Thus several Persons have fallen into great Grief and Disquiet of Mind, upon hearing some one discourse of the many and common Calamities to which Human Life is naturally subject.

Therefore *Carneades*, as our Countryman *Antiochus* tells us, used to blame *Chrysippus* for commending this Verse of *Euripides*:

No Mortal is secure from Pain and Sickness:
Fathers their Sons must bury: All must die.
Neither ought this to discompose our Minds,
Earth must to Earth be render'd, Life like Corn,
Death will cut down, for such are Fate's Decrees.

He said, this Consolation could no ways free a Man from Grief; and that it was even

matter of the higheſt Sorrow, to conſider that Human Nature was ſubject to ſo ſevere a Decree; and to argue from the Misfortunes of others, could never comfort any but an envious Perſon. As for me, I am of a quite different Opinion; for the Neceſſity of bearing with our Human Condition both teaches us we are but Men, and reſtrains us from fighting as it were againſt God; which Conſideration in a great meaſure aſſwages all Sorrows: And ſo does bringing in of Inſtances of People in the ſame Circumſtances, not as ſoothing an envious Temper, but as making the Perſon aſhamed not to endure what ſo many have borne with Moderation and Patience: For all Methods are to be uſed to ſupport ſinking Spirits, tho' they be not perfectly conformable to Rules of ſtrict Reaſoning. *Chryſippus* calls Uneaſineſs Λύπη, intimating it to be a Weakneſs and Relaxation of the Mind, a ſort of Diſſolution of the whole Man: And yet the Cauſe of this ſo terrible Evil may eaſily be extirpated and rooted out; for it is nothing elſe but Opinion, and a Conceit either of ſome preſent, or of ſome approaching great Evil: Therefore even Bodily Pain, which is the moſt afflicting thing Human Nature is ſubject to, is borne patiently upon Proſpect of ſome Good. A Life ſpent according to the Rules of Honeſty and Virtue, will have in itſelf ſuch Comforts, that no Grief, no Pain of the Mind, will ſcarce be able to diſcompoſe the Perſon who has that to comfort himſelf with.

But

But when this Opinion of ſome great Evil is aggravated by a ſtill duller Conceit, namely, that 'tis our Duty to be heartily grieved at unfortunate Accidents; our Grief muſt needs be very great. From this Notion proceed thoſe innumerable and deteſtable Methods of Mourning uſed often by Women, as making themſelves dirty, beating their Breaſts, tearing their Hair, and ſuch like. Thus *Homer*'s, and *Accius*'s *Agamemnon*:

Tears in his Grief his unſhorn Hair —

Upon which Humour of tearing off his Hair, *Bion* is thus witty, "The fooliſh King tears "off his Hair, I ſuppoſe, thinking Baldneſs "will be an infallible Remedy for Grief. People commit all theſe Extravagances upon a Conceit that 'tis their Duty to do ſo. Therefore *Æſchines* inveighs againſt *Demoſthenes*, becauſe he ſacrificed on the Day after his Daughter's Death. But how Rhetorically does he do it? How magnificently? With what ſtraining of Thoughts and Expreſſions? He ſhews us at the ſame time, that an Orator may ſay any thing. Yet no one could ever attempt to argue after that manner, unleſs all his Auditors had a firm Perſuaſion it was every good Man's Duty to be very ſorrowful for his Friend's Death. Whence too it happens that People in Grief love Solitude and Retirement, as *Homer* ſays of *Bellerophon*:

Mourning he wander'd in Alwan *Fields,*
Pining in Heart, and ſhunning all Converſe.

Niobe is reported to be changed into Stone, I ſuppoſe upon account of her continual Silence in her Grief: They feign *Hecuba* to be turned into a Bitch, by reaſon of her Rage and Bitterneſs of Mind againſt her Enemies: There are alſo ſome who in their Sorrow will even talk with Solitude, as the old Nurſe in *Ennius:*

A fierce Deſire poſſeſſes me to count,
To the ſtill Heav'n and Earth, Medæa's *Woes.*

All theſe things are done in Grief as right, true, and even a Duty. And it is plain they imagine all theſe Whims to be ſo, by their giving an immediate Stop to any Guſt of Mirth or Joy, and hinting to their Friends as if they had committed a Fault by making any Shew of Pleaſure. It is cuſtomary for Mothers and Schoolmaſters, even ſeverely to correct Children, if in any Family mourning they happen to act or ſpeak with the leaſt Cheerfulneſs. But when at laſt their Sorrow is abated, and 'tis owned that their mourning hath profited nothing, is it not as good as confeſſing that the whole was voluntary? What ſays the Self-Tormentor in *Terence*, *That I may be the leſs unjuſt to my Son, I am reſolved to torment and puniſh myſelf.* He *reſolves* to torment himſelf; and can a Man reſolve to do any thing he is not willing to do?

I ſhall think myſelf worthy the greateſt Plague. If he does not puniſh himſelf, he thinks he deſerves the greateſt Plague. You ſee therefore 'tis wholly an Evil of Opinion, and not of Nature. Sometimes the thing itſelf is its own

own Remedy. So in *Homer*, the daily and numerous Slaughters of Men, prevented immoderate Grief; as *Homer* ſays:

Such Numbers every Day in Battle fall,
We ſhall do nothing elſe but mourn; 'tis fit
We bury all without the pompous Shews
Of Ceremonious Mourning. —

It is then in our Power to lay aſide Sorrow, when Occaſion ſo requires; And can there be any Occaſion, (ſince the thing is entirely in our own Power) when we ſhould not lay it aſide, to keep ourſelves from Grief? 'Tis certain that they who ſaw *Pompey* the Great fall with his Wounds, and were preſent at ſo ſad a Spectacle, upon ſeeing how they were ſurrounded by the Enemy's Fleet, had no other Concern upon them but for themſelves, and only deſired the Rowers to ſave them by Flight; afterwards, when they came to *Tyre*, they began to lament and weep. Fear therefore could baniſh Grief from their Breaſts, and ſhall not Reaſon and Wiſdom be able to do the ſame in any other Perſon?

What can be a greater Argument to lay aſide all kind of Sorrow, than the ſole Conſideration that it is entirely fruitleſs and unavailable. And if we can lay aſide Grief, we may ſurely, if we pleaſe, not engage ourſelves at all in ſo troubleſome a Paſſion. It muſt then be confeſs'd that Grief is the voluntary Choice and Act of the Mind; this is plain too from the Patience which is ſhewn by them who have been often in Afflictions, and who ſeem to be at laſt hardened againſt all

the Strokes of Fortune: So *Euripides* expreſſes it:

Were this the firſt unhappy Day that ſhone,
Or had I ne'er till now endur'd Affliction,
My Grief would be impetuous, like young Colts,
Who bear at firſt the Rider's Weight with Pain:
But I am train'd and exerciſed in Woes.

Since then our being uſed and accuſtomed to Miſeries makes them the lighter, it follows that the Cauſe of Grief does not conſiſt in Their Natures, but in Our Opinion. Do not the greateſt Philoſophers well know that they are in great Miſery, till they have attained Wiſdom? For they are in Folly, and Folly is the greateſt of Evils: Yet they do not lament their Misfortune; And why do they not? Becauſe it is not the generally receiv'd Notion that it is our Duty to be ſorry on ſuch Occaſions; tho' we have ridiculouſly conceiv'd it to be ſo, in Mournings and Sorrows, and ſo have occaſioned ourſelves the greateſt Grief. Therefore *Ariſtotle*, finding Fault with the old Philoſophers for thinking Philoſophy was perfected by them, ſays they muſt either be very fooliſh, or very vain-glorious; but that he ſaw Philoſophy was mightily advanced of late Years, and in a ſhort time muſt neceſſarily arrive at its utmoſt Perfection. *Theophraſtus* on his Death Bed is reported to have complained of Nature's giving ſuch a long Life to Ravens and Stags, who could make ſo little Uſe of it; and being ſo ſparing to Man, in giving a ſhort Life to that Species, which

which could have made ſuch admirable Proficiencies in all manner of Arts and Sciences, had it been longer: Therefore he complain'd, that juſt as he had arrived at ſome Glimpſe in the Sciences, he was ſnatch'd out of the World. Have not the wiſeſt and ſobereſt Philoſophers frequently complained how ignorant they are in many Points, and that there are many things which they would fain learn? And yet when they are in Ignorance, which is the greateſt of Evils, are they troubled with any Grief? The Reaſon is, that we have no Opinion 'tis our Duty to be ſorry on ſuch Occaſions. There are ſome indeed have thought it beneath a Man to weep or lament. Of this ſort were *F. Maximus*, who buried his Son that had been Conſul; *L. Paulus*, who loſt both his Sons in one Day; *M. Cato*, whoſe Son died juſt when he was appointed Prætor: There were many others whom I have mentioned in my Conſolation, all acting upon this Principle, namely, that it was not becoming a Man to weep or lament. What therefore others make themſelves uneaſy about, as thinking it their Duty, theſe being of a different Opinion, have not been at all grieved at. It appears therefore, the Cauſe of Grief is not in the Nature of the Thing, but only in our own Opinion.

To this it is replied, Who can be ſo ſenſeleſs as to grieve of his own free Choice? Sorrow proceeds from Nature, and *Crantor* adviſes us to yield to it; for by Oppoſition it grows only more violent and impetuous, and at length irreſiſtible. Therefore *Oileus* in *Sophocles*, after having comforted *Telamon* concerning

cerning *Ajax*'s Death, upon hearing his own Misfortune, ſhews a great Weakneſs of Mind, which occaſioned this Reflection:

No one is ſo well arm'd with Wiſdom's Force,
Able another's Sorrow to aſſwage;
But when the ſame Misfortune falls on him,
His Spirits too will ſink beneath the Weight,
And all his goodly Precepts uſeleſs prove.

The Intent of ſuch Arguments is to ſhew that 'tis impoſſible to reſiſt Nature; but even they who urge theſe Proofs ſtill allow that we make our ſelves more uneaſy than Nature would do. What Madneſs then is it in us to ſay it is neceſſary to do ſo! The Reaſons of our Grief are of ſeveral Kinds. Firſt, an Opinion of ſome Evil, upon Sight of which Grief neceſſarily follows. Secondly, a Notion generally conceived by them who mourn, that they do a Thing very acceptable to the Dead: And beſides theſe, a Womaniſh Superſtition, that they ſhall make the immortal Gods more favourable to them, if they ſhew by ſuch Methods that they are troubled and humbled by that Affliction. The Generality of Mankind do not apprehend how groſly contradictory ſuch Notions are. Men are commended for dying with an even Temper, and yet whoever takes his Friend's Death with no Concern, is liable to the higheſt Reproach, as if there were any Thing in this or any other Circumſtance, which could occaſion a Man to love another better than himſelf. It is an excellent, and if you examine it, a true Rule, that we ſhould love thoſe who

who ought to be dearest to us, as we do our selves. But to love them more is impossible, neither is it to be desired in Friendship, that I should love him more than my self, or he love me more than himself; from hence would follow nothing but Confusion, and all the Duties and Offices of Life would be disorder'd.

But of this we will discourse another Time: 'Tis enough now to have observed, we ought not to attribute our Misery to the Loss of our Friends, lest we shew we love them more than they would have us, or at least more than we love our selves. And whereas some say that no consolatory Discourses can ease Sorrow, and that the Comforters themselves fall into the same Weakness and Sorrow upon the like Circumstances, both those Charges are easily answered; for these Evils are not occasioned by Nature, but through our own Fault, which is the Cause of Folly; for they who refuse Comfort, invite others to the same Fault; and they who advise the Afflicted, and act different from their own Advice, do no more than the covetous, who blame the covetous, and the ambitious, who reprehend the ambitious; for 'tis the Property of Fools to see others Faults, and not their own. But the most certain Argument against being grieved, is, the Evil's being meerly Opinionative; for all Grief is taken off, not by Time, but by long Thought that there is no Evil in the Thing it self, for both the Thing and the Man are the same; and how should our Grief be any ways changed, if neither the Thing for which

we

we grieve, nor the Perſon that grieves, are either of them at all altered. 'Tis long reflecting therefore, that there is no Evil in the thing we are griev'd at, and not length of Time, that cures all Grief.

After this they generally argue for moderate Sorrows; but if theſe proceed from Nature, what Occaſion is there for Conſolation, for Nature her ſelf will end them in due Time; but if from Opinion, let the whole Opinion be taken away. I believe I have ſufficiently proved Grief to be an Opinion of ſome preſent Evil; which Opinion includes this in it, that it is our Duty to be grieved. *Zeno* very juſtly adds Newneſs to this Definition, and ſo the Opinion of a Preſent Evil muſt be new and freſh in our Minds, to occaſion Grief: By Newneſs is not only underſtood the Lateneſs of any Incident, but univerſally all Objects are ſaid to be new, which by ſome peculiar Circumſtances ſtill make a freſh Impreſſion upon the Mind. Thus *Artemiſia*, the Wife of *Mauſolus*, King of *Caria*, the Builder of the Famous Sepulchre of that Name, made her Sorrow always new, lived in continual Grief, and at laſt died of it; yet even when ſhe died was her Grief freſh, becauſe ſhe every Day conceived a new Opinion of a preſent Evil. The Buſineſs then of all Comforters is, if poſſible, to pull up Grief quite by the Roots; to aſſwage it, to calm and ſuppreſs it, to hinder its long Continuance, or further Progreſs. *Cleanthes*, and many others, think a Comforter ought only to inſiſt upon the Thing's being no Evil. Others, as the *Peripapeticks*, that

that 'tis no great Evil. Others, from Sorrow, will lead you to the Proſpect of Pleaſure, as *Epicurus*. Others content themſelves with ſhewing that nothing uncommon has befalln him, and therefore nothing that is an Evil. *Chryſippus* thinks the great Point in comforting, is to expel the Notion that the Perſon who grieves does what is his Duty. Others uſe all theſe Methods (for different Minds are affected by different Manners,) as I have done in my Conſolation. For my Mind was then exceedingly inflamed, and I uſed all Remedies to cure it. But Time is to be concern'd, as well in the Cure of our Minds, as in that of our Bodies. As *Prometheus* in *Æſchilus*, when one aſked him,

I think, Prometheus, you this Notion hold,
That Reaſon is a certain Cure for Rage.

Anſwer'd,

If at due Time the Med'cine be apply'd,
And no rude Hand provoke the aking Wound.

In all Conſolations, then, the firſt Remedy is, proving the Thing to be no Evil at all, or at leaſt to be very inconſiderable: The next is, to argue from the common Condition of Life, and particularly from that of the Perſon who is afflicted. Thirdly, That 'tis the higheſt Point of Folly to give our ſelves up to Grief, when we know it is to no Purpoſe. *Cleanthes* comforts only a wiſe Man, who wants none; for if you ſhould perſwade a Perſon in Mourning, that nothing is Evil but what is

diſ-

diſhonourable, you may indeed cure him of his Folly, but not of his Grief; and this is a very improper Time to inſtruct in. Beſides, *Cleanthes* ſeems not to have obſerved, that we may be uneaſie for ſuch Things as *Cleanthes* himſelf does allow to be the greateſt Evils. As for Inſtance, we have an Account that *Socrates* proved *Alcibiades* to be not only no extraordinary Man, but even that he differed nothing from the moſt common Fellow. *Alcibiades* upon this was exceedingly troubled, and with Tears beſeeched *Socrates* to teach him Virtue, and ſo expel that Baſeneſs which he had ſhew'd to be in him. What ſhall we ſay in ſuch a Caſe as this, *Cleanthes*? Shall we ſay there is no Evil in that which *Alcibiades* was troubled about? What ſhall we think of *Lyco*'s Reaſonings, who affirms, that Grief is occaſioned by ſmall and inconſiderable Inconveniences, ſuch as thoſe of Body and Fortune, and not by the greater Evils of the Mind? But was not *Alcibiades*'s Grief occaſioned by a Proſpect of the Evils and Faults of the Mind? I have ſaid enough already of *Epicurus*'s Method of Conſolation.

Nor is that Topick of Conſolation the ſtrongeſt, though it is frequently uſed, and with good Succeſs: I mean, to ſay, *This hath not happened to you only.* I ſay, it is uſed with good Succeſs, but not at all Times, nor to all Perſons; for there are ſome who diſlike ſuch Comforts; though there is a great deal in the manner of applying this and every thing elſe to a diſcompoſed Mind; for we ought to tell, not what Misfortunes Men have

have borne, but how magnanimously they have borne them. *Chryſippus*'s Method ſeems the trueſt, but it is very unſuitable to the Time: For it will be no eaſie Matter to perſwade any Perſon who grieves and afflicts himſelf, that it is his own Fault he does ſo. And as in Law-Caſes we do not always uſe the ſame Methods, but accommodate Things as the Times, the Perſons, and the Nature of the Controverſie require; ſo ought we to do in aſſwaging of Grief. But I know not how I come to make ſuch a large Digreſſion from the Queſtion you propoſed; for that was about a wiſe Man, who will ſcarce eſteem any Thing an Evil which is not baſe, or at leaſt will think it ſo inconſiderable, that his Reaſon will eaſily ſuppreſs it: he will let nothing take the Stamp of its Value from Opinion, and make it Matter of Grief; nor will he think it his Duty, and reaſonable for him, to torment himſelf by all manner of ways, and pine away with Grief; than which nothing can be more abſurd. Yet our Diſcourſe hath proved, in my Opinion, though it was not at preſent the Matter under Debate, that nothing is an Evil, but what is alſo baſe; and alſo that all the Evil that is in Grief, is no natural Evil, but purely contracted by our voluntary Choice, and by the Error of Opinion.

I have purpoſely diſcourſed concerning that ſort of Grief which is the greateſt of all, for when that is removed, we may ſoon find Remedies for all the reſt. There are particular Treatiſes for Poverty, for a private and inglorious Life, for Baniſhment, for the Ruin

of

in of ones Country, for Weakneſs, for Blindneſs, and in ſhort, for every thing which we are us'd to call Misfortunes. The *Greeks* have treated theſe under the aforementioned Heads, and though they only endeavour'd after Pleaſure in ſuch Diſcourſes, yet they were the Occaſion of abundance of Debate. But as Phyſicians in curing the whole Body, cure any little Part of it, if diſorder'd; ſo Philoſophy having removed the chief Cauſe of Grief, eaſily rids us of all the reſt that uſe to diſturb us, as Poverty, Diſgrace, and Baniſhment; and if there are peculiar Methods of Conſolation for each of theſe, you may hear them when you pleaſe; but let us now return to the Fountain-Head, namely, that Grief ought not to fall on a wiſe Man, becauſe it is vain, entirely unprofitable, proceeding not from Nature, but Opinion, and from the ridiculous Notion of its being our Duty to grieve and afflict our ſelves. Having therefore removed this which is wholly voluntary, all Grief is of Conſequence taken away; there may perhaps remain ſome inconſiderable Pain, an Unquiet of Mind, which they may call Natural; provided it arrives not to that pitch as to be Grief; for I confidently affirm, ſo afflicting and vexatious a thing as Grief, never did, nor can, conſiſt with Wiſdom. But how numerous, how bitter, are the ſeveral Branches of Grief; which, even, when the main Trunk is cut down, are ſtill to be rooted out! But if it be neceſſary, and we have Leiſure, we may perhaps handle each of them in a particular Diſputation: There are ſeveral Names of Grief, but the Nature of the thing

is

is the ſame in all: To envy, to backbite, to pity, to mourn, to weep, to lament, to be ſolicitous, to grieve, are each of them Parts of Grief. The *Stoicks* have particular Definitions for each of theſe; and each of thoſe Words, though they ſeem to be the ſame with the reſt in the main, yet differ in ſome few Particulars; and theſe perhaps we ſhall diſcourſe of ſome other Time. Theſe are the Branches which I at firſt ſaid were to be entirely lop'd off, ſo that none remain. Who can deny that it was a great and difficult Undertaking? But what is there great and noble, which is not difficult? Yet Philoſophy makes Profeſſion to do this, if we will only permit her to cure us. But ſo much for this. I ſhall here be ready to diſpute about the reſt, whenever you pleaſe.

The End of the Third Book.

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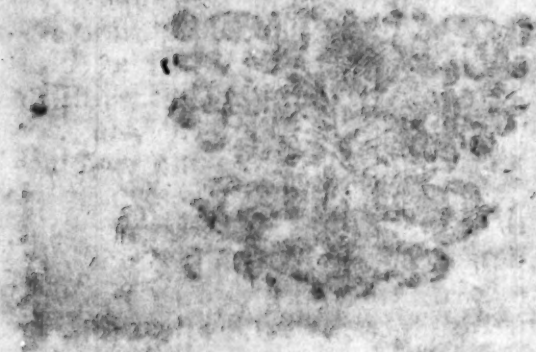

THE *TUSCULAN* DISPUTATIONS.

BOOK IV.

Of other diſorderly MOTIONS *of the* MIND.

AS in many other Inſtances, *Brutus*, I am uſed to admire the Diſpoſitions and Excellencies of our Country-men; ſo do I more eſpecially admire them, in relation to thoſe Studies which have but lately been tranſlated from *Greece* into our City. For as, immediately after the Founding of it, in

in the Time of Kings, our Auſpices, Ceremonies, Aſſemblies, Forms of Proceedings at Law, the Senate, and laſtly, all the Parts of our Military Diſcipline, were excellently well regulated by their Inſtitutions, and partly alſo by Laws; ſo after the Extirpation of Monarchy, and Settling of the Commonwealth, a wonderful Progreſs was made in all manner of Accompliſhments. But this is not a Place for us to Diſcourſe of the Manners and Ordinances of our Anceſtors, nor of the Diſcipline and Conſtitution of our Government; I have with ſufficient Accuracy treated of theſe Points elſewhere, and more particularly in thoſe Six Books which I wrote concerning the Commonwealth. Yet when I ruminate upon the Studies of Learning, there are many Reaſons which induce me to think, that even in their Days, thoſe Studies were not only deſired, but fetched from abroad, and improved here. For they had as it were before their Eyes, *Pythagoras*, famous for his Learning and Philoſophy, who was in *Italy* about the time that *Lucius Brutus*, the illuſtrious Founder of thy Family, delivered his Country from the Tyranny of Kings. And ſince the Philoſophy of the *Pythagoreans* ſpread far and near, 'tis my Opinion, it likewiſe got footing in our City too; and as this is probable from Conjecture, ſo is it almoſt demonſtrable from ſeveral Footſteps of that Doctrine now among us. For who can imagine, that when *Greece* was ſo famous in *Italy*, for ſeveral of her Cities, and when firſt the Fame of *Pythagoras* himſelf, and afterwards that

that of the *Pythagoreans* grew ſo remarkable in them; who, I ſay, can imagine, that our Country-men did entirely ſhut their Ears againſt their Learning and Doctrines? For my part, I believe, it was upon Account of their great Admiration of *Pythagoras*, that *Numa* was eſteem'd a *Pythagorean* by the ſuceeeding Ages: For as they themſelves knew the Doctrines and Diſcipline of *Pythagoras*, and were informed by Tradition from their Forefathers of the great Equity and Wiſdom of that King; and being alſo ignorant of the difference of the Times they lived in, becauſe of the great Antiquity of them, they perſwaded themſelves that One who was ſo extraordinary for Wiſdom muſt needs have been a Hearer of *Pythagoras*.

Thus far for Conjecture: It would be eaſie to collect ſeveral Footſteps of the *Pythagoreans*; but becauſe that is not now the Point in diſpute, I ſhall inſtance a few only. The *Pythagoreans* are ſaid to uſe Poetry, as well to expreſs ſome of their more Myſtical Notions, as to relax and unbend their Thoughts after intenſe Thinking, and reduce their Minds to a more eaſy and ſerene State: And the excellent *Cato* in his *Origines*, gives an account of a Cuſtom of our Anceſtors very like this, of Singing at their Feaſts the Virtues and Exploits of their famous Men. By which it evidently appears that both Poetry and Muſick were then known; tho' that is manifeſt too from the Twelve Tables, which command, that no Verſes ſhould be made to the Prejudice of any one; which Law would have no Place, if ſuch

ſuch a thing as making of Verſes had not been then in being. Beſides, the Muſick which was uſed in holy Rites, and at the Feaſts of the Magiſtrates, are an Argument that thoſe Times were not without this kind of Learning; and ſuch uſe of Muſick was peculiar to the *Pythagoreans*. And indeed, 'tis my Opinion, that a Poem, imputed to *Appius Cæcus*, (which *Panætius* ſo much commends in his Epiſtle to *Q. Tubero*) belongs rather to the *Pythagoreans*. Beſides, there are in our Inſtitutions many Things borrowed from them, which I forbear mentioning, leaſt I ſhould deprive my Country-men of the Glory of the Invention of ſome Things which perhaps were learnt from others. But to return to the preſent Subject; a little time afterwards, how many and how great Poets and Orators did there appear? So that it is plain, our Country-men were able to attain any Thing as ſoon as they were willing to apply themſelves to it. Of other Studies I have often ſpoke in other Places, and upon ſuitable Occaſions ſhall ſpeak again.

The Study of Philoſophy is of great Antiquity among us; yet before the time of *Lælius* and *Scipio* I don't know of any that I could name. In the Youth of thoſe two great Men, I find *Diogenes* the Stoick, and *Carneades* the Academick, were ſent Ambaſſadors to the Senate from the *Athenians*; and ſince they had never had any hand in the Publick Affairs, and the one was of *Cyrene*, the other of *Babylon*, we may conclude, they would never have been call'd from their Schools, and entruſted with ſuch an Embaſſy, unleſs the Study of

of Philoſophy had been then in Vogue among ſome of the great Men of thoſe Times; who, tho' they wrote Treatiſes of other Things, ſome of the Law, others Orations, and others Hiſtory; yet the moſt neceſſary of all Arts, to wit that of Well-living, they endeavour'd rather to exemplify by their Lives, than to teach by their Writings. Therefore there are but few *Latin* Remains of that true and polite Philoſophy, which was firſt taken from *Socrates*, (and has hitherto remain'd with the Peripateticks, as alſo with the Stoicks, tho' in another Form) either becauſe of the Greatneſs of the Matters themſelves, and the Philoſophers want of Time; or becauſe they thought their Opinions would not fall in with the Humour of the Vulgar. After them aroſe *C. Amafinius*, who publiſh'd ſome Books, and gain'd the major Part over to his Philoſophy, either becauſe of its eaſineſs to be underſtood, or whether they were allured to it by the Proſpects of Pleaſure it afforded; or laſtly, becauſe there was nothing better publiſh'd, they followed that which was to be had. But after *Amafinius* there were a great many that wrote much, and ſpread their Books all over *Italy*. And 'tis highly probable their Reaſonings were not very ſubtile, both becauſe they were eaſily underſtood, and were approved of by the Illiterate; tho' they look upon that to be one of the chief Strengthnings to their Arguments.

Every one is free to defend his own Notions; for our Opinions are unreſtrain'd: I ſhall keep to my firſt Deſign, and without

confining my ſelf to the Rules of any one Sect, ſhall always enquire after what is moſt probable in every one of them; which, as I have often done in other Points, ſo more particularly in my *Tuſculan* Diſputations. Having therefore had for the three foregoing Days three Diſputations, the fourth Day ſhall be included in this Book. And as on the former Days, ſo on this, the Diſcourſe was thus managed. *M.* Let any one propoſe a Queſtion to be diſputed on. *A.* I do not think it poſſible that a Wiſe Man can be free from all Diſorderly Motions of the Mind. *M.* You allow'd yeſterday he was free from Grief, unleſs perhaps it was only by way of Compliment. *A.* No indeed, I was entirely perſwaded of the Truth of it by your Diſcourſe. *M.* You do not think then that a Wiſe Man can be grieved. *A.* He cannot. *M.* And if Grief cannot diſturb the Mind of a Wiſe Man, nothing can: For why? Can Fear diſturb him? Fear is an Apprehenſion of thoſe Things, when abſent, which, when preſent, would give us Grief; therefore when Grief is removed, Fear alſo is taken away. There remain but two more Diſorders, extravagant Joy, and Luſt; and if a Wiſe Man is not ſubject to theſe two Diſorders, his Mind will always be in a State of Tranquility. *A.* I agree to that. *M.* Which had you rather? That we immediately ſet Sail, or elſe, as being juſt ſet out from the Port, row about a little firſt. *A.* I do not well underſtand you.

M. Becauſe *Chryſippus* and the Stoicks, in their Diſputations concerning the Diſorderly Motions of the Mind, ſpend a great deal of Time in dividing and defining them; and all their Reaſonings to heal the Mind and cure it of ſuch Diſorders are very ſmall. The Peripateticks uſe a great many Arguments to calm the Mind, and quite overlook and paſs by all the thorny Part of defining and dividing. I ask you now, which of theſe two Methods I ſhall here uſe, ſhall I immediately hoiſt the Sails of the Argument, or firſt row about a little with the Oars of Logicians? *A.* If you pleaſe, a little of each; for the true Method I imagine to be compoſed of both. *M.* You ſay right; tho' if I any where ſpeak too obſcurely, you muſt bid me explain my ſelf. *A.* I will; but you deliver all theſe Things with abundance more Perſpicuity than they are done by the *Greeks*. *M.* I will do my Endeavour, but you muſt be very attentive, leaſt not obſerving one Part, the whole Chain of Argument is loſt. Since I have choſen rather to call Thoſe *Diſorders* than *Diſeaſes*, which the *Greeks* call Πάθη, in explaining of them I ſhall follow the old Diviſion, which was firſt uſed by *Pythagoras*, and then by *Plato*. They divided the Soul into two Parts, one endued with Reaſon, the other void of it: In the rational Part they placed Tranquility, that is, a ſteady and ſedate Temper; in the other Part they placed all Diſorderly Motions, ſuch as Anger, Concupiſcence, and all thoſe that are oppoſite and contrary to Reaſon. Hence let us argue; and in defining of them, uſe the Deſcriptions and Diviſions of the

Stoicks; for to me They seem to have handled this Matter with the greatest Accuracy.

Supposing then Disorder to mean the same as Πάθος, as *Zeno* defines it; A Commotion of the Mind contrary to Nature and right Reason. Some define it thus shorter, Disorder is violent Desire; meaning, that is violent which is most different from the Uniformity of Nature. They think Disorders arise from two Sorts of imagined Good, and two Sorts of imagined Evil; and thus are four in Number. From the Good proceed Lust and Joy; Joy being the Apprehension of some present Good, and Lust of some future one. Fear and Grief are produced by the Evil; Fear by future, and Grief by present Evils; for those Things which occasion Fear in us when they are coming, do, when present, give us Grief. Lust and Joy proceed from the Opinion of Good; Lust pursues with greatest Vehemence that which it imagines to be a Good; Joy is the Transport upon gaining that which is desired. We are all so framed by Nature, as always to pursue what to us appears Good, and avoid what seems an Evil: Therefore as soon as the Idea of any Good appears to the Mind, we naturally pursue it: When we do this with Uniformity and Prudence, such a regulated Desire the Stoicks call, Βούλησις, and we, Will: This they think the Wise Man only enjoys, and thus they define it: Will is that, which after a rational Manner desires any thing; but a loose ungoverned Desire is Lust, which is to be found in all Fools. For when we are possest of any Good, we

feel

feel two different Emotions in our ſelves: When the Mind is moved in a uniform and mild Manner, ſuch Paſſion is called ſimply, Joy; but when the Mind is vainly and extravagantly rejoiced, ſuch a Paſſion may be call'd unruly Joy: And thus they define it; an Elevation of the Mind, without Reaſon. And for as much as we are formed by Nature to endeavour after what is Good, and avoid what appears Evil; when we avoid it in a rational Manner, it is call'd Caution, and is underſtood to be only in Wiſe Men; but an avoiding it, after a baſe, dejected, and irrational Manner, is term'd Fear. Fear therefore is Caution, with this difference, that it is contrary to Reaſon. A Wiſe Man is affected with no preſent Evil; Fools only are grieved, and in imagined Evils are caſt down in their Minds, being not govern'd by Reaſon. This then is our firſt Definition: Grief is a Contraction or Lowneſs of Mind contrary to Reaſon. Thus there are four Diſorderly, and three conſtant or calm Emotions of the Mind; for there is no mild Motion of the Mind to be oppoſed to Grief.

But they think all Diſorders proceed from Choice and Opinion, therefore they define them more cloſely, and ſhew us both how blameable they are, and how much in our own Power. Grief then, is a freſh Opinion of a preſent Evil; for which it ſeems our Duty to be dejected. Joy is the Apprehenſion of ſome preſent Good, for which it ſeems our Duty to be extraordinarily Elevated. Fear is the Opinion of ſome impending Evil, which ſeems intollerable: Luſt the Opinion

of ſome future Good, which would be to our Advantage if preſent. I have already ſaid what are the Notions and Opinions of Diſorders: They ſay, that not only the Diſorders themſelves are placed in thoſe Opinions, but the Effects of them too: As Grief, which cauſes as it were the Stings of Pain; Fear, which cauſes a recoiling or abſence of the Mind; Looſe Joy, an irregular Mirth; Luſt, an unbridled Concupiſcence. Opinion, which is included in all the foregoing Definitions, they think to be a weak imperfect Aſſent. But each Diſorder hath ſeveral ſubordinate Parts of the ſame Nature. Grief hath under it, Envying, (for we muſt here uſe that Word, tho' it be not much in Uſe, becauſe the word *Envy* is uſed not only with relation to him who Envies, but alſo to him who is Envied) Emulation, Malice, Pity, Sorrow, Mourning, Grief, Vexation, Pain, Lamentation, Solicitude, Trouble, Affliction, Deſpair, and all of the like Nature. Fear hath under it, Irkſomeneſs, Shame, Terror, Apprehenſion, Dread, Diſpiritedneſs, Diſtraction, Horrour. Pleaſure hath ſubordinate to it, Illnatur'd Rejoycing at other's Misfortunes, Delight, Boaſting, and the like. And Luſt hath Anger, Fury, Hatred, Enmity, Diſcord, Coveting, Deſire, and all of that Nature.

All theſe they define after this manner: Envying they ſay is Grief, proceeding from another's Proſperity, tho' no ways injurious to him who Envies. For if any one grieves at another's Proſperity, whereby he himſelf is damaged, it would be wrong to ſay that Man envies: So

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Agamemnon grieved at *Hector*'s good Fortune. But he who is uneasy at another's Prosperity, tho' he is not at all detrimented by it, does indeed Envy. Emulation is of two Kinds, and may be taken in a good or bad Sense; for an Imitation of Virtue also is called Emulation; but that is taking it in a good Sense, which here is not to be done: Emulation being Grief, proceeding from another's having obtain'd that which our selves have not. Malice is a kind of Jealousie, occasion'd by another's enjoying some Thing which we desired. Pity is Grief, upon account of another's undeserved Afflictions: For no Body is moved with Pity at the Punishment of a Murtherer or a Traytor. Sorrow, is a pressing Grief. Mourning, a Grief occasion'd by the untimely Death of one we loved. Grief is accompanied with Weeping. Vexation, is a painful Grief. Pain, is a tormenting Grief. Lamentation, a Grief generally accompanied with Cries and Groans. Sollicitude, a thoughtful Grief. Trouble, a Grief of long Continuance. Affliction, an Uneasiness with bodily Disturbance. Despair, a Grief without any Hopes of being in a more prosperous Condition. Those subordinate to Fear, are thus defined: Irksomeness, is the fear of some consequent Labour. Terrour, is a shaking Fear; thus, as Blushing is occasion'd by Shame, so Paleness and Gnashing of the Teeth is occasion'd by Terrour. Apprehension, is the Fear of some approaching Evil. Dread, is such a Fear as puts the Mind entirely from its Seat; according to that Verse of *Ennius*:

Dread had expell'd all Wiſdom from my Mind.

Diſpiritedneſs is a Fear ſubſequent, and as it were, the Companion to Dread. Diſtraction, is ſuch Fear as drives away all our former Reſolutions. Horrour, is a Fear of long Continuance. The Parts of Pleaſure they deſcribe after this manner: Ill-natured Rejoycing is Pleaſure ariſing from another Man's Misfortunes, tho' the Rejoycer gets nothing by them. Delight is ſenſual Pleaſure, ſuch as are all thoſe of the Hearing, Smell, Taſte, Touch, which ſeem to melt and ſoften the Mind. Boaſting, is an inſolent vain Pleaſure in commending one's ſelf. Thoſe which are under Luſt are thus defined: Anger, is the Luſt of puniſhing any Perſon ſuppoſed to have injured us. Fury, is a hot but ſhort-lived Anger. Hatred, is an inveterate Anger. Enmity, is Anger watching an opportunity of Revenge. Diſcord, is bitter Anger thoroughly rooted and fixed in the Heart. Coveting, an inſatiable Luſt. Deſire, a Luſt of ſeeing ſomething Abſent. Here, with the Logicians, they make a Diſtinction: They ſay, the difference between a Man that covets, and a Man that deſires, is this; the Man that deſires, could wiſh he had Honours and Riches; but the Man that covets, not only wiſhes for Honours and Riches, but endeavours alſo to attain them. But Intemperance, they ſay, is the Source of all theſe Diſorders; 'tis a Revolt from the Mind and from right Reaſon; from whoſe Dire-

Directions 'tis ſo averſe, that it makes the Appetites of the Mind uncapable either to be governed, or contained in due Bounds. Therefore, as Temperance calms the Appetite, reduces it to the Obedience of right Reaſon, and ſteadily maintains the wiſe Reſolutions of the Mind; ſo Intemperance is an utter Enemy to all Order, inflames the whole State of the Mind, diſorders and diſturbs it. Therefore Grief and Fear, and indeed all diſorderly Motions, proceed from That.

As when the Blood is corrupt, or when the Phlegm or the Choler redounds, Diſtempers and Diſeaſes are engendered in the Body; ſo the Confuſion and Contrariety of depraved Opinions deprives the Mind of its Health, and diſorders it with various Diſtempers. From theſe Diſorders proceed firſt Diſtempers, which they call νοσήματα, and their Contraries, which create a Diſtaſte to ſome particular Things: Then Sickneſſes, which by the Stoicks are called ἀῤῥωστήμαλα, and their oppoſite Averſions. Thus the Stoicks, and eſpecially *Chryſippus*, take a great deal of Pains in comparing the likeneſs of the Diſeaſes of the Mind to thoſe of the Body; but I ſhall paſs by all that, as altogether unneceſſary, and ſpeak to the Matter it ſelf. By Diſorder then is underſtood, a continual Motion, our Opinions being always in Confuſion and Hurry; but when this heat and violence of Mind is grown inveterate, and has as it were taken up its Reſidence in our Blood and Marrow, then appear the Diſeaſes and Diſtempers, and the Averſions which are their Contraries.

Theſe Things I ſpeak of do, in appearance, differ from each other, but are indeed united, and proceed from Luſt and Joy. For when we are taken with a Love of Money, and Reaſon, (like a Socratick Remedy) is not preſently applied, to cure ſuch a Deſire, it gets into the Blood, ſticks in the very Vitals, and occaſions Diſeaſe and Sickneſs, which when grown inveterate are incurable; and this Diſeaſe is term'd Avarice. And ſo of other Diſeaſes, as the Love of Glory, or of Women, and all ſuch Diſtempers are produced in the ſame manner. But the contrary of theſe are thought to proceed from Fear, as the Hate of Women, or that of all Mankind, ſuch as is related of *Timon*, or Inhoſpitality; all which Diſeaſes of the Mind proceed from a Fear of thoſe Things which the Perſons hate and avoid. They define a Diſeaſe of the Mind to be a ſtrong Opinion of a thing's being very deſirable, which is not ſo. A Diſeaſe proceeding from an Averſion, they define thus; a ſtrong Opinion of a thing's being to be avoided, which is not ſo. This Opinion is, thinking we do know what we do not know. The ſeveral ſorts of Diſorders ſubordinate to this Diſeaſe are, Avarice, Ambition, Love of Women, Obſtinacy, Gluttony, Drunkenneſs, Luxury. For Avarice is a ſtrong Opinion that Money is moſt deſirable, though indeed it be not ſo; and the Definition of the reſt is of the ſame Nature, as are thoſe of Averſions; as Inhoſpitality is a ſtrong Opinion that a Stranger is to be avoided; thus too, the Hatred of Women, and *Hippolitus*'s

and

and *Timon*'s Hate of all Mankind is defined. But to come to the Compariſon of the Diſeaſes of the Mind with thoſe of the Body, (which Compariſon we ſhall make uſe of ſometimes, though not ſo often as the Stoicks:) As ſome are by their Conſtitutions more or leſs prone to different Diſtempers than others are, (wherefore we ſay, ſuch a one is ſickly, not becauſe he is ſick at the time when 'tis ſpoken, but becauſe he is often ſo,) ſo others are more or leſs prone, ſome to Fear, and others to other Diſorders: Thus ſome are prone to Anxiety, and therefore are termed anxious; others to Paſſionateneſs, which differs from being in a Paſſion; for to be Paſſionate is one thing, and to be in a Paſſion another; neither are thoſe who are inclined to Anxiety, always anxious; and ſo likewiſe Drunkenneſs differs from Drunken, as being in Love does from being of an amorous Conſtitution. And this Proneneſs of Men to different Diſeaſes extends very far; for it relates to all Diſorders, and appears in Vices too, but has no Name; wherefore Men are called curious, ill-natured, fearful, compaſſionate, becauſe they are liable to thoſe Diſorders, and not becauſe they are always troubled with them. Therefore by a Compariſon drawn from the Body, ſuch Proneneſs to any Diſorder is called a Diſeaſe; that is, whilſt it is meant of a Proneneſs to ill Actions; but in good ones, when we would note any one's being diſpos'd to do a good Thing, we call that Diſpoſition; but in ill things, we call it Proneneſs, as ſignifying a Falling;

Falling; in things indifferent, neither good not bad, it may retain the Name we have made uſe of above.

In the ſame manner as in the Body, there is Diſeaſe, Sickneſs, and Imperfection; ſo is there the ſame in the Soul. They call Diſeaſe the Corruption of the whole Body, and Sickneſs they ſay is a Weakneſs of it: Imperfection is when the Parts of the Body are diſproportionable to each other, whence comes Miſhapedneſs of Members, Diſtortion, and Deformity. Theſe two, therefore, Diſeaſe and Sickneſs, proceed from a diſordering of the Health of the whole Body: but an Imperfection, though the Body be in perfect Health, is of it ſelf diſcernable; but in the Mind, Diſeaſe and Sickneſs are to be diſtinguiſhed from each other only by Thought. Deformity in the Mind is an Inconſiſtency, an ununiform Habit of Mind. So that a Corruption of Opinions does in the one produce Diſeaſe and Sickneſs, and in the other Inconſtancy and Repugnance. Yet every Deformity hath not equal Inconſiſtency of Opinions; for though every Diſagreement from ſtrict Truth and Reaſon be a Deformity, it admits of ſeveral Degrees. Sickneſſes and Diſeaſes are allowed to be Parts of Deformity; whether Diſorders be ſo too, is a Queſtion; for Deformities are permanent Affections, but Diſorders are moveable, ſo that they can make no Part of permanent Affections. As the Body may be compared to the Mind in its Faults, ſo may it too in its Excellencies. The peculiar Graces of the Body

dy are Beauty, Strength, Health, Firmneſs, Swiftneſs; all which have their Parallels in the Mind. For ſuch a Temperament of the Body wherein all its Parts do mutually agree, is Health; and a uniform Agreement of Notions and Opinions, is the Health of the Mind. This is that Virtue of the Mind which ſome will have to be Temperance itſelf; others, only a Compliance with the Precepts of Temperance, and not a peculiar Species by itſelf: But be it which it will, it is on all Sides agreed, it is to be found only in a wiſe Man. Yet there is a ſort of Health of the Mind, which even Fools may enjoy, through the Means of a *Regimen*, and the Medicines of Phyſicians. And as there is an apt Figure of Body, joined with a Sweetneſs of Complexion, which is call'd Beauty; ſo in the Mind alſo, the Steadineſs and Conſtancy of Opinions and Notions, treading in the Paths of Virtue, with a ſort of Firmneſs and Continuance, or rather having in it the Strength itſelf of Virtue, is call'd Beauty too. And the Strength of the Mind being of the ſame Nature with the Strength, and Vigour, and Force of the Body, it is expreſs'd by the ſame Words. The Body has a Quickneſs which is call'd Celerity, and the Mind poſſeſſes the ſame Faculty; ſince in ſo ſhort a Time it can run over ſuch an infinite Number of Things.

But here the Compariſon of the Mind with the Body breaks: ſtrong healthy Minds cannot be afflicted with any Diſeaſe, Bodies may; Indiſpoſition may happen to the Body without

out our Fault, but not to the Mind: For all Diseases and Disorders of the Mind proceed from a Contempt of Reason, and therefore Men only are subject to them. Beasts are not subject to Disorders, though they have something like them. Between the quick and the dull there is this Difference; the quick or ingenious, as *Corinthian* Brass is less subject to Rust, so are they to Diseases, and are sooner cured of them; but it is not so with the stupid. Neither is the Mind of the Ingenious subject to all manner of Disorders, for they seldom fall into violent and cruel ones, but are mostly prone to those which have the first Appearance of Humanity; as Compassion, Grief and Fear. But Diseases and Distempers of the Mind are more difficult to be rooted out, than those flagrant Vices which are the Opposites to Virtue; and the Vices may be extirpated, while the others continue to infest the Mind. You have now what the Stoicks so nicely disputed concerning Disorders; from which, since we have at length disengaged our Discourse, as from rough Rocks; we shall have a more easie Course through the remaining Part of it; I mean, if I have sufficiently explained those obscure Points. *A.* I think you have; but if upon Reflection I shall observe any Intricacy, I will at another time desire your Information; but now, to use your own Expression, pray hoist Sail, and proceed upon the intended Course. *M.* Since therefore we already have often spoken of Virtue, and shall in the Pursuit of this Design, have occasion to speak of it again;

(for

(for ſeveral Queſtions relating to Life and Manners, are deduced from the Source of Virtue) it will not be unneceſſary to define it. Virtue is a conſtant and uniform Diſpoſition of Mind, making them commendable in whom it is, and being in itſelf (ſeparately conſidered from all Profit) commendable; from Virtue proceed all praiſe-worthy Deſires, Opinions, Actions, and all right Reaſon; and indeed Virtue itſelf may be called right Reaſon. The oppoſite to this then is Vitiouſneſs, for ſo I chuſe to name what the *Greeks* term Κακία, and not Malice, for Malice is the Name of a particular Vice; but Viciouſneſs is the Name of all thoſe Vices, from whence proceed turbulent and violent Motions in the Mind, contrary to Reaſon, and moſt deſtructive to the Mind, and a quiet Life. For they occaſion anxious and bitter Uneaſineſſes, torment the Mind, and afflict and debilitate it by Fear; they inflame it with too much Appetite, which is ſometimes term'd Deſire, and ſometimes Luſt, and Impotence of Mind, diſagreeing from Temperance and Moderation; which upon obtaining its Ends, creates that unruly Joy in the Mind, which makes it uncapable of knowing what it is about; according to him, who is of Opinion, that ſuch exceſſive Joy of the Mind is the greateſt Deluſion; the Cure of all which Evils lies in Virtue only.

But what can be, not only more miſerable, but alſo more baſe and deform'd, than to ſee a Man afflicted and debilitated, and diſpirited with Grief. To which Miſery he is very near,

near, who fears any approaching Evil, and is confused in his Mind; the Force of which miserable Disposition, the Poets have figur'd out to us by the Stone hanging over *Tantalus*'s Head,

For Impotence of Mind, and idle Boastings.

This is the common Punishment of Folly. For all those, whose Minds are repugnant to Reason, are continually either in Apprehension, or else in Grief. And as these Melancholy Passions, Grief and Fear, are disorderly Motions of the Mind, so those more chearful ones, Desire, always impatiently aiming at something, and vain Mirth, do not much differ from Madness. This shews what we mean by a moderate, modest, temperate, constant, continent Man, though sometimes all these Words are included in that of Frugal; which had it not so large and general a Signification, we should never have had the Proverb, *That a Frugal Man doth every thing right*; which when the Stoicks apply to their wise Man, they seem to be too Pompous and Magnificent in their Assertion.

He, therefore, whoever he be, that by means of Moderation and Constancy is quiet in his Mind, and is so far satisfied with himself, as neither to pine with Uneasiness, nor be broken with Fear, nor ardently to desire any thing, nor to melt away in a loose and foolish Mirth; he is the wise Man we hunt after, he is happy; to him nothing in this World can appear so intolerable as to make him dejected, nor so desirable, as to give

give him an unreaſonable Elevation of Mind. For what among Human Things can appear great to him, who hath conſidered Eternity and the Magnitude of the whole World? What in humane Studies, or in ſo ſhort a ſpan of Life, can ſeem great to a wiſe Man, who is always ſo much upon his Guard, that nothing extraordinary, nothing unexpected, nothing unlook'd-for, can happen to him; who always directs the Eye of his Mind to find out another Place of Peace and Reſt, free from all ſorts of Trouble; ſo that let Fortune occaſion whatſoever Confuſion in Affairs it will, he can be quiet and content in all, not only free from Grief, but from every other Diſorder. And the Mind's being free and clear from all theſe, is what makes a Man perfectly happy. But by being at any time ſtirr'd up, and torn from right Reaſon, it loſes not only its Uniformity, but alſo its Health. The Notion therefore of the *Peripateticks*, who think it abſolutely neceſſary that there ſhould be Diſorders in the Mind, is to be eſteem'd Mean and Womaniſh. Yet they ſet Bounds, beyond which they confeſs it is not unavoidable to paſs. Do you ſet Bounds to Vice? Is it no Vice not to obey Reaſon? Does not Reaſon ſufficiently inform you, that what you too ardently deſire, and are too much elevated with when gained, can be no Good? Nor, that an Evil, with which being oppreſs'd, you are dejected and ſunk down, or through Fear of which you are almoſt out of your Senſes? That every Thing which is too afflicting, or too tranſporting,

proceeds

proceeds from Deluſion? Since Time apparently leſſens ſuch fooliſh Errors; and though the Thing continue perfectly the ſame, 'tis borne differently when of elder Date, than when freſh. A wiſe Man cannot then be at all ſubject to Grief. But ſince a Limitation is argued for by ſome, let us inquire what are its Bounds, and how it may be limited. *Fannius* writes, that *P. Rutilius* was very much grieved at his Brother's miſſing the Conſulſhip; but it is owned that he exceeded the Limits of Grief, becauſe he died of it. He ought therefore to have borne it more moderately. But ſuppoſe he had borne that with more Temper, and this Affliction had been aggravated by the Loſs of his Children; this had been Occaſion of freſh Uneaſineſs, and though little in itſelf, yet it would have been a great Addition to his former Sorrow. But add to the former Calamities the Loſs of his Eſtate, grievous Bodily Pains, Blindneſs, Baniſhment, and ſuppoſe that each of theſe occaſion a particular Sorrow: It would then grow to be the greateſt of Afflictions, and would be utterly intolerable.

He therefore that endeavours to regulate a Fault of this Nature, acts all one as if he thought he who threw himſelf from *Leucate*, could at Pleaſure ſtop himſelf in the middle of his Fall. As that was impoſſible, ſo is it for an enraged diſorder'd Mind to reſtrain itſelf. Thoſe Things which in their Conſequences are pernicious, are Criminal in their Beginnings. Grief, and all Diſorders of the Mind, are undoubtedly hurtful in their Conſequences,

ſequences, and therefore are Faults at firſt. When once they have departed from Reaſon, they force themſelves on; Weakneſs flatters itſelf, and is imprudently carried into the Deep, where it knows no Place of fixing. It is the ſame thing to argue for moderate Diſorders, as for moderate Injuſtice, moderate Cowardice, moderate Intemperance. For he who ſuffers a Limitation in Vice, apparently permits a part of Vice: And as all Vices are in their own Nature odious, and therefore not to be permitted, ſo they are as it were on a Precipice, and upon the leaſt Motion given to them, fall down headlong, without there being any Poſſibility of ſtopping them.

But the *Peripateticks* proceed ſo far as to aſſert, that thoſe Paſſions which we think ought to be extirpated, are not only Natural, but alſo given us by Nature for our Advantage. And thus they argue; firſt, they highly commend Anger as the Whetſtone of Valour, and that Attacks made by enraged Men upon an Enemy, or a bad Citizen, are moſt powerful and executive. They deſpiſe the Arguments of thoſe who conſider thus; if it is right we ſhould fight this Battle, it is our Duty to fight for our Laws, our Liberties, and our Country; theſe Arguments they think to be of no Force, unleſs Rage whets on Valour. Nor do they diſpute only about the Swordſmen, but contend alſo, that none of the more ſevere Offices of Power can be perform'd without Anger. Nay, laſtly, they do not approve of an Orator's Defending or Accuſing, unleſs

less we be spurr'd on by Rage and Passion; and tho' he may not be angry indeed, they think he ought to counterfeit being so, that the Action of the Orator may provoke and inflame the Anger of the Hearers. Lastly, they deny there can possibly be any Man incapable of being angry, and call Sloth and Lethargy of Mind, what we do Calmness and Mildness. Nor do they only commend this Lust, (for Anger is, as I before defined it, a Lust of Revenge) but earnestly contend for this Desire or Lust's being advantageously given us by Nature; for no one would do any famous Action, unless he took Pleasure in it. *Themistocles* used to walk up and down in the Night, because he could not sleep; and when the Reason was asked him why he did so, he said, *Miltiades's Trophies will not let me sleep.* Who hath not heard of *Demosthenes's* Watchings? who is reported to have been much afflicted, if ever any Industrious Labourer was up before him in the Morning. Lastly, all the great Philosophers had never been able to make such wonderful Progress as they did in Philosophy, had they not been pushed on by a violent Desire. We are informed that *Pythagoras*, *Democritus*, *Plato*, travelled over the most remote Parts, and thought there was no Corner of the World which had any Learning in it, but what ought to be sought out. Can we think this possible to be done without the greatest Ardency of Desire?

They also say that even Grief, which in my Opinion ought to be avoided as a raging and devouring Beast, was given to us by Nature

to

to our no ſmall Advantage; to the Intent that Men ſhould be grieved to be reproved and chaſtiſed, and ſhamed for any Fault. For thoſe ſeem to be in a State of Impunity for all Faults, who are Proof againſt the Stings of Shame and Ignominy. But it is better that Conſcience ſhould ſting us. Thus *Afranius*, when his diſſolute Son ſaid, *Oh me miſerable!* reply'd,

If you but grieve, I care not what's the Cauſe.

The other Parts of Grief they ſay are uſeful too; as Compaſſion to incline us to remove the Calamities of other Men that do not deſerve them. Nay, Emulation and Malice they ſay are not without their Uſes, the firſt of which proceeds from our ſeeing ſomething we have not attained to, and the latter from being diſpleaſed at others having attained what we have not. And if Fear were taken away, the great Spring of Induſtry would be taken away too, ſince they are always moſt diligent in their Duty, who moſt fear the Laws, the Magiſtrates, or Poverty, Ignominy, Death or Pain. They argue theſe Paſſions ought to be reſtrained, and their Exceſſes lopped off, but the main Root ought in no wiſe to be extirpated, neither indeed can it poſſibly be done. The Mean in this, as univerſally in all things, is the beſt. Pray what is your Opinion of their Reaſoning? *A.* I own, I think they argue well, and therefore am impatient to hear what you can ſay in Anſwer to them.

M.

M. I may perhaps find ſomething to ſay: But firſt let us obſerve, how modeſtly the Academicks behave themſelves; they ſpeak directly to the Purpoſe. The *Stoicks* reply to the *Peripateticks*. Let them diſpute the Matter; for me, I have no farther Deſign than barely to enquire for what is moſt probable in every Queſtion. What then is to be met with in this Queſtion, which may lead us to the greateſt Probability, and beyond which no Human Wit can reach? The Definition of Perturbations: *Zeno* I think rightly defines them thus; A Perturbation is a Commotion of the Mind contrary to Reaſon, and repugnant to Nature; or more ſhortly thus, a Perturbation is a violent Appetite or Luſt. By violent is underſtood ſuch a one as exceeds the regular Uniformity of Nature. What can I ſay of theſe Definitions? they are in the main the Words of the greateſt Diſputants. Such Deſcriptions as theſe, *the Warmth of the Mind*, *and Whetſtones of Virtues*, more properly belong to Orators. But cannot a brave Man behave himſelf gallantly without being in a Paſſion? That may indeed agree with Gladiators; tho' even in them we often ſee great Calmneſs of Temper: They diſcourſe, meet, complain, and ask ſuch Queſtions as rather argue them to be pleaſed than angry. But be it allowed that there are ſome of *Pacideianus*'s Temper, as *Lucilius* deſcribes him.

If That you ſeek, my Enemy I'll kill;
Tho' firſt perhaps myſelf may feel his Sword
In my own Breaſt, before I reach his Heart.
I hate the Man, and will no longer ſtay,

Than

Than till he braves me with his naked Sword.
With Wrath unquenchable my Soul is fir'd.

Yet without any of this Ruffian-like Rage, we obſerve *Ajax* is deſcribed by *Homer* coming out to fight *Hector*, with a great deal of Eaſe and Chearfulneſs; his Entrance into the Field raiſed his Countrymens Courage, and ſunk the Hearts of his Enemies: So that even *Hector*, according to *Homer*, repented his having called him out to Combat. Theſe Perſonages diſcourſed together before they engaged, mildly and calmly, and during the whole Battle did nothing that argued Rage or Malice. I do not think *Torquatus*, who was ſurnamed from that Action, was in a Paſſion when he took the Chain from the *Gaul*: Nor that *Marcellus* can therefore be proved Courageous, becauſe he was angry at *Claſtidium*. I may be poſitive (becauſe the Action is more modern, and the Memory of it freſher in every ones Mind) that *Africanus* was not angry when he defended *Alienus Pelignus* with his Shield in the Battle, and thruſt his Sword into his Enemy's Breaſt. I dare not affirm the ſame of *Brutus*, who upon account of his exceſſive Hate of Tyranny, engaged deſperately with *Aruns*, and both fell at one Courſe. Why then is Anger brought in here? Cannot Courage act without being ſpurr'd on by Paſſion? Can we ſuppoſe *Hercules*, who was exalted to Heaven for that Valour which you term Anger, to have been in a Paſſion with the *Erimanthean* Boar, or *Nemæan* Lion? Or did *Theſeus* in a Fit of Anger ſeize the Horns

Horns of the Bull at *Marathon*? Conſider whether Valour is not entirely void of Anger, for Anger is ſudden and raſh, but Fortitude cannot in any wiſe be void of Reaſon.

All human Accidents are to be deſpiſed, Death is to be contemned; all Labour and Pain is to be eſteemed tolerable. When this Notion is thoroughly fixed in the Mind, it produces a ſure and ſteady Courage; unleſs we ſpeak ſo improperly as to ſuſpect Things done with Warmth and Spirit to be done in Anger. Nor do I think *Scipio* the High Pontiff, who uſed to maintain that Tenet of the Stoicks, That no private Man was Happy, was angry when he left *T. Gracchus* dying, and with the Air and Authority of a Conſul, commanded them who wiſhed well to the Commonwealth, to follow him. I know not whether I have done any thing bravely in the Management of the Commonwealth; but if I have, I am ſure it was not done in Anger. Can there be any thing more like to Madneſs than Anger? *Ennius* very well called it the beginning of Madneſs. What Air of Soundneſs of Mind have the Eyes, Voice, Colour and Geſture of Angry Perſons? What can be more diſpleaſing than *Homer's Achilles* in a Paſſion, or *Agamemnon* when railing? Anger carried *Ajax* quite into Madneſs and Death. Valour then need not be ſupported by Anger; She is ſufficiently armed with her own proper Weapons. And we may with as much Reaſon argue, That Drunkenneſs is neceſſary to Courage, as that Anger is, ſince Drunken Men, as well as Angry, do Things with more

Vehe-

Vehemence. *Ajax* was always Brave, but especially so when Angry.

The braveſt Action that he e'er perform'd
Was when the Greeks *gave way: his ſingle Arm*
Did, in a Rage, reſtore the languid Fight.

Shall not we then ſay Madneſs is neceſſary to Courage?

Conſider the Definition of Valour, you will find ſhe ſtands in no need of Anger. Valour is an Affection of the Mind, obedient to the higheſt Law of Reaſon in enduring Things; or, a Preſervation of a fix'd and ſteady Reſolution in bearing or repelling Things which appear formidable; or, a Knowledge of Things terrible, and their Contraries, ſuch as are to be preferred or neglected, and a reſolute maintaining a juſt Judgment upon them; or more conciſely, as *Chryſippus* defines it, for all the foregoing Definitions were made by one *Sphærus*, a Man as the Stoicks think very skillful in defining Things; yet they are all very much alike, only ſome declare the common Notions more clearly than the others. How then doth *Chryſippus* define it? Courage, ſays he, is a Knowledge of what is preferable, or an Affection of the Mind obedient to the higheſt Reaſon. Tho' we may make a Jeſt of the Philoſophers, as *Carneades* uſed to do, I queſtion whether they are not the only Men that may be counted ſuch; for which of theſe Definitions doth not open to us the Notion of Fortitude, that lies dark and confuſed in our own Minds? Which, when we know, who

would deſire any farther Aſſiſtance for a General, a Judge, or Orator, or who would think it neceſſary for them to be Angry? Do not the Stoicks, when they affirm all Fools are Mad, ſeem to be of that Opinion? Take away all diſorderly Motions, eſpecially Anger, and their Arguments will appear to be Monſtrous; but they mean all Fools are Mad, after the ſame manner that all Filth ſtinks, not that it always ſtinks; but ſtir it, and you will perceive it does; ſo touch an angry Man, and you will find he will rave. But of what uſe is that fighting Anger at home, with a Wife and Children, and a Family? Is it then uſeful? Or is there any thing that a diſorder'd Mind can perform better than a ſober Diſpoſition? Or can any one be Angry without a Diſorder of Mind? Therefore our Countrymen, obſerving all Weakneſſes to be incident to Sickneſs, and that nothing was more vile than Anger, did very juſtly in ſaying angry People only were ſick.

But it in no manner becomes an Orator to be Angry, tho' to counterfeit a Paſſion is allowable. Did you ever think me Angry, when you ſaw me Pleading with any extraordinary Warmth and Vehemence? and when the Cauſe was finiſhed, and I ſat down to write out my Orations, was I Angry? Can we imagine, *Æſopus* either acted, or *Accius* wrote, in any Anger? Such Paſſions are counterfeited by an Orator with great Advantage, and if he be indeed an Orator, much better than by any Player; but it muſt be done with the greateſt Compoſure of Mind. To praiſe Luſt is a

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part of Luſt it ſelf. You bring as Inſtances *Themiſtocles*, *Demoſthenes*, nay *Pythagoras*, *Democritus*, and *Plato*: But do you call Study, Luſt? And yet even that, tho' converſant about the moſt Praiſe-worthy Things, ſtill ought to be regular and moderate. But what Character do thoſe Philoſophers deſerve who praiſe Grief, the moſt hateful Diſeaſe of the Mind? *Afranius* ſaid very properly,

If you but grieve, I care not what's the Cauſe.

He ſpoke of a diſſolute, abandon'd young Man: But we here inquire, What it is proper for a wiſe Man to do? Or, is Anger neceſſary to a Soldier to ſupport his Courage? He indeed may with ſuch a heat of Temper ſupply the Natural want of Reaſon; but where the latter is, there does not ſeem to be any Occaſion for the other; and our preſent Inquiry is, What a Wiſe Man ought to do.

But even Emulation, Malice, and Compaſſion, are uſeful. Why ſhould we rather be Compaſſionate, than give Aſſiſtance, if we are able? Cannot we be Liberal without Compaſſion? Sure we ought not our ſelves to take upon us the Misfortunes of others, but only help them out of them if it be in our Power. Or what Advantage is there in Malice or Emulation? the one proceeds from a Diſſatisfaction for ſome Good another hath, and he wants; and the other ariſes from Grief at another's Advantage, which he once had.

Who can approve of even arriving at Wiſdom through Grief? Or who can commend a Mean in any of theſe Evils? For, who that hath Luſt and Covetouſneſs in him will not be Luſtful and Coveting? Who that has Anger in him will not be Angry? Who that has Anxiety in him will not be Anxious? Who that has Fear in him will not be Fearful? Muſt we, then, think a wiſe Man can be Luſtful, and Covetous, and Angry, and Anxious, and Fearful? Wiſdom hath had many noble Deſcriptions, and among others, this ſhort one: It is the Knowledge of all Divine and Human Things and their Cauſes; for which Reaſon it is her chief Buſineſs to imitate heavenly Perfections, and to look upon all human Things to be much inferiour to Virtue. Can you then think you are capable of falling into this Diſorder of Mind, as into a Sea ſubject to Winds? And if you eſcape it, what is it that can diſcompoſe ſo much Conſtancy and Sedateneſs? Can any ſudden and unforeſeen Accident happen to you? What, properly ſpeaking, can happen ſudden and unexpected to a wiſe Man? As for them who ſay, all Exceſſes ought to be par'd off, and only the Natural Paſſions left; Pray how can any thing be ſaid to be Natural that ſometime may be Exceſſive? All theſe Diſorders and Diſeaſes of the Mind proceed not from Natural Cauſes, but from the Root of Error, and that muſt be wholly extirpated, and not lopp'd only.

But becauſe I ſuſpect, that your Queſtion is put more of your ſelf than of a wiſe Man, (for you ſeem to believe that He is free from all

all diſorderly Motions of the Mind) let us ſee what are the Remedies which Philoſophy preſcribes for ſuch Diſeaſes of the Mind. For ſure there is ſome Medicine for the Mind, and Nature hath not been ſo unkind as to provide ſo many Things wholeſome for our Bodies, and none for our Mind; but far from that, Nature has ſupplied our Minds even better than our Bodies; and for this Reaſon, all Medicines for the Body are to be ſought for out of it, but the Medicine of the Mind is implanted in the Mind it ſelf. But the more Perfection and Excellence there is in the latter, the more Care is to be uſed in Curing it. The Medicine is Reaſon, which rightly applied, ſees clearly what is beſt; but being neglected, the Mind is entangled in innumerable Errors. But I muſt now direct all my Diſcourſe to you: You ſtated the Queſtion as if about a wiſe Man, but perhaps mean your ſelf. The above mentioned Diſorders then have ſeveral Remedies, for all of them are not to be calm'd by any one ſingly: Grief, Pity, and Envy, require different Means. But we muſt firſt inquire here, whether we muſt apply a Remedy for a univerſal Perturbation, a general abandoning of Reaſon, or for ſome violent Tranſport or Appetite of the Mind only, or whether we are only to cure ſome ſingle Indiſpoſition, as Fear, or Luſt, and the reſt. We muſt firſt examine, whether the Caſe now lamented, appears to be really grievous, or whether all Uneaſineſs is entirely to be taken away. As for Inſtance, Should any one be grieved becauſe he was

Poor, would you diſpute that Poverty was no Evil, or that he never ought to be grieved. Perhaps this latter is the beſt, leaſt if you ſhould fail in your Argument for Poverty, it may ſeem reaſonable to be grieved. For when once Grief is taken away by ſuch Reaſons as we Yeſterday uſed, the Evil of Poverty is in a great Meaſure taken away too.

Let all Perturbations of this Sort be done away by calming the Mind, and ſhewing that nothing is either Good that creates Joy or Luſt, or nothing Evil that creates Grief and Fear. Another good Argument is to ſhew, That all Perturbations are in themſelves Vitious, and have nothing either Natural or Neceſſary: As we often find Grief is driven away by repreſenting to the Perſon grieved, how much the Mind is debaſed and effeminated by it, and by highly commending the Conſtancy of thoſe who bear calmly all the Accidents of Life. And this Compoſure of Mind is very often in them who think ſuch Accidents great Evils, but ſtill think they ought to be borne with Temper. One Perſon may think Pleaſure to be a Good, another Money to be one; yet may each of theſe be perſuaded from Intemperance and from Covetouſneſs. The other Method of reaſoning, by ſhewing together the falſe Eſtimate made of Things, and the Folly of Uneaſineſs, is very excellent, but not proper to be inſiſted on to the Vulgar. But there are ſome Griefs that this way of reaſoning can never reach: As ſuppoſing any one ſhould grieve that he had no Principle of Virtue in him, no Soul,

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no Senſe of Duty or Honeſty: There is ſome different Method of curing him of the Uneaſineſs about theſe Evils; and what have all the Philoſophers, who in almoſt all Things differ, that can be proper on this Occaſion? They ought all to agree, that the Commotions of the Mind, which are contrary to Reaſon, are Vicious; ſo that even tho' thoſe Things which created Fear and Grief were not Evils, nor thoſe Goods which produced Luſt and Joy; yet thoſe Commotions themſelves were Vicious. The Man that deſerves the Name of Magnanimous, ſhould be conſtant, ſedate, calm, deſpiſing all Humane Affairs; and ſuch only we allow to be a Valiant Man: Such a one can neither Greive, nor Fear, nor Deſire, nor be Tranſported; for theſe Paſſions are only incident to thoſe who conceive Human Events to have a Superiority over their Minds.

All Philoſophers ſhould therefore agree in this Way of curing the Mind, by arguing, not whether this or that be really a Good which diſturbs the Mind, but by wholly cutting off all Uneaſineſs. Thus in the Uneaſineſs of Deſire, for inſtance, inquiry is not to be made, whether this Object of Deſire be a Good or not, but our whole Diſcourſe is to be levelled againſt Deſire univerſally. Whether ſuch Deſire be for the chief Good, or for what is Honeſt, or for Pleaſure, or whether theſe three Kinds of Goods together are deſired; nay, tho' Virtue it ſelf be immoderately deſired, there is one Topick to be inſiſted on againſt them all; that is, The Mind of Man muſt be compoſed and

ſedate: Arguments for perſuading this may be drawn from laying the Condition of Human Life before their Eyes: A Diſcourſe that explains this would on many Occaſions be extreamly proper. Therefore when *Euripides* read his Play of *Oreſtes*, *Socrates* is reported to have deſired a Repitition of theſe Verſes:

No Fate can be conceiv'd ſo hard, ſo dreadful,
But what Man's Nature may with Eaſe endure.

It is alſo very proper, in order to convince that Accidents both may and ought to be endured patiently, to enumerate thoſe who have been ſedate under the like Chances. But I have ſhewn how Grief may be aſſwaged, both in our Yeſterday's Diſcourſe, and in my Treatiſe of Conſolation, which I wrote in the midſt of my own Grief, (for I do not pretend that I was Wiſe;) And tho' *Chryſippus* forbids applying the Remedies whilſt the Wound of the Mind is yet freſh; yet I did it, and joyn'd to it the utmoſt Courage of my Nature, to the intent that the Greatneſs of the Diſeaſe might give way to the Greatneſs of the Remedy.

But ſo much for Grief; let us now ſay ſomething of Fear, which borders nearly upon it. For as Grief is a Notion of a preſent Evil, ſo Fear is that of a future one. For this Reaſon, ſome ſay Fear is a part of Grief; and others, that it is a Diſturbance beforehand, or the Forerunner of ſome conſequent Diſturbance: So that for the ſame Reaſon that preſent Misfortunes are endured patiently, future

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ones are deſpiſed; for in both we are to take Care not to do any thing baſe, mean, effeminate, or abject. But tho' the Subject requires that we ſhould treat of the Unſteadineſs, Weakneſs, and Folly of Fear it ſelf; yet there are many Reaſons for deſpiſing even thoſe Things which are fear'd. Therefore, whether it was done by Accident, or on Purpoſe, it fell out very properly, that on the firſt and ſecond Day thoſe Things were diſputed of which are moſt fear'd, namely Death and Pain; which Diſputations will free whoſoever is convinced by them from the chief part of Fear.

Hitherto we have ſpoken of the Diſorders produced by the Opinion of Evils; let us now come to thoſe produced by the Opinion of Good, that is, Joy and Deſire. And indeed I think, that the whole of this Diſpute relating to the diſorderly Motions of the Mind, amounts but to this, that they are all in our Power, and that we entertain them by our own free Will and Conſent. This Error therefore is to be rooted out, and this Opinion removed; and as in imagined Evils, thoſe are to be made tolerable which are called heavy; ſo in imagined Goods, thoſe are to be made calm and ſedate which are called tranſporting. One thing is common both to Goods and Evils; that if it is difficult to perſwade that thoſe Things which diſturb the Mind, are none of them in general, neither to be accounted Goods or Evils; yet a ſeveral Remedy may be applied to every one in particular, and the Malevolent is to be corrected by one Method, he looſe Lover by another; Anxiety is to be

cured one way, and Fear another. And it were eaſie for one that follows that Opinion of Goods and Evils which is moſt approved, to deny that it is poſſible for a Fool to be affected with any Joy, becauſe nothing Good could happen to him. But now we ſpeak after the more commonly received Opinion. Suppoſe thoſe Things which are thought to be Goods, were ſo indeed, Honours, Riches, Pleaſures, and the reſt; yet an exulting immoderate Mirth at the obtaining of them is Folly; if to ſmile be allowed, to laugh and giggle is diſcommendable; for a dilating of the Mind in Joy is the ſame Fault, as a Contraction of it in Grief; and Deſire in coveting, is the ſame Levity as Joy in obtaining: as thoſe that are too much afflicted with Misfortunes are juſtly look'd upon as Light; ſo alſo are thoſe who are too much elated with Joy. And whereas Envying is a part of Grief, and Delight in other Mens Misfortunes a part of Joy; both are generally corrected by repreſenting their Cruelty and Inhumanneſs. And as it becomes us to Diſtruſt, though not to Fear; ſo it becomes us to be Glad, tho' not Merry; for Perſpicuity ſake, we diſtinguiſh Gladneſs from Mirth: We have already ſaid, that there could never be a Contraction of the Mind without a Fault, tho' there might be an Elation of it. *Nævius* makes *Hector* rejoyce in one manner, and *Trabeas* makes a Man rejoyce in another: *Hector* ſays thus, in *Nævius*:

Father, I joy to be by you commended,
By you who are your ſelf eſteem'd Praiſe-worthy.

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The Man in *Trabeas* ſays thus:

A Bawd for Money will obſerve my Nod,
Study my Pleaſure, and obey my Will:
My ſingle Rap will make the Doors fly open;
When Chryſis *ſees me to my Arms ſhe'll fly,*
And yield her ſelf entirely to my Will.

What a Satisfaction he thinks this will be to him, he plainly ſhews by theſe Words:

My Happineſs will Fortune's ſelf exceed.

Any one that does but conſider it, will ſee how vile this Joy is. And as thoſe are Vile who are elated with Delight when they enjoy Venereal Pleaſures; ſo thoſe are Lewd that deſire them with a burning Mind. But indeed, that which is commonly called Love, (nor do I know what other Name it can be call'd by) is all ſo made up of Levity, that I know not any thing it can be compared to:

He who believes not Love to be a God,
Knows not the World, or elſe muſt be a Fool.
Love, in whoſe Hands the Sovereign Rule is placed;
Who ſtrikes with Madneſs, or with Wit inſpires;
Who gives to whom he pleaſes Health or Sickneſs:
Who makes ſome Odious, and by all avoided,
And others Amiable, by all admired.

What

What a wonderful Corrector of Life is Poetry! which is of Opinion, That Love, the Author of Lewdneſs and Levity, deſerves a Seat among the Gods! I ſpeak of Comedy, which could not ſubſiſt if we did not give Countenance to ſuch Vices. But even in Tragedy, what ſays the Prince of the *Argonauts*:

More for my Love than Honour thou preſerv'dſt me.

But we muſt allow the Liberty of Trifling to the Poets, who in their Fables make even *Jupiter* himſelf converſant in the ſame Folly: Let us come to the Philoſophers, the Teachers of Virtue, who deny that there can poſſibly be any Love called Whoredom, and have great Diſputes upon that Point with *Epicurus*, who in my Opinion is not much in the wrong; for what is this Love called Friendſhip? Why does no Body love a deformed Youth, nor a handſome old Man? This Cuſtom ſeems to me to have had its beginning in the Academies of *Greece*, in which ſuch Love is allowed: Therefore *Ennius* very well ſays;

'Tis the firſt Root of Wickedneſs to ſhew,
Amongſt their Country-men, their naked Bodies:

In which Academies, if the Men are modeſt, as I believe they may be, yet they muſt be very Careful and Anxious to keep themſelves ſo; and that ſo much the more, as they conſtrain and curb themſelves. And to paſs over the Love of Women, which indeed Nature gives much more

more Liberty to than the other; who is there that can doubt what the Poets mean by the Rape of *Ganymede*? Or that does not underſtand what *Laius* ſays and deſires in *Euripides*? Or knows not what the moſt learned Men and the greateſt Poets have related of themſelves in their Songs and Poems? Or what *Alcæus*, a Man of great Uſe in his Commonwealth, wrote of the Love of Youths? For as to *Anacreon*, all his Poems are upon nothing but Love-Matters. But *Rhoginus Ibycus* appears by his Writings to have burnt with this ſort of Love more than all the reſt; and I think the Love of all of them was both baſe and filthy.

Even we Philoſophers are now riſen up to do Honour to Love, and that too with no leſs an Authority for our Excuſe than that of *Plato*, whom *Dicearchus* juſtly blames for that Reaſon. Nay, the Stoicks both aver, that every Wiſe Man muſt Love; and alſo define Love it ſelf to be an Endeavour to obtain Friendſhip, becauſe of Beauty. And indeed, if in the Nature of Things there can poſſibly be ſuch Love, without Sollicitude, without Deſire, without Care, without Sadneſs; I ſhould then be willing to admit it, becauſe it would be free from all Luſt, againſt which this whole Diſcourſe is intended: But that Love is not in any wiſe to be allowed of, if it be very little or not at all diſtant from Madneſs, as it certainly is not; ſuch as it is in *Leucadia*:

If there be any God whoſe Charge I am.

And

And it would be a great Pity if all the Gods in general did not take Care to ſee his Appetite gratified.

Wretch that I am!

That's the trueſt Thing he ſays; neither is this Anſwer improper:

Are all your Senſes ſound, that thus you Grieve?

So that he ſeems to be Crackt-brain'd even to his own Companions. But hear how he rants!

Divine Apollo, *bring me thy Aſſiſtance;*
Thou too Almighty Neptune *I invoke;*
The Winds ——

He thinks the whole World ought to be employed to eaſe his Love: He excludes *Venus* only for her Luſt:

For why ſhould I on thee, O Venus, *call?*

He thinks ſhe takes no Care about any thing but Luſt; as if it were not Luſt that induced him to ſay and commit ſo many Extravagancies.

A Man affected with this Diſeaſe muſt be cured, by repreſenting to him, how inconſiderable and contemptible the Thing is which he deſires, and with what Eaſe he might either obtain it elſewhere, and by other Means, or elſe

elſe entirely neglect it: Sometimes too his Thoughts are to be turned upon other Cares, Troubles, Studies, Buſineſs; and laſtly, He is often to be cured by Change of Place, as Men are when they are Sick of a Diſtemper: Nay, ſome think, that a new Love will expel the old one, as one Nail drives out another: But he is particularly to be told what Madneſs is in Love; for indeed, of all the diſorderly Motions of the Mind, none is more violent: So that even tho' you did not blame the Crimes, the Whoredoms, the Adulteries, and the Inceſts, of all which it is guilty; yet even the Diſorder and Diſtraction of the Mind in Love, is, of it ſelf, to be abhorred: For to paſs over the Crimes I before mentioned, which betoken it Madneſs and Fury; what Levity is there in thoſe Things mentioned by *Terence*, tho' they ſeem to be of no Moment! *Love is ſtrangely Whimſical, containing Affronts, Jealouſies, Jarrs, Parlies, Wars, then Peace again; and for you to ask Advice to fall in Love by, is all one as if you asked Advice to run Mad by.* Who is there that would not be deterr'd by the ſole Horrour of this Inconſtancy and Changeableneſs of Mind? He ſhould alſo be made ſenſible of that which is common to every diſorderly Motion of the Mind, namely, that there is none but what is only imaginary, and which we undergo purely by our own free Will and Conſent: Becauſe if Love were inherent to our Nature, and all Men loved, and loved always, and the ſame Thing; then they would not be turn'd from it as they are now, ſome by Shame,

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ſome by Conſideration, and others by Satiety.

But Anger, when it diſorders the Mind for any Time, is undoubtedly Madneſs; ſince it makes * even Brothers rail at each other in this unbecoming Manner:

Was ever ſuch unheard-of Impudence!
Thy Malice ſurely never yet was equall'd!

You remember thoſe Verſes which follow; wherein, for Brothers, they give one another very hot Words; but it is no wonder to hear ſuch from the Sons of *Atreus*; of a Man, who invented ſuch an unexampled Puniſhment † for his Brother:

What ſhall I do to bend his ſtubborn Heart?

Thyeſtes himſelf tells us what he does in theſe Verſes:

My impious Brother'd have unhappy me
Eat my own Sons, and ſets their Fleſh before me.

For what is there to which Anger and Madneſs will not carry a Man! Therefore we

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* *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus* in *Euripides's Iphigenia.*

† *Atreus* being informed, That his Brother was familiar with his Wife, and that he had two Children by her; did, for his Puniſhment, make him eat thoſe Children.

very

very properly ſay, that paſſionate Men are out of their own Power; that is, out of the Power of Reaſon, which by rights ought to be the only Rule for us to direct our Actions by. From ſuch Men, therefore, thoſe on whom they would fain be revenged, ought either to be removed, while they recollect themſelves, (to recollect himſelf can ſignify nothing, but to recall his ſcattered Senſes into their proper Seat) or elſe, if they have it in their Power to revenge themſelves immediately, they ſhould be intreated to defer it a little, till their Anger grew cool; (to grow cool muſt certainly be ſpoken of an Anger ſtirred up contrary to Reaſon, otherwiſe Reaſon would ſupport it) for which Reaſon the Saying of *Archytas* is very much commended, who being provoked by a Labourer of his; *Oh how I would beat you*, ſays he, *if I were not angry with you!*

Who then are they who ſay Anger is profitable? Can Madneſs be profitable? Or who are they that ſay it is inherent in our Nature? Can any thing be inherent in Nature, that is contrary to Reaſon? And if Anger were inherent in our Nature, how could one Man be more inclined to it than another? Or how could the Luſt of Revenge have an end before it had ſatisfied itſelf by Revenge? Or how could any one repent for what he had done in his Anger? As we are told of *Alexander*, who having kill'd his Friend *Clitus* hardly abſtained from laying violent Hands upon himſelf; ſo much did he repent the Folly he had committed? Who, that knows

theſe

theſe things, can doubt that this Motion of the Mind alſo is wholly of the Imagination and Will? for who can doubt but that the Diſeaſes of the Mind, ſuch as Avarice, and the Deſire of Glory, proceed from the great Value the Perſon affected with them ſets upon thoſe Things? From whence it appears, that all Perturbations too lie in Opinion. And if Boldneſs, that is, a firm Confidence of the Mind, is a ſort of Knowledge, and a well-grounded Opinion, not raſhly aſſenting to any thing; then Fear is a Diffidence of ſome expected and impending Evil: And if Hope is an Expectation of Good, Fear muſt be an Expectation of Evil. As Fear, therefore, ſo all the other diſorderly Motions of the Mind are to be reckoned among the Number of Evils; therefore as Conſtancy proceeds from Knowledge, ſo Perturbation proceeds from Deluſion. But thoſe who are ſaid to be by Nature paſſionate, merciful, envious, or the like; they are, as it were, of an ill Conſtitution of Mind; but yet they are curable; as it is reported of *Socrates*: *Zopyrus*, who profeſſed telling Mens Diſpoſitions by their Phyſiognomy, laid a great many Vices to the Charge of *Socrates*, in the Preſence of ſome of his Friends, who knowing he was not in the leaſt guilty of them, began to laugh at him; but *Socrates* took his Part, and ſaid, that all thoſe Vices were indeed in his Nature, but that he had overcome them by Reaſon. Therefore as a Man, though in good Health, may be ſeen to be inclined to ſome particular Diſeaſe; ſo the Mind may be ſeen

to

to be prone to ſome particular Vice: But thoſe who are vicious, not through Nature, but by their own Fault, Their Vices proceed from falſe Opinions of Things Good and Evil; ſo that ſome are prone to one ſort of Motions and Perturbations, and others to another. But when a Diſeaſe is grown inveterate, 'tis, as in the Body, ſo in the Mind, much more difficult to be rooted out than an ordinary Perturbation; as a ſudden Swelling in the Eyes is much ſooner cured than a Blearneſs which has been long fixed in them.

Thus having ſhewn the Cauſes of Perturbations, which all proceed from Imagination, and free Will, we ſhall here put an End to this Diſputation. But we muſt firſt tell you, that, after you have known the Ends of Good and Evil, as far as Man can know, nothing greater, or more uſeful, can be wiſhed for from Philoſophy, than thoſe Things upon which we have diſputed theſe four Days: For after having taught us how to contemn Death, and to endure Bodily Pain with Patience; we added to that the aſſwaging of Grief, than which no greater Evil is incident to Mankind. For though every diſorderly Motion of the Mind is troubleſome, and comes very near to Madneſs; Yet when any Body is in any ſuch Diſorder, either Fear, Joy or Deſire; we only ſay he is diſturbed and diſordered: But when any Body gives himſelf up to Grief, we ſay they are miſerable, afflicted, perplexed, and wretched. Therefore you ſeem to have on Purpoſe, and not

not by Chance, propoſed that we ſhould diſpute ſeparately of the other Perturbations, and of Grief, which is the Source of all Miſeries. But as the only Cure, both of Grief, and all the other Diſeaſes of the Mind is the repreſenting that they are imaginary and voluntary, and that we take them upon us only becauſe we think it is right we ſhould do ſo; Philoſophy promiſes quite to extirpate this Error, as the Root of all Evils. To Her, therefore, let us give our ſelves to be inſtructed, and ſuffer our ſelves to be heal'd: For while we are ſubject to theſe Evils, we are ſo far from being in a Capacity to be happy, that we cannot even be in our ſound Senſes. Let us therefore either diſown that Reaſon can do any thing (when on the contrary, without Reaſon, nothing can be done well) or elſe, ſince Philoſophy conſiſts of all the Compariſons of Reaſons, let us learn of her, if we are deſirous to be good and happy, the Means how to live well and happily.

The End of the Fourth Book.

THE

THE TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS.

BOOK V.

Whether VIRTUE *alone be ſufficient to a* HAPPY LIFE.

THIS Fifth Day, *Brutus*, ſhall conclude our *Tuſculan* Diſputations, in which we diſcourſed upon a Subject you approve of above all others. This I have obſerved, both from that accurate Treatiſe you wrote to me, and from ſeveral Things I have heard you ſay in Converſation, in which you

you frequently aſſert, that Virtue is in itſelf ſufficient to make Life happy. Though it may be difficult to prove ſuch a Propoſition, upon account of the Variety of Misfortunes Human Life is ſubject to, yet is it ſuch as claims our utmoſt Endeavour to maintain, as being the moſt beautiful and magnificent Notion in all Philoſophy. For the firſt Philoſophers, who neglected all other Buſineſs, that they might employ their whole Time in finding out the happieſt Condition of Life; did, out of that only Hope of Happineſs, uſe all Labour and Induſtry in cultivating Philoſophy; if then Virtue be diſcovered and perfected by them, and be in itſelf ſufficient to a happy Life, who can deny but that they did well invent; and we worthily follow, the Study of Philoſophy. But if Virtue be ſubject to a Variety of Chances, and is the Slave of Fortune, and hath not ſufficient Force to defend itſelf; I fear all we can do, will be only to wiſh Virtue were indeed able to procure a happy Life. When I conſider my own Misfortunes, I begin to doubt the Truth of this Opinion, and ſometimes I am apprehenſive of the general Weakneſs and Imbecillity of Man. I fear, leſt as Nature hath apparently given us Bodies infirm, and ſubject to incurable Diſeaſes, and intolerable Pains, ſo ſhe may alſo have given us Minds like them, ſubject to the Maladies of the Body, and likewiſe diſtinctly afflicted with Cares and Uneaſineſs peculiar to themſelves. But here I muſt correct my ſelf, for making an Eſtimate of the Strength of Virtue from the Weakneſs of

of others, and perhaps from my own, not from Virtue itſelf: For that (if there be any ſuch Thing as Virtue, and your Uncle, O *Brutus*, hath ſufficiently reſolved that Doubt) is above every Misfortune which can befall Mankind, and deſpiſes all Human Accidents; and being without Blemiſh, thinks it has no need of any thing beſides itſelf. But we who aggravate all future Evils by our Fears, and all preſent by our Impatience, chuſe rather to lay the Blame upon the very Nature of Things, than to condemn our own Folly. But the Correction of this, and all other vicious Cuſtoms, muſt be ſought for in Philoſophy.

As in my Youth my Genius and Inclination directed me to theſe Studies, ſo now in my latter Years, in theſe Calamitous Accidents, I fly to the ſame Port from whence I firſt ſet out. O Philoſophy, thou Guide of Life! thou Searcher out of Virtue, and Expeller of Vices! What ſhould, not only I, but all Mankind, be without thee? Thou wert the Founder of Cities; thou Humanizedſt Mankind, which at firſt was diſperſed, and form'd them into Society; thou bredſt Love between them, firſt by making them dwell together, then by Marriage, and laſtly, by a Commerce of Arts and Learning! Thou wert the Inventreſs of Laws, and the Miſtreſs of Manners and Diſcipline: To thee I fly, of thee deſire Aſſiſtance! as in my Youth I gave my ſelf up to thee in ſome Meaſure, ſo now I give up my ſelf wholly to thy Governance. One Day well ſpent, and according

cording to thy Rules, is to be preferr'd to Immortality paſſed in Sin. Whoſe Aid therefore ſhould we implore but thine? Thou who haſt given us ſuch a Tranquility in Life, and haſt ridded us of the Fear of Death! But Philoſophy is ſo far from being praiſed equal to her Merits, with reſpect to human Life, that on the contrary, ſhe is neglected by moſt, nay, deſpiſed by many. Dares any one deſpiſe the Parent of human Life, and pollute himſelf in ſuch an execrable Parricide! Can any one be ſo ungrateful, as to abuſe that which he ought to revere, even though he himſelf did not underſtand it! But this Cloud of Ignorance which has overſpread the Minds of illiterate Men, probably proceeds from their not being able to look back ſo far, neither will they believe, that thoſe who firſt Poliſhed the Lives of Mankind, were Philoſophers. And tho' the Study itſelf of Philoſophy be very ancient, yet we muſt own the Name is not of long Standing.

Wiſdom itſelf, all muſt confeſs, is old, not only in Fact, but alſo in Name: And for its Knowledge of Things both Divine and Human, of the Origine and Cauſes of every ſeveral Thing, it obtained of the Antients that moſt beautiful Name. Therefore thoſe Seven Men whom the *Greeks* both named and reckoned *Sophi*, and we Wiſe, as alſo *Lycurgus*, many Ages before, in whoſe Time lived *Homer*, long before the Building of this City; and *Ulyſſes* and *Neſtor*, even in the heroical Ages, were not only wiſe in Fact, but were alſo called ſo. For neither would *Atlas* ever have

have been ſaid to bear up the Heavens, nor *Prometheus* to be faſtened to Mount *Caucaſus*, nor *Cepheus* with his Wife, his Son-in-Law, and his Daughter, have been changed into Stars, unleſs their Knowledge of the Heavens had given Occaſion to theſe Fables. From theſe all ſucceeding Contemplators of Nature were named *wiſe*. This Name obtained till the Age of *Pythagoras*; who (as a certain Hearer of *Plato*, named *Ponticus Heraclides*, a very learned Man, writes) coming to *Phliunus*, diſcourſed very wiſely and largely with *Leon*, Prince of the *Phliaſii*; *Leon* admiring his Learning and Eloquence, asked him what Art he profeſſed; he anſwered, none, but that he was a Philoſopher. *Leon* being ſtruck with Admiration at the Novelty of the Name, asked him what was the Difference between Philoſophers and other Men; *Pythagoras* anſwer'd, "The "Lives of Men ſeemed to him very like that "Market, which is kept with the moſt Mag-"nificent Shews and Sports of any in *Greece*; "for as ſome there endeavour'd only after the "Honour of a Chaplet, for their Skill and Acti-"vity in Exerciſes, others came only for Gain "of buying and ſelling; and there were a "few of a third Sort, who came only to "remark, who deſired neither Applauſe nor "Profit, but conſider'd only what was done, "and in what Manner; ſo Men coming to "the Market of Life, from another State, "as from ſome City, ſome are Slaves to "Glory, others to Money; but very few there "are, who not valuing any of theſe Things,

"turn themſelves wholly to the Study of Na-
"ture, and theſe he called Lovers of Wiſ-
"dom, that is, Philoſophers. And as in
"thoſe Markets it was more honourable to
"come as Spectator, than out of a Deſire of
"Gain; ſo in Life, Contemplation and Know-
"ledge were preferable to any other Conſide-
"rations.

Nor did *Pythagoras* invent the Name only, but alſo advanced the Thing itſelf; for after he had viſited *Leon*, coming into *Italy*, he adorned that *Greece* which is called the *Great*, both publickly and privately, with the moſt excellent Laws and Arts; perhaps I may take another Opportunity to diſcourſe of his Diſcipline.

The old Philoſophers, down to the Age of *Socrates*, who was taught by *Archilaus*, a Scholar of *Anaxagoras*, chiefly employed their Studies upon Numbers, Motions, and finding out whence all Things proceeded, and whither they returned: They alſo carefully ſtudy'd the Motions, Diſtances of the Stars, and all other Cœleſtial Bodies: But *Socrates* firſt called Philoſophy from the Sky, placed it in Cities, introduced it into the very Houſes, and uſed it to examine the Life and Manners of Men, and to ſearch out Good and Evil. His various Ways of diſputing, the Variety of his Subjects, and Greatneſs of his Genius, are Conſecrated by *Plato*, and have given Riſe to many Sects of differing Philoſophers: I have chiefly followed that Method which I think *Socrates* did before me, namely, to conceal my own private Opinion,

to

to undeceive the Miſtaken, and in every Diſputation to ſeek only for that which is moſt probable. This way *Carneades* took, and I have often done the ſame, and lately at *Tuſculum*, in the four Diſputations I ſent you, I have diſcourſed after this Method: On the fifth Day, when we came into our former Place, the Queſtion to be diſputed on was thus propoſed.

A. Virtue doth not ſeem to me ſufficient to make Life happy. *M.* But it ſeems ſo to *Brutus*, whoſe Opinion, asking your Pardon, I prefer far above yours. *A.* I do not at all doubt it; neither is your Love for him the preſent Matter of Debate; but this on which I now declared my Sentiments, is what I would wiſh to be the Subject of your Diſcourſe. *M.* You deny then that Virtue is ſufficient to make Life happy? *A.* I do. *M.* What, is not Virtue able to make a Man live juſtly, honeſtly, laudably? *A.* It is. *M.* Can you then ſay that he who lives wickedly does not live miſerably, and that he who lives juſtly does not live happily? *A.* Why not? A Man may live honeſtly, laudably and well, even on the Rack: You underſtand what I mean by well, living bravely, wiſely, gravely, this may be done in Tortures, yet this is far from Happineſs. *M.* What then, is there no Happineſs but out of the Priſon? May not Gravity, Conſtancy, Fortitude, Wiſdom, and all the other Virtues, be hurried to the Torture, and be liable to all manner of Pains? *A.* If you think to work any Effect upon me, you muſt look out for better Arguments; theſe do not at all move me, not only becauſe

they are threadbare, but much more alſo becauſe, like weak Wines, which will not bear a Tryal by mixing with Water, theſe Stoical Arguments are more pleaſant at firſt hearing, than they are upon more mature Conſideration. This Croud of Virtues upon the Rack make a pompous Show, ſo that one would think Life could not but be happy, when ſo attended; but when you turn your Mind from theſe Pictures and Images of Virtue to the Reality itſelf, then the only Queſtion is, whether a Man can poſſibly be happy whilſt he is in the midſt of Torments. Let that therefore be the Debate. Be not afraid that the Virtues ſhould complain of being injured, in ſaying they are not neceſſarily attended with Happineſs; for if there be no Virtue without Prudence, Prudence itſelf muſt know that all good Men are not happy, and can give Inſtances in *M. Atilius*, *Q. Cæpio*, *M. Aquilius*; and even tho' Happineſs ſhould conſiſt rather in Images than in Reality, yet then Prudence itſelf will hinder a Man from going to a Rack, and aſſure him that ſhe and Torture are no ways ally'd. *M.* I eaſily bear with your manner of talking, tho' perhaps too it may ſeem abſurd for you to tell me how I ſhould diſpute. I ask you only, have we ſettled any thing in our former Diſputations or no? *A.* Yes, we have, and very much too. *M.* Then this Queſtion is entirely anſwered already. *A.* How ſo? *M.* Becauſe all diſorderly Motions of the Mind, raiſed by an inconſiderate Paſſion, and averſe to Reaſon, utterly overthrow the Happineſs of Life:

Life: For who that ſtands in fear either of Death or Pain, the laſter of which often comes, and the former continually threatens us, can be other than miſerable? Can any Man (as it is common) fear Poverty, Ignominy, Infamy, Infirmity, Blindneſs, or, which often happens, not only to private Perſons, but alſo to powerful Nations, Slavery: Can any one fear theſe things, and be happy? Can he who not only dreads Misfortunes, but alſo endures the preſent with Impatience; even add to theſe Baniſhment, Sorrow, Loſs of Children: Can he, I ſay, who ſuffers himſelf to be diſheartened at theſe Misfortunes, be other than extreamly miſerable? Should you ſee one fired with impetuous Luſts, covetous of all things, and who the more Delights he enjoys, is ſtill the more greedy, would you not juſtly call ſuch a Man very miſerable? Is not he who is lifted up with vain Hopes, and who rejoyces in Chimerical Happineſs, ſo much the more miſerable as he imagines himſelf happy? As therefore theſe are miſerable, ſo on the other hand are They happy who are terrified with no Fears, waſted with no Cares, inflamed with no Luſts, puffed up with no Joy, and melted with no riotous Pleaſures. As the Sea is ſaid to be calm when no rude Wind ruffles the Waters, ſo the Mind is ſaid to be ſedate when no diſorderly Motion diſturbs it. If there is a Man who can endure the Violence of Fortune, and all Human Accidents, who is touched with no Fear or Grief, who has no inordinate Deſires, and is ſwell'd with no vain Pleaſure; for what

Reaſon ſhould we not call ſuch a Man happy? And if theſe be the Effects of Virtue, why is not Virtue ſufficient to make Life happy?

A. The firſt part of this Aſſertion cannot be deny'd, to wit, that they who fear nothing, who are troubled at nothing, who deſire nothing, who are puffed up with no irregular Joy, are happy; and the latter part hath been proved in our former Diſputations, namely, that a wiſe Man is void of all Perturbations of the Mind. *M.* This Queſtion ſeems then to be fully anſwered. *A.* Almoſt indeed. *M.* But this is the Method which Mathematicians, not Philoſophers, uſe in arguing: Geometricians indeed, in the Demonſtration of a Problem, if any thing conduces to the Proof of it which they had before taught, they take that for granted, and only explain that which they had ſaid nothing of before: But Philoſophers in diſcourſing on any Head mention all that can be ſaid on it, even tho' they have ſaid the ſame before on ſome other Occaſion. If it were not ſo, why ſhould a *Stoick*, when he is asked whether Virtue be ſufficient to Happineſs, make many Words? When it would be enough for him to ſay, I have before made it out, that nothing is Good but what is Honourable; and when this is granted, it would of Conſequence follow, that Virtue is ſufficient to a happy Life; and as this is the Conſequence of that, ſo that is the Conſequence of this; namely, that if Virtue alone will make Life happy, then nothing can be Honourable but

what

what is Good. Yet they do not act thus: For there are ſeparate Books wrote concerning what is honeſt, and what is the chief Good. And tho' they might prove from thence in general, that Virtue was ſufficient to Happineſs, nevertheleſs they make a ſeparate Proof for that alſo; for every Queſtion muſt be handled with its own proper Reaſons and Admonitions, eſpecially if it be a matter of ſo much Importance as this is: For I would not have you imagine there can be any nobler or more uſeful Notion in all Philoſophy than this. What does it not promiſe? It promiſes that whoſoever will obey its Laws, ſhall be armed againſt all the Arrows of Fortune, ſhall in his own ſelf have ſufficient Means for a happy Life, and ſhall in ſhort be for ever happy. I ſhall in another place conſider the Effects of Philoſophy; but in the mean time cannot forbear crying up ſo noble a Promiſe. For *Xerxes*, tho' loaded with all the Gifts of Fortune, yet, not content with the Command of the greateſt and moſt powerful Armies and Fleets that ever were, proclaim'd a Reward to him who could invent ſome new Pleaſure, and when even that was invented, he was ſtill unſatisfied; for Deſire is infinite. I wiſh we could intice any one with a Reward to make us believe the Notion before-mentioned more firmly. *A.* I wiſh ſo too; but I have a little Scruple, which I deſire to be reſolved in. I aſſent that of thoſe two things laid down by you, the one is the Conſequence of the other, that, foraſmuch as if that only which is

Honourable is Good, Virtue is ſufficient to Happineſs; ſo if a happy Life conſiſted only in Virtue, Virtue would be the only Good. But according to *Ariſto* and *Antiochus*, your Friend *Brutus* is not of this Opinion; for he thinks there is a Good beſides Virtue. *M.* What then, do you think I will diſpute againſt *Brutus*? *A.* As you pleaſe for that; 'tis not my Place to give Rules. *M.* I ſhall ſhew on ſome other Occaſion what is proper for every one: For during my being Imperator at *Athens*, theſe things often occaſioned Diſputes between me and *Antiochus*: I thought no one could be happy that was in any Misfortunes, and that yet a wiſe Man might have Misfortunes, if the Accidents which may happen either to the Body or Fortune are to be reckon'd ſuch. To this was anſwered, what *Antiochus* hath often ſaid in his Writings, namely, that Virtue is ſufficient to make Life happy, but not moſt happy. And again, that all things were named from the greater Part, tho' ſomething might be wanting; as Strength, Health, Riches, Honour, Glory, which are conſidered in the whole, and not in part: So Life might be call'd happy upon the whole, tho' deficient in ſome particular part. There is no need here to enlarge on this. Tho' there ſeems to me to be ſome Inconſiſtency in this Aſſertion; for if any one is happy, I can't ſee what he can want to be happier; for if there be any thing wanting, he cannot be ſaid to be happy. Nor do I conceive what they mean when they ſay, every thing is denominated

nated from its greater Part. And when they ſay there are three ſorts of Evils, can he who is oppreſſed with all the Evils of two kinds, feels all the Calamities of Fortune, endures all Bodily Pains, can ſuch a one be ſaid to want but little, not only to a happy Life, but even to a moſt happy one?

This is what *Theophraſtus* could not maintain; for when he had determined that Stripes, Torments, Ruin of our Country, Baniſhment, Loſs of Children, went a great way to make Life miſerable, he durſt not ſpeak loftily and magnificently, when he thought ſo meanly and poorly; how juſt his Opinion was, is not the Queſtion, however 'tis certain he was conſtant to it. Therefore I do not like your carping at the Conſequences, when you have allowed the Principles. This moſt elegant and learned Philoſopher was not indeed much cenſured for his Diviſion of Evils into three ſorts, but he was fallen upon by all, firſt for the Book he wrote concerning a happy Life, wherein he gives a great many Reaſons why he that is in Torment cannot poſſibly be happy; And he is thought to ſay in that Book that Happineſs cannot be upon a Rack. He no where ſays this in expreſs Terms, but what he ſays is tantamount to it. Can I be angry with him, to whom I had aſſented that Pain of Body and Croſſes of Fortune were to be reckoned in the Number of Evils, for ſaying that all good Men were not happy, when thoſe which he counts Evils are incident to all good Men? Again, *Theophraſtus* is laſht in all the Books and Schools

of the Philoſophers, for commending that Saying of *Calliſthenes*,

Fortune, not Wiſdom, rules the Life of Man.

They ſay, nothing could be ſaid meaner by a Philoſopher: I grant it; but I think nothing could be ſpoken more agreeable to his other Notions; for if there be ſo many Goods included in the Body, and ſo many more out of it, dependant wholly upon Chance and Fortune; is it not reaſonable to ſay that Fortune, who hath the Diſpoſition of all things that are external and belong to the Body, is more powerful than Wiſdom? Shall we rather imitate *Epicurus*, who often hath very noble and beautiful Sayings, tho' he never troubles himſelf whether they be any thing of a-piece with his other Notions. He commends ſlender Diet; that indeed is done like a Philoſopher; but *Socrates* or *Antiſthenes* ſhould have done it, and not one who places his chief Happineſs in Pleaſure. He ſays, no one can live pleaſantly, unleſs he live honeſtly, wiſely, and juſtly: Nothing could be ſpoke nobler, and more becoming the Character of a Philoſopher, did he not refer even this living honeſtly, wiſely, and juſtly to Pleaſure. What could be ſaid better than that Fortune has but little Power over a wiſe Man? But doth not He ſay this, who, as he looks upon Pain to be not only the greateſt Evil, but even the only one, may be tortured in all his Body with the moſt exquiſite Pains, in the very Moment when he gives Fortune the loudeſt

loudeſt Defiance? *Metrodorus* too expreſſes the ſame Thought after a better manner; *Fortune*, ſays he, *I have ſeized and taken thee Captive, and have ſhut up all thy Avenues into my Mind, ſo that now thou canſt no way approach me.* This had been Noble, if *Ariſto* the *Chian*, or *Zeno* the *Stoick*, had ſpoken it, who maintained, that nothing was Evil but what was baſe; but for you, *Metrodorus*, to ſay this, you who define the greateſt Happineſs to conſiſt in a good Conſtitution of Body, and in a Certainty that it will always continue ſo, have you ſhut up all the Avenues of Fortune? How can that be? For thou may'ſt be deprived of that Happineſs. Yet the Vulgar are tranſported with theſe Men; and for a few of theſe Sentences, their Sect is ſo much throng'd with Followers.

It is the Part of a good Diſputant, to diſtinguiſh not only what his Adverſary doth ſay, but what he ought to ſay. As now in this Point which I have engaged to diſpute, that all good Men are happy. What I mean by good Men is plain. Such as are endued with Virtue; thoſe I indifferenty call good or wiſe Men. Let us conſider what Men may properly be ſaid to be happy. I take thoſe to be ſuch as are in Poſſeſſion of Good, without any Evil. Neither can the Word *Happineſs* be underſtood any otherwiſe than as a compleat Aſſemblage of all Goods, unmixed with any Evil; and Virtue cannot procure this Happineſs, if there be any Good beſides Virtue; for there will be a Croud of Evils preſſing on otherwiſe, if Poverty, Diſhonour,

Mean-

Meanneſs, Solitude, Loſs of Eſtate, Pains of the Body, Sickneſs, Blindneſs, Ruin of ones Country, Baniſhment and Slavery are to be reckon'd Evils; for a wiſe Man is ſtill ſubject to all theſe, and many more Caſualties. For who can maintain a wiſe Man will be always happy, when he may at once be plunged into all theſe Misfortunes? Therefore I cannot grant, either to my *Brutus*, nor to our common Maſters, nor to thoſe Antient ones, *Ariſtotle*, *Speuſippus*, *Xenocrates*, *Polemon*, that (if they call the forementioned Caſualties Evils) they can prove a wiſe Man will be always happy. But if they aim at the noble Character of Wiſe, a Title worthy *Pythagoras*, *Socrates* and *Plato*, let them perſwade themſelves to contemn thoſe Things they too much admire, as Strength, Health, Beauty, Riches, Honours, Power, and deſpiſe their Contraries, and then they may with good Aſſurance declare, that they are neither terrified with Rage of Fortune, the Violence of the Multitude, neither with Pain nor Poverty, but that all Means of Happineſs are in themſelves alone, that nothing is good that is beyond their own Power: And let them forbear talking of theſe Things, which befit a great and Lofty Spirit, while they think the ſame Things as the mean Vulgar do. *Epicurus* too talks after this Manner, he forſooth is ſmitten with Admiration at it, but he would never talk thus if he minded his own Words. For what can be more abſurd, than that he who thinks Pleaſure is the chief Good, and Pain the greateſt Evil, ſhould imagine a wiſe Man

Man would ſay in the midſt of Tortures, *How ſweet is this*? Philoſophers therefore are not to be judged from Words only, but from their Continuance and Conſtancy.

A. You almoſt perſwade me to be of your Opinion: But pray now conſider if you your ſelf be ſo ſtrictly Uniform? *M.* As how pray? *A.* I lately read your fourth Book *de Finibus*, where diſcourſing againſt *Cato*, you ſeemed to me to endeavour to prove what I believed before, that there was no Difference between the *Peripateticks* and *Zeno*, but in their Terms. Why then, if according to *Zeno*'s Notions, Virtue be alone ſufficient to a happy Life, may not the *Peripateticks* aſſert the ſame; for I think, where the Thought is the ſame, the Expreſſions ought not to make ſuch great Difference. *M.* Here indeed you fight me with my own Weapons, and quote my own Writings againſt my ſelf: You may talk thus to other Philoſophers, who oblige themſelves to Rules in Diſputations, we ſpeak only for the preſent Moment, whatever at any time appears probable we aſſert, and therefore are only free. But becauſe I inſiſted on Uniformity before, I think it is not the preſent Buſineſs to examine, whether *Zeno* and his Scholar *Ariſto*'s Notion be true, that that only is good which is honeſt; but whether a happy Life was placed in Virtue only. Let us then allow *Brutus*, that a wiſe Man is always a happy Man, but how agreeably to ſome other Opinions, let him conſider; though who can better deſerve that noble Character than himſelf? But 'tis my Intent to prove, that a wiſe Man

Man is the moſt perfectly happy. Though *Zeno Citiæus*, a Foreigner, and a worthleſs Trifler with Words, ſeems to have inſinuated himſelf into the old Philoſophy; we ſhall take this Notion from *Plato*, who frequently uſed to maintain, that nothing but Virtue was good. As *Socrates*, in *Georgias*, when he was asked if he did not think *Archilaus*, *Perdiccas*'s Son, who was at that Time the moſt fortunate Man, the moſt happy; anſwered, *I do not know, becauſe I never talked with him. Say you ſo, is there no other way of knowing whether a Man be happy? No. Then you cannot be confident whether the great* Perſian *Monarch be happy. How can I, when I do not know what Learning or Virtue he hath? Do you then think the Happineſs of Life is placed in Virtue? Yes; all good Men are happy, and all wicked miſerable. Is then* Archilaus *miſerable? Certainly, if wicked.* Does not *Socrates* here ſeem to place all Happineſs in Virtue? Again in his *Epitophus* how does he ſpeak? *That Man* (ſays he) *hath choſen the beſt courſe of Life, who places his Happineſs in his own Breaſt, thinks all Things neceſſary to it are dependant on himſelf only, and is not obnoxious to any external Chances, ſubject to no Events, not to be diſappointed by bad Fortune. This is the truly moderate, valiant, and wiſe Man, who, both in the Sunſhine of Proſperity, and in the Storms of Adverſity, is conſtant to that old Precept:*

Nor Joy, nor Sorrow, is in him too great,
For all his Fortune in himſelf he plac'd.

We

We therefore ſhall draw all our following Arguments from *Plato*, as from a Holy and Sacred Spring. Where then can we more properly begin, than by our common Parent Nature, which hath order'd that not only every Animal, but alſo every Thing that ſprings from the Earth, ſhould depend ſolely on itſelf, and be perfect in its Kind. Thus of all the Trees and Vines, which arrive but to a ſmall Height, ſome always flouriſh, ſome are naked in Winter, and in the Spring ſhoot forth Leaves; there are none but what have this Growth by ſome interior Motion, included within itſelf, and at times produces Flowers, or Fruits, or Berries; every thing independant of another, is in itſelf perfect. But the wonderful Power of Nature is more viſible in Beaſts, to which ſhe has given Senſe: Some ſhe appoints to inhabit the Waters, others to fly, Serpents to creep, ſome Creatures to be ſolitary and alone, others to delight in being together with others; ſome wild, ſome tame, ſome hid by the Earth, living under Ground; and as no one of theſe can break into the Life of another, ſo are they, all of them, perfect in their ſeveral Kinds of Exiſtence. And as Beaſts have ſomething peculiar to themſelves, which they never depart from; ſo in a more eminent Degree hath Man a peculiar Gift of Nature, ſo excellent, as to admit of no Compariſon with the Inferior Rank of Creatures, for the Mind of Man is a Portion of the Divine Mind, and, if I may ſo ſay, can be compared to nothing but God. If this therefore be cultiva-

cultivated and polliſhed, and if it be not darkned with Errors, it is perfect, that is, it is endued with right Reaſon, which is Virtue. And if every thing is Happy which wants nothing, but is in its own Kind compleat, this is the chief Quality of Virtue; and therefore all they who poſſeſs Virtue are certainly Happy; and thus far I agree with *Brutus*, *Ariſtotle*, *Speuſippus*, and *Polemon*.

But to me they ſeem to be moſt Happy; for what can he want to Happineſs that confides in his own Virtue? Or how can he but be Miſerable who fears? And he muſt needs fear who divides the Goods into three Sorts: How can he be ſure that his Body will be always healthy, or his Fortune proſperous? Yet can no Body be ſaid to be Happy that is not poſſeſs'd of ſome fixed and certain Good. I may turn upon them the Reply of a *Spartan* to a Merchant boaſting what Ships he had abroad in ſeveral Parts of the World, *That Happineſs* (ſaid he) *ſeems not to be ſo very deſirable which depends on Ropes and Boards.* Is it not indiſputable, that That cannot be a happy Life which has any thing in it that can poſſibly be loſt. Nothing ought to grow old, to decay, to periſh of thoſe Things whereof a happy Life conſiſts: For he who fears the Loſs of any Thing cannot be happy. We would have our happy Man to be ſafe, invincible, ſo guarded as to be ſecure not from a little Fear only, but from any Fear at all. As he is ſaid to be Innocent who does no Injury, and not he that does a ſmall one: He too is to be accounted void of Fear, not who

who fears but few Things, but who fears Nothing. For what is Courage, but a Diſpoſition of the Mind, void of all Fear in undergoing Dangers and bearing Pain? Yet there can be no ſuch thing, if all Happineſs does not conſiſt in Honeſty only. For who can have the ſo much deſired Security, (I mean by Security, a being void of all Uneaſineſs, in which a happy Life conſiſts) that may preſently be attacked by an Army of Evils? Who can be the great Spirited and Noble Man above all human Accidents, but he who thinks all Goods are included in his own Mind? When *Philip* by his Letters threatned the *Lacedemonians* to hinder every Thing they ſhould go about to do, they asked him, Whether he would hinder them from Dying too? And ſhall it be as difficult to find this noble Diſpoſition in one private Man, as it was to find it in a whole City in general? Add but Temperance to this Fortitude of Mind, and what could ſuch a *Spartan* want to Happineſs? Fortitude ſecured him from Fear and Uneaſineſs, Temperance from Luſt, Deſire, and unruly Joy. I could here eaſily prove Virtue could do all theſe Things, but I have done it already in my former Diſputations. But ſince the Perturbations of the Mind make Life miſerable, and a Calmneſs and Compoſure make it Happy; and ſince the Perturbations are of two Sorts, Fear and Grief, for or under preſent Evils, and Deſire and Joy for imagined Goods; Can you think otherwiſe than that the Man who is freed from theſe jarring and contending Paſſions muſt be extreamly Happy?

Happy? And a wiſe Man is free from all theſe Paſſions; a wiſe Man therefore is always Happy. Again, all Goods are Objects of Joy, and what is the Object of Joy may be ſpoken of and declared, what is ſuch muſt too be Honourable, and what is Honourable muſt neceſſarily be Laudable, and what is Laudable is certainly Honeſt; therefore what is Good is Honeſt. Yet many of thoſe Things they reckon as Goods, they dare not aſſert to be Honeſt. Good therefore only is Honeſt. It follows then from the whole, that a Happy Life conſiſts in Honeſty: Nor are thoſe Things to be thought Goods which a Man in the fulleſt Poſſeſſion of may be Miſerable. Can you doubt but that a Man in the beſt Health, Strength, Shape, with the ſharpeſt and curious Senſes, nay with incredible Swiftneſs and Agility, I add to all theſe too, Riches, Honour, Power, Glory, can you doubt, I ſay, but that ſuch a Man may poſſibly be Unjuſt, Intemperate, Fearful, nay Fooliſh; and muſt you not then allow that he is Miſerable? What kind of Goods are thoſe then which a Man may be Miſerable in the full Poſſeſſion of? Let us conſider if Happy Life be not made up of ſimilar Parts, as a heap of Barley of ſimilar Grains; if ſo, Happineſs is to be made up of ſuch Goods only as are Honeſt: Goods of a mixt Nature cannot be Honeſt, and without Honeſty there is no Happineſs. Again, whatever is Good is deſirable, whatever is deſirable is to be endeavoured for, what therefore you by ſeeking approve, is laudable, therefore all Good is alſo laudable.

It

It follows then, that what is Honeſt is only Good, for if we throw down this Diſtinction, a Number of Things will preſs in to be admitted for Goods. I mention not Riches, for they are ſuch as any one may have however Unworthy, and that never can be a Good which any one may have. I mention not Nobility and popular Fame, the Noiſe of Fools and Knaves: Theſe, tho' mean Goods, are rather Goods, I mean white Teeth, beautiful Eyes, fine Complexion, and what *Eurycleæ*, waſhing *Ulyſſes*'s Feet, commended him for, a ſmooth Tongue and ſoft Fleſh. But if theſe are to be admitted as Goods, there will be no difference between the Opinions of Fools and Blockheads, and the Notions of grave and wiſe Philoſophers. But yet the Stoicks allow ſome of the forementioned to be Goods; they do ſo indeed, but they do not ſay that they alone can make Life Happy: They ſay, Life cannot be Happy without them, or at leaſt not moſt Happy; but we affirm, Life may be moſt Happy without them. And this is already proved to us by that Socratick Argumentation: For thus reaſons the Prince of Philoſophy, *Socrates*; Such as the Mind of every Man is, ſuch is the Man; ſuch as is the Man, ſo is his Diſcourſe; ſuch as is his Diſcourſe, ſo are his Actions; and ſuch as are his Actions, ſo is his Life: Now the Mind of a good Man is laudable, therefore the Life of a good Man is laudable too, and it is Honeſt becauſe laudable; from the whole then the Life of a good Man is Happy. But have our former Diſputations clear'd nothing, were they

they nothing but meer Matter of Diverſion? Have I not proved that a wiſe Man is always free from all Diſturbances or Perturbations of Mind; that he always enjoys the moſt calm Compoſure? And is not the moderate Man, the Man that is free from Uneaſineſs, Luſt, Deſire, is not he Happy? The wiſe Man is always ſuch; he is therefore always Happy. Muſt not a good Man always Act what is laudable? And he always acts and thinks what is agreeable to a happy Life: a happy Life is therefore laudable. Again, nothing is laudable which is void of Virtue, a happy Life muſt then be laudable. Thus is this proved. But in a miſerable Life nothing is the Subject of Praiſe, nor in that which is neither Miſerable nor Happy: Yet there is a Life that hath ſomething in it which properly is the Subject of Praiſe and Honour, as *Epaminondas* ſays: *My Counſels have deprived the* Spartans *of their Honour*: Or as *Affricanus*, *From the riſing Sun to the* Mæotis *there is no Man ſo famous for his Exploits, as I.* But ſince they allow Vice hath Power enough to render Life miſerable, why ſhould they ſcruple allowing that Virtue can make Life Happy? For Contraries are the conſequences of Contraries. And here let me ask, What is their Opinion of *Critolaus*'s Scale? who putting the Goods of the Mind on one ſide, and on the other all external Gifts of Fortune, ſaid, the Scale of the Good infinitely overballanced the other. What ſhould hinder him, or *Xenocrates*, that wiſe Philoſopher, who ſo much exalted the Notion of Virtue, and debaſed the value of all other Things; what,

I ſay, ſhould hinder him from making not only a Happy, but even the moſt happy Life to conſiſt in Virtue? And if we affirm not this, there is an end put to all Virtue, for he that may be grieved muſt fear, for Fear is the vexatious Apprehenſion of a future Grief: He that can fear may be baſe and cowardly, and therefore may be overcome, and muſt think that Rule of *Atreus* nothing belonging to him. Laſtly, Let them ſo manage themſelves in Life, as never to fear Death: But then (as I ſaid before) he may be overcome, nay, he may be enſlaved: But Slavery and Virtue are according to me inconſiſtent: Virtue is always free and invincible. And if Virtue be ſufficient to make a good Life, 'tis ſufficient to make a Happy one.

For Virtue is able to make us live Valiantly; if it is able to make us live Valiantly, it is ſo to make us live alſo with a great Mind, and not terrified with any Thing, and always invincible; nothing can grieve, oppoſe, or diſturb us, our whole Condition is then proſperous, compleat and happy. As Virtue then is ſufficient to make us live Valiantly, ſo 'tis ſufficient to make us live Happily. But as Folly is infinite in its Deſires, and after obtaining of its firſt Aim ſtill deſires more; ſo is a wiſe Man always ſatisfy'd with the preſent, and troubled with no Hopes of Futurities.

Is there any Compariſon between *C. Lælius*'s one Conſulſhip, though he met with ſo much Difficulty in the Election, and *Cinna*'s four? (Tho' more properly ſpeaking, when ſo wiſe and good a Man as he was, was not elected, the People ſuffer'd a Repulſe from

from a good Conſul, rather than he from a Conſulſhip.) Or, which would you chuſe, to be once Conſul as *Lælius* was, or four times as *Cinna*. I know what Anſwer you will make, tho' there are ſome I ſhould not venture to propoſe ſuch a Queſtion to. Some would ſay, the four Conſulſhips were preferable to *Cinna*'s one; nay, that one Day of *Cinna*'s was more valuable than whole Ages of many great Men. *Lælius*, if he had injured any one the leaſt, would make Reſtitution; but *Cinna* order'd his Fellow-Conſul *Cn. Octavius*'s Head to be cut off, and to put to Death, *P. Craſſus* and *L. Cæſar*, Men of the higheſt Quality, and of approved Skill in War and Peace, and *M. Antony* the moſt eloquent Man I ever heard, and *C. Cæſar* who appeared to have a great ſhare of good Humour, Frankneſs and Wit: Can ſuch a Man as does Things of this Nature be Happy? No, the very Ability of performing ſuch Things proclaims him Miſerable. In which was *C. Marius* Happier, when he communicated the Glory of the Victory over the *Cimbri*, with his Collegue *Catulus*, almoſt another *Lælius*; or when enraged at *Catulus* after his Conqueſt in the Civil War, he not once but often anſwered the Friends of *Catulus*, who entreated for his Pardon, *That he ſhould die*? Herein was he Happier who ſuffered the Sentence than he who gave it; for it is Happier to bear than do an Injury. It is more happy and noble like *Catulus*, to go a little way to meet Death, than like *Marius* to bring a blot upon ſix Conſulſhips, by the Death of ſuch an excellent Perſon, and

make

make his own old Age infamous. Thirty eight Years *Dionyſius* maintained himſelf Tyrant of *Syracuſe*, which he made himſelf Maſter of at the Age of Twenty five: What a noble and wealthy City did he Enſlave? The moſt approved Authors have given him the Character of a very temperate and induſtrious Man, yet by Nature malicious and unjuſt; from which, every one that can diſcern Truth, muſt pronounce him Miſerable; for even in the heigth of poſſeſſing the Power he aimed at, he could not do what he deſired. Tho' he was born of a very good Family, (tho' that be diſputed by ſome Authors) had great Acquaintance and many Relations, and after the *Grecian* Manner, had ſeveral Youths in Love with him; yet he truſted none of them all, but choſe his Guards out of the Slaves of ſome great Men, whom he made Free, and among Foreigners and Barbarians. Thus out of a Deſire of unjuſt Rule, he did as it were fling himſelf into a Priſon. Nay, he would not truſt himſelf to a Barber, but taught his own Daughters to Shave him; and thus the Princeſſes were obliged to practiſe the moſt mean Mechanical Trade, and Shave their own Father: Nay farther, he took all Arms out of their way too when they were grown up, and taught them to ſinge his Beard inſtead of ſhaving him. And when he had two Wives, *Ariſtomache* his own Citizen, and *Doris* of *Locris*, before he lay with them any Night, he ſearched their Rooms: Nay, he dugg a Trench round his own Bedchamber, made a little Draw-Bridge over it, and every Night

Night himſelf uſed to draw it up, when he ſhut the Door. Neither durſt he ſpeak to the People out of ordinary Roſtrums, but uſed to make Speeches from a high Tower. Once as he was playing at Tennis, which he often did, he pulled off his Coat, and gave his Sword to hold to a Youth whom he loved; ſome of his Acquaintance ſmiling ſaid, You truſt this Youth with your Life, and the Youth only ſmiled; he immediately ordered both to be put to Death; the one for ſhewing the other the Power he had in his Hands, and the other for approving the Reflexion; but he was afterwards exceedingly troubled at this Action, becauſe he greatly loved the Youth he had put to Death. Thus are unruly People diſtracted by their Paſſions; and when they obey one, they oppoſe ſome other. Yet the Tyrant himſelf was conſcious how Miſerable he was; for when *Damocles* his Flatterer had commended the Power of his Army, Wealth, Majeſty, Empire, and the Magnificence of his Palaces, and affirmed it was impoſſible any one could be Happier: *Since you are ſo mightily pleaſed with my Happineſs*, ſays the Tyrant, *will you take it upon you a little?* Upon his ſaying he was very willing to do ſo, the Tyrant ordered him to be placed on a Royal Couch, adorned with the richeſt Embroidery, and all curious Pieces of Plate to be laid on a Sideboard, and Youths of the moſt delicate Shape and Beauty to wait upon him with the utmoſt Diligence: Perfumes and Chaplets were ſtrewed all about, Frankincenſe was burnt, a Feaſt was prepared; and now *Damocles* began to think

think himſelf indeed exquiſitely Happy; but in the midſt of all this Pomp, the Tyrant ordered a Sword to be hung by a Horſe-Hair from the Roof of the Houſe exactly over his Head, and then he could neither look on the beauteous Slaves that waited, nor on the curious Plate, nor ſtretch out his Hand to the rich Feaſt which was before him on the Table; the very Greens and Chaplets faded in his Eye, and he began to beſeech the Tyrant to give him leave to depart, for he did not deſire to be Happy ſo any longer. Does not *Dionyſius* ſufficiently declare by this that no one can be Happy that is expoſed to Fear? But it was no longer in his Power to ſtrike into a Courſe of Juſtice, and reſtore the Citizens to their Liberty and Laws; for in his Youth he had unwarily plunged himſelf into ſuch Exceſſes, that he could never be Safe if he began to be Virtuous.

The two *Pythagorean* Friends are Inſtances how much he wiſh'd for true Friends, and feared falſe Ones. When he had accepted one of them for Surety for the other's Perſon, and at the appointed Time of Death, the Friend came to releaſe his Surety, he ſaid, *I wiſh I were the third Friend.* What a Miſery was it to want the Converſation of a Friend, the Society of Life, and Freedom of Speech, and eſpecially to a learned Man, one who from his Childhood had been inſtructed in all the Liberal Arts: He is ſaid to have been a great Proficient in Muſick, and a Poet and Tragedian; how good a one is not to the Purpoſe; for, I know not how, in Poetry, more than any Thing elſe, ones own pleaſes

one moſt: I never knew a Poet yet who did not think himſelf the beſt. The matter is thus: You are pleaſed with your Compoſitions, and I with mine. But to return to *Dionyſius*, he enjoy'd none of the Pleaſures of Life; he lived with Fugitives, Bravo's, and Barbarians, and thought that none who deſired or deſerved Liberty could be his Friend.

Can I compare his miſerable and deteſtable Life with that of thoſe learned and wiſe Men, *Plato* and *Archytus*? Shall I compare to him a mean Man, who lived many Years after, converſant in Sand and Schemes, one *Archimedes*? When I was Queſtor at *Syracuſe*, I diſcovered his Sepulchre, tho' unknown to any of them, and which was ſurrounded with Weeds and Brambles: I remember'd ſome Verſes which were ſaid to be wrote on his Tomb, that mentioned a Sphere and Cylinder's being placed on his Monument: When I had carefully ſearched all about, there being at the Gate *Acraganas* abundance of Tombs, I perceived a Spire a little higher than the Weeds, in which there was a Sphere and Cylinder; upon viewing it, I told the Nobles of *Syracuſe*, (for they were with me) that I imagined that was the Tomb: We ſent immediately ſome Men to clear the Place, and dig up the Ground; when that was done, we came near, and ſaw on the Baſis there were Verſes, the better half of which were eaten away: From this I was perfectly aſſured it was his Tomb; and thus the nobleſt and once moſt learned City of *Greece* had

had not known the Tomb of the greateſt Perſon their City ever produced, had they not been informed by a Stranger born at *Arpinas*. But to leave this Digreſſion, and reſume our Diſcourſe; who that hath had any Converſation with the Muſes, that is, that hath had any Tincture of Learning, would not rather chuſe to be this Mathematician than that Tyrant? If we conſider the Manner and Buſineſs of Life of each; the Mind of the one was fed with ſearching after Knowledge, and with the Pleaſure of Study, which is the moſt delicious Food of the Rational Soul; the Mind of the other was harraſſed with Murdering and Slaughters, with perpetual Fear by Day and Night. Conſider *Democritus*, *Pythagoras*, and *Anaxagoras*; what Empires, what Riches can you imagine preferable to their Studies and Pleaſures? Beſides, the nobleſt Thing muſt certainly conſiſt in the nobleſt Part of Man: Now the Mind when clear and inſtructed is the Nobleſt; the good of the Mind therefore is what we are to acquire, if we would be Happy: The good of the Mind is Virtue; a Happy Life therefore muſt conſiſt in Virtue. From hence flow all Things that are beautiful, honeſt, or excellent; nay farther, all pleaſurable Things; and it is plain, a Happy Life is made up of true Pleaſure; it follows then that Happineſs conſiſts in Honeſty.

But leaſt we ſhould ſeem to paſs over the Argument too lightly, and not to give it its full Force, let us Inſtance ſuch Things as induce us to the Belief of this Notion. Let

us imagine a Man perfect in all the moſt profitable Sciences; he muſt neceſſarily be of an excellent Capacity, for ſlow Heads ſeldom make a great Progreſs in Virtues; and let ſuch a one be induſtriouſly employed in ſearching after Truth. The Products of ſuch an Underſtanding may be reckon'd under theſe three Heads; a Knowledge of Things and Explication of Nature; a Deſcription of Things to be deſired or avoided; and a Sagacity in diſtinguiſhing what are genuine Conſequences, and what not, in which conſiſts the great Subtilty of Diſputing, and the Art of Judging. How Happy muſt the Wiſe Man's Mind be that converſes Day and Night with theſe Objects? When he conſiders the Motions and Revolutions of Cœleſtial Worlds; ſees innumerable Stars adorning the Heavens, and agreeing with their Motion; ſees ſeven Planets obſerving their own periodical Revolutions, and differing from each other in Magnitude and Heighth, yet all regular in their ſeveral Courſes. The Obſervation of theſe firſt ſtirred up the Ancients to farther Enquiries. Hence proceeded the examining into the Principles from whence all Things were produced or formed: What was the Origin of every Species of inanimate, or animate, or mute, or ſpeaking Creatures; their Life, and Death, and Change from one Thing to another: From whence the Earth proceeded, with what Weights it is poiſed in the Air, what Caverns ſupport the Seas, why all Things by an inherent Gravity ſeek for

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the Center in falling, which Center in a Circle is the middle Point.

The Mind, when Day and Night ſhe exerciſes her ſelf in Sciences like this, feels that Precept given by the God of *Delphos*, that the Mind ſhould Purge it ſelf of Vices, conſider it ſelf, and know it is allied to the Divine Intellect, by which it is filled with inexpreſſible Pleaſure. For a Contemplation on the Nature and Power of the Gods, provokes us to imitate their Immortality, and not to think our ſelves confined within the narrow Limits of this Life, when he conſiders the eternal Connexion and Dependance of all Things mutually on each other, over all which a Reaſon and Mind preſides. When he is frequently uſed to employ himſelf in ſuch Speculations, with what Tranquility and Indifference muſt he look down on all Human Affairs? Hence flows the Knowledge of Virtue, and all its Branches; what Nature deſigns ultimately both in Goods and Evils, what is the ſcope and intent of all Offices, and what Method of Life is to be choſen. Theſe Things being diſcovered, what is here diſcourſed on preſently appears, That Virtue is ſufficient to a Happy Life. The third Excellence of ſuch Studying is Sagacity, which diffuſes it ſelf thro' the whole Body of Learning; defines Things, divides the Species, joins Conſequences, concludes what is proved, diſcovers Truth and Falſhood. The Art and Science of Diſcourſing, as it is of great Uſe in examining all Things, ſo alſo is it of great Pleaſure and Delight to the Underſtan-

ding, and is worthy a Wise Man. But these are Excellencies of a private Condition only. Let the Wise Man have the Administration of Publick Affairs, what Benefits will the Society reap from him? Prudence will teach him their Interest; Justice will keep him from Injuring them tho' to his own Advantage; nay, all his other Virtues will be so many Funds of Blessings to the Community; add to all this, he is capable of exercising that perfect Friendship, wherein there are great Advantages, and daily Pleasures, from such an Agreement of Notions. What doth such a Life as this want to make it Happy? Fortune must yield to so pleasurable a Condition. If then it be Happy to reap Pleasures from such Goods of the Mind, that is from Virtues, and all Wise Men do reap them, all Wise Men must be Happy.

A. What, upon the Rack, and in Tortures? *M.* Do you think I speak of him as in a Bed of Roses and Violets? Doth not even *Epicurus*, who only Masquerades a Philosopher, and assumes to himself the Character, say, (which on this Occasion I do too) that a Wise Man may, tho' rack'd, tortured, or burnt, at any time, say, *How little I value this?* And yet he defines Pain to be his chief Evil, and Pleasure the highest Good. Let him laugh at our Distinction of Honesty and Dishonesty, and say, we do nothing but make an empty Noise, and that nothing but unpleasant bodily Pain belong to us. Let him talk as absurdly as he pleases, despise Fortune, and yet own his chief Good and his chief Evil are dependant

on

on Fortune's Will; Let him ridiculouſly aſſert he ſhould be Happy in the midſt of Tortures, and yet own Pain is his only Evil: Yet he provides not for himſelf againſt ſuch a ſevere Tryal any Arms to bear Pain, as a Firmneſs of Mind, Shame of Baſeneſs, Exerciſe and Cuſtom of Suffering, Manly Roughneſs, and Rules of Fortitude; but pretends to ſupport himſelf with the ſole Recollection of paſt Enjoyments: As if a Man burning with Heat, and now impatient with the fury of the Flame, could calmly recollect that he hath been bathing in the cool Rivers about our *Arpinas*; for I cannot conceive how the Memory of paſt Pleaſures can ſupport us under preſent Afflictions. But if He may be allow'd to aſſert that a Wiſe Man is always Happy who hath the leaſt Pretenſions to do ſo; how much rather may They be allow'd to prove this Aſſertion who think nothing ought to be done, or eſteemed among Goods, that is not Honeſt. And indeed I would have the Peripateticks, and old Academicks leave off Chicanring with the Argument, and boldly and clearly aſſert that a Wiſe Man would be Happy even in *Phalaris*'s Bull.

But to get clear of the Intricacies of the Stoicks, which I am more involved in than I uſed to be, we'll grant that there are three Kinds of Goods: Let them be reckon'd Goods, but let them, as pertaining to the Body and Fortune, be placed in the loweſt Rank, and only be affirmed Goods becauſe they may be uſed: But let thoſe other Divine Goods ſpread themſelves much wider; let

them reach Heaven; and why then ſhall we not own that the Poſſeſſor of ſuch Goods, is not only Happy but moſt Happy? Shall a Wiſe Man fear Pain? And Pain is the ſtrongeſt Adverſary to our Argument. My former Diſputations have ſufficiently armed us againſt our own Death or that of our Friends, againſt Grief, and againſt the other Perturbations of the Mind: But Pain ſeems a terrible Enemy to Virtue, it threatens us with fiery Torches, and pretends to ſhake to Pieces the Fortitude, Greatneſs, and Patience of the Mind. But ſhall Virtue yield? And ſhall the Life of a Wiſe Man ceaſe to be Happy? O Infamy! The *Spartan* Boys ſigh not, tho' torn with Whips: I have my ſelf ſeen at *Lacædemon* a great many Youths fighting with incredible Violence, with their Fiſts, Nails, Feet and Teeth, even till they were almoſt Dead, rather than own they were Conquered: What Place is more barbarous, waſte, and uncultivated, than *India*? yet there did the firſt Wiſe Men live, and thought the Snows and Colds of Mount *Caucaſus* tolerable; and in the greateſt Heat complain'd not of its Violence or of Pain. The Women too in *India*, when their Husband dies, conteſt and diſpute earneſtly who he loved beſt, (for the Men there have ſeveral Wives) and the Conquerour in this fatal Strife follows her Husband's Body with all Expreſſions of Joy, and burns her ſelf on the Funeral Pile with it, and the unfortunate Woman that loſes the Prize, and is obliged to live, departs Mourning. Cuſtom can never prevail over Nature:

But

But we through Idleneſs, Delicacies, effeminate the Mind, and ſoften it to the moſt unmanly Opinions and Notions. Who hath not heard of the *Egyptian* Cuſtoms? who through the moſt ridiculous Superſtition, would ſooner die than hurt a Snake, a Cat, a Dog, or a Crocodile; and if they ſhould by Chance tread on any of them, they willingly ſubmit to any Puniſhment: What I have ſaid is concerning Men: But do not the very Beaſts bear Famine, Cold, Solitudes in Mountains and Deſarts, do they not fight, even to Wounds and Death, in Defence of their young ones? I forbear to inſtance how much Ambitious Men will endure for Honour, for Glory and Fame; or what Lovers, in the Violence of their Paſſion, would willingly undergo. Life is full of Inſtances of theſe Kinds: But let me turn my Diſcourſe now to the Point engaged upon.

Shall a happy Life expoſe itſelf to Tortures, and ſhall Happineſs refuſe to follow Virtue, Juſtice, Temperance, Fortitude, Greatneſs of Mind, and Patience, when ſhe ſees the Executioner's Face? Shall all theſe Virtues proceed without any Diſorder to Torment, and She ſtop at the Priſon Door? What can be conceived baſer and more deformed, than Happineſs thus ſtripped of all the glorious Retinue of Virtues? But this is impoſſible to be; happy Life cannot exiſt without Virtue, nor Virtue be void of Happineſs; therefore the Virtues always neceſſarity take Happineſs with them, even into Pains and Tortures: It is the Property of a

wiſe Man to do nothing unwillingly, or that he ſhould ever repent of; but to act all things nobly, and honeſtly: To hope for nothing as certain, nor yet to admire or be ſurpriſed at any thing when it does come to paſs: To be determin'd by his own free Choice, and act always agreeably to his Judgment. And that there can be any Thing happier than ſuch a Man I cannot conceive.

The *Stoicks* have an eaſier Way to conclude on this Argument: They ſay the chief Good conſiſts in living agreeably or ſuitably to Nature; and ſince to do ſo depends on Man's Free-will, and not on any Circumſtances he may chance to be in; it follows, that he that can obtain this chief Good, may alſo obtain Happineſs of Life; a wiſe Man can always procure the firſt, and conſequently the laſt. Theſe are the ſtrongeſt Arguments I have to urge concerning a happy Life, and (if you have none better) the trueſt too, that are uſed to maintain it. *A.* I have none better to offer, but if it were not too much Trouble, I would deſire one Favour of you; ſince you are tied up to no Rules or Maxims of any Sect or School, but freely chuſe, out of all, what you think moſt probable; a little above, you adviſed the *Peripatetick*s, and the old *Academick*s, to ſpeak out freely that the wiſe Man's Life was the moſt happy: I deſire to know how they can, agreeably to their other Notions, maintain ſuch a Maxim, eſpecially becauſe I know you have argued very much againſt that Opinion, after the manner of the *Stoicks*. *M.* Let us then

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uſe that Liberty in Philoſophiſing, which we can do in nothing elſe. I aſſume no Power to determine any Point, but leave it ſtill undecided, to the free Judgment of the Hearer. As I underſtand you, you would have this diſcourſed on, that notwithſtanding the Differences between Philoſophers in their Notions, which is the chief Good, yet is Virtue ſufficient to a happy Life. This I have heard *Carneades* maintain in Oppoſition to the *Stoicks*, whom he always diſputed againſt, and he exerciſed all his Learning and Wit to pull down their Diſcipline: I ſhall endeavour to prove this after a calmer Manner. If the *Stoicks* have choſe the chief Good rightly, it is plain, without any more Words, that a wiſe Man muſt be always happy. But let us proceed to examine the Notions of the other Sects, and ſee if a happy Life is deducible from the numbering up the chief Goods.

The great Opinions of chief Goods, are theſe Four. The *Stoicks* aver, that nothing is Good but what is honeſt; and *Epicurus* avers, that nothing is Good but Pleaſure; *Hieronimus* avers, that nothing is Good but a Freedom from Pain. *Carneades*, in Oppoſition to the *Stoicks*, aver'd, that nothing is Good but the Fruition of all, or the greateſt of the Goods of Nature. The Second Diviſion of Goods is into theſe three Kinds; the greateſt, that is, thoſe of the Mind; and thoſe of the Body; and the external Goods of Fortune; as the *Peripateticks*, and very near as the old *Academicks* conſidered them. *Clytomachus* and

and *Callipho* joined Pleaſure and Honeſty; *Diodorus*, the *Peripatetick*, joined Indolence and Honeſty: Theſe are the Notions of any Note, for thoſe of *Ariſto*, *Pyrrho*, *Herilus*, and ſome others, have been long exploded. What may be ſaid to each of theſe, let us now conſider, only paſſing over the Opinion of the *Stoicks*, which I imagine I have already ſufficiently defended. The *Peripateticks* Notion is very clear and eaſie to be admitted, unleſs we except *Theophraſtus*, and ſome that followed him, who ſeem to be too fearful of Pain: The others extol, (and let them continue to do ſo) Virtue to the Heavens, and heighten it with all the Charms of Eloquence; they having conceived ſuch a beautiful Idea of Virtue, may eaſily contemn all other Goods, when compared to it. They too, who ſay Pleaſure is to be ſought after through Pain, muſt not deny them to be happy that gain it ſo; though they be in ſome Evils: For the Name of happy is to be given a Perſon upon the whole, and not in Relation to ſome particular Circumſtance.

As Merchandiſe and Farming are both called profitable, though ſometimes the Corn is blaſted, and the Ship and Wares loſt by Tempeſts; yet, upon the whole, both may be pronounced gainful: So Life, though it be not always filled with all poſſible Goods; yet, if thoſe Goods which it hath outweigh the Evils, it is to be eſteemed happy: It appears then, that Life may be called truly happy, even in *Phalaris*'s Bull, from

from the Authorities of thoſe great Maſters, *Ariſtotle*, *Xenocrates*, *Speuſippus*, *Polemon*. The ſame is *Diodorus* and *Callipho*'s Opinion, who both had ſuch a Notion of Honeſty, that all Goods void of it, they thought were not comparable to the others. The other Philoſophers ſeem to have more Scruples about this Point; yet *Epicurus*, *Hieronimus*, and the Defenders of the ingenious *Carneades*'s Notions, ſeem to get clear of them. For there is none but muſt allow the Mind to be Judge of Goods and Evils, and it may be inſtructed to deſpiſe the latter: *Epicurus*, *Hieronimus*, and *Carneades*, are exactly in the ſame Condition of Defence, and ſo are all the Philoſophers, they are all ſufficiently armed againſt Pain and Death. Let us inſtance firſt in that Man of Pleaſure, *Epicurus*; can he be ſaid to fear Death or Pain, who called the Day of his Death a happy one? who in the midſt of the ſharpeſt Pains of the Stranguary, baffles all their Torments by the Memory and Recollection of his famous Inventions? His Notion of Death was, that it entirely deſtroyed all Senſation, that Men periſhed like Beaſts, and he thought a State of Inſenſibility ought to be no Trouble to us. Againſt Pain he argues thus: If it is violent, it is ſhort; if long, it muſt be gentle. And now tell me, do the former lofty Talkers prove better againſt Death and Pain, than even *Epicurus*?

Again,

Again, are not all the other Philoſophers, beſides *Epicurus*, ſufficiently prepared againſt all other Evils? Who fears Poverty? No Philoſopher. *Epicurus* himſelf was content with a little, and gave Abundance of excellent Rules about Frugality. He was very far from Luſt or Ambition, or any other Paſſion which would occaſion Covetouſneſs for the ſupplying ſuch Exceſſes, and therefore cannot be charged with the Love of Money. Beſides, ſhall a *Scythian* Philoſopher be able to deſpiſe Wealth, and ſhall not our Philoſophers be able to do ſo? There is an Epiſtle of his in theſe Words. *Anacharſis* to *Hanno*, ſends Greeting. *Scythian Clouths cover me, the Hardneſs of my Feet ſerves for Shoes, the Ground is my Bed, and Hunger my Sauce; I eat Milk, Cheeſe, and Fleſh; come to me, as to one already ſatisfied; give thoſe Gifts which you uſe to your Luxury, either to your Citizens, or to the Immortal Gods.* And to this Notion and Manner of Life might every Philoſopher of any Sect arrive, if their own corrupt Natures did not divert them from following the Dictates of Reaſon. *Socrates*, when he ſaw a great Quantity of Gold and Silver, ſaid, What Treaſure do I deſpiſe! *Xenocrates*, when *Alexander's* Embaſſadors brought him Fifty Talents, a great Sum of Money, and eſpecially at *Athens* in thoſe Times, he invited the Embaſſadors to Supper in the Academy, put before them juſt Meat enough, and without any Pomp; the next Day, when they asked who he pleaſed the Money ſhould be paid to for him: *How!*

ſaid

ſaid he, *did not the Supper I gave you laſt Night, ſufficiently inform you that I have no Occaſion for Money?* But upon ſeeing them ſomething diſcompoſed at his Behaviour, that he might not ſeem to deſpiſe the Generoſity of the Prince, he took Thirty Pound. *Diogenes* made a rougher Anſwer like a *Cynick* to *Alexander the Great*, when he asked him what he wanted; *I want you to ſtand from between me and the Sun.* He too uſed to boaſt how much happier he was than the *Perſian* Monarch, and that he wanted nothing, whereas the Emperor could never have enough. He did not covet that Monarch's Pleaſure, which appeared not ſatisfying, and the Monarch could never obtain his which was ſo.

You remember, I believe, how *Epicurus* divides Deſires, not very ſubtilly, but yet conveniently enough: They are, ſays he, part natural and neceſſary; part unnatural and unneceſſary; and part neither of the two. All neceſſary Deſires might be ſatisfied with very little; the Riches of Nature were eaſie to be come at. The ſecond Kind of Pleaſures he thinks a Man may either gain, or be without very eaſily. The third Kind, as being perfectly vain and unnatural, he declared, ought to be entirely neglected. Here the *Epicureans* enlarge, and extenuate thoſe Pleaſures, which they deſpiſe not, but are not ſo very eaſie to be gained. All wanton Pleaſures, of which they ſpeak much, they ſay are common and eaſy to be obtained; and ſuch are not greater or leſs from Rank or Quality,

Quality, but from Youth, Shape, and Beauty. They think too, it is not difficult to contain from theſe, if either Health, or Fame, or Duty, requires it. In ſhort, all Pleaſures of this Sort were deſirable, if not hurtful, but were never profitable: And his general Opinion about theſe Points was, that Pleaſure was deſirable for itſelf, as being Pleaſure; and Pain to be avoided for its own Sake, as being Pain. A wiſe Man therefore would duly weigh Things, and if upon Examination any Pain would produce more Pleaſure, willingly accept the Pain, and reject any Pleaſure that would occaſion more than its Quantity of Pain. Though the Senſes too were the Organs of communicating moſt Pleaſures, yet the Mind was the proper Senſorium of them: The Body was only to be affected with the preſent Pleaſure, the Mind could force future, and recollect paſt Pleaſures, and therefore a wiſe Man would always be happy between the Memory of paſt, and Expectation of future Pleaſures. After this ſame manner too they talk of Eating, and Feaſts and Delicacies are much diſcommended by them, becauſe Nature is content with a little. Who does not ſee that all this has a Tincture of Deſire in it?

Darius in his Flight, when he drank Water out of a muddy Puddle, ſaid he never drank any thing ſo Pleaſant; the Reaſon is, he was never thirſty when he drank at other times. *Ptolemy* too was the ſame, with reſpect to Hunger; he eat on a Journey ſome coarſe Bread, and ſaid it was the pleaſanteſt

that

he ever eat. *Socrates* is ſaid, to have been uſed to walk from Morning almoſt till Night, and being asked why he did ſo, he anſwered, that he *Dined upon Famine, that he might have the better Stomach to his Supper.* Beſides, do we not obſerve the *Spartans* hard Diet it the *Phiditii*? When *Dyoniſius* the Tyrant dined once with them, he declared he did not like their black Broth, and yet that was their choice Diſh; upon which he that prepared it anſwered, *Sir, that may eaſily be, for you want the Sauces: What Sauces*? replied the Tyrant; *Labour and Appetite, Thirſt and Toil*, for theſe are the Sauces the *Spartans* uſe. This may be collected, not only from Men, but Beaſts, who eat whatever is given them, if not ſomething contrary to their Natures, and remain content. Whole Communities of Men have by Cuſtom brought themſelves to a ſpare Diet, as inſtanced before in the *Spartans*. *Xenophon* too gives us an Account of the *Perſian* Way of Living; they uſe nothing but Creſſes for their Bread, though the Country affords from the Fruits of Trees, and the Soil, much more grateful and pleaſant to the Taſte, in great Plenty. Now conſider the Soundneſs of Conſtitution and Health, which muſt be the Conſequence of ſuch an Abſtemious Diet; and afterwards view the Luxurious in their Fits of Vomitings, Diſeaſes, and the like, will not the former appear to have made the better Choice, even in Regard to Pleaſure, than the latter?

All

All the Pleaſure of eating high, lies in the Deſire, not in the Meats.

Timotheus, a great Man of *Athens*, after dining one Day with *Plato*, and being very much pleaſed with his Entertainment; the next Day meeting him, ſaid, *Your Entertainments are not only very pleaſant at the Time they are given, but continue to be ſo the next Day too.* Men overcharged with Wine and Meats, are not rational Creatures for the Time they cannot uſe Reaſon. There is an excellent Epiſtle of *Plato*'s to *Dion*'s Friends, almoſt in theſe Words; *When I came there, the happy Life, ſo much extolled, filled with* Italian *and* Syracuſane *choice Diſhes, no ways pleaſed me; never to ſit up and Study alone, nor any Thing which would make a Man wiſe or moderate: This pleaſed not me*, for what Life can be pleaſant, that is void of Prudence and Moderation? What a piece of Folly did the rich *Syrian* King *Sardanapalus* order to be inſcribed on his Tomb?

The Things I've eat and taſted I have ſtill;
What I have left behind me I have loſt.

What more, ſays *Ariſtotle*, could have been upon the Tomb of a Beaſt! Doth he ſay, he now hath, being dead, the Things which when alive he had only during a Momentary Fruition? Why then are Riches coveted, or why does not Poverty ſuffer Men to be happy? Is it for the Poſſeſſion of Statues, Pictures, Plays; but do not poor Men enjoy

enjoy thoſe Things more than the Rich, upon Account of there being ſuch abundance of them in our City publick. The Rich, that have in their Seats ſome curious Pieces of Statuary or Painting, are frequently ſtung, when they ſee them, with the Reflection how they came by them. It would take up too much Time to defend Poverty in all its Parts; Nature every Day ſhews us how little, and what common ordinary Things ſatisfy her.

Can then Ignobleneſs, Peaſantry, or popular Diſgrace, hinder a Man from being happy? Is it not a properer Queſtion, whether or no popular Fame hath not more Uneaſineſs in it than Pleaſure? *Demoſthenes* had too much Vanity in being pleaſed, (as himſelf acquaints us) with the old Woman's Whiſper, that uſed to carry Water, to another, *This is Demoſthenes.* This was indeed vain to a Degree of Ridicule in ſo great an Orator. He had ſtudied more how to harangue the People, than to commune with himſelf.

Popular Applauſe is not therefore to be deſired, for its own Sake, nor the contrary to be feared. Says *Democritus*, *I came to* Athens, *and no body knew me there*; a very humble Man indeed, to boaſt of his Humility. Muſicians tune their Inſtruments according to their own Judgment, and ſhall a wiſe Man in the Conduct of Life, neglect to follow the Dictates of his own Reaſon, and purſue the unſettled Humours of the Populace? How ridiculous is it to imagine the whole is ſomething wonderful, when all its Parts are

Tinkers

Tinkers and Taylors, and all ſingularly deſpicable? Let a wiſe Man deſpiſe Honours and Fame, tho' offer'd him by the Populace, let him not ſtay till he repent their Favour before he contemns it. There is in *Heraclitus*, a Saying of *Hermodorus*, the Prince of the *Epheſians*; Let all the *Epheſians* be put to Death, ſaid he; they baniſhed him for it, and then agreed to make this Law, *No one ſhall excel all of us; if any one does let him be obliged to live in ſome other Place.* This Notion is in all Nations. The Populace hate an extraordinary Degree of Virtue. *Ariſtides* (and I chuſe rather to inſtance in the *Greeks*, than my own Country-Men) was baniſhed his Country becauſe he was too juſt. How many Troubles are they then free from, who have nothing to do with the People; for what is pleaſanter than Retirement and Study? thoſe Studies I mean by which we come at the Knowledge of an Infinity almoſt of Things over all Nature; and in this World, underſtand the Properties of Air, Earth and Water? When we have once baniſhed the Deſire of Fame and Wealth from our Minds, what remains that can create any Fear in us? You will ſay Baniſhment, which generally is reckon'd a grievous Evil: If it is an Evil, in as much as it declares a very high Diſtaſte the People may have conceived againſt us, I have ſhewed before how little common Fame is to be valued: If Evil, meerly as being abſent from our Country, the Provinces are all full of miſerable Men, ſince very few that go there ever

ever return to their Native Country. But baniſhed Men are deprived of their Goods and Eſtate: Have we not ſufficiently before defended Poverty? Again, if we conſider the Nature of the Thing, and not the Ignominy of the Name, how little doth it differ from continual Travel? And in this did not the nobleſt Philoſophers ſpend their whole Lives? Such as *Xenocrates*, *Crantor*, *Arceſilas*, *Lacides*, *Ariſtotle*, *Theophraſtus*, *Zeno*, *Cleanthes*, *Chryſippus*, *Antipater*, *Carneades*, *Panætius*, *Clitomachus*, *Philo*, *Antiochus*, *Poſidonius*, and a great many more, who after once departing from their Home never returned again. But ſtill you will urge there is Ignominy in Baniſhment: Can Ignominy affect a wiſe Man? For we are diſcourſing of a wiſe Man, who cannot ſuffer Baniſhment juſtly, and therefore cannot be ſubject truly to Ignominy. A Man juſtly baniſhed ought not to have any Conſolation. But in all Caſes of this Nature, the moſt univerſal way of arguing is by conſidering all Places only as they furniſh us with more or leſs Means of Pleaſure, that Place will then merit the Name of Country which affords us moſt Means of Happineſs. *Teucer's* Saying is very proper on all theſe Occaſions,

Wherever I am happy, there's my Country.

When *Socrates* was asked what Countryman he was, he anſwered, I am of the World, diſtinguiſhing himſelf by no more particular Title than that of an Inhabitant of the World.

Did

Did not *Albutius* live very happy when he ſtudied at *Athens*? Yet would not Baniſhment have hapned to him, had he followed *Epicurus* his Rules, and lived peaceably in his Country. But wherein was *Epicurus* more happy in living in his own Country, than *Metrodorus* in living at *Athens*? Was *Plato* happier than *Xenocrates*, or *Polemo* than *Arceſilas*? Or what Value ought we to have for a City that baniſhes her wiſeſt Men. *Demaratus* the Father of our King *Tarquin*, being unable to bear the Tyrant *Cypſellus*, fled to *Corinth*, fixed his Fortunes, and got Children there. Did he act fooliſhly in preferring Liberty Abroad to Slavery at Home? But again, all the Care, Trouble, and Uneaſineſs of the Mind are relieved by turning it to Pleaſure. *Epicurus* therefore was ſo bold as to affirm that a wiſe Man was always happy, becauſe he enjoyed moſt Pleaſures, and from the over-ballance of Pleaſures *Epicurus* declares, he enjoys a happy Life. Can he be happy tho' he want Sight or Hearing? Yes, for he contemns them. What Pleaſures doth that horrible Blindneſs want? It is matter of Diſpute whether any of the Pleaſures of the Senſes exiſt in the Senſes: Tho' the Pleaſure of ſeeing eſpecially is not in the Eye, as perhaps thoſe of taſting, touching, or ſmelling may be in their proper Organs: No Pleaſure from ſeeing is in the Eye, but in the Mind only; but the Mind may be ſufficiently happy in other Pleaſures, tho' thoſe which flow from the Sight be wanting. I ſpeak of a Wiſe and Learned Perſon, to whom *to live*

and

and *to ſtudy* are the ſame. For very often the Mind uſes not the Eyes in its Reſearches after Truth. *Antipater* of *Cyrene*'s Reply was very much to the Purpoſe, tho' a little ſmutty, to the Women that lamented his Blindneſs, *Do you think, Ladies*, (ſaid he) *there are no Pleaſures in the Dark?* *Appius* the Elder lived many of his latter Years blind: Yet it appears from his Actions, and the Offices he bore, that even under ſuch a Calamity, he was able to diſcharge moſt Duties of a private or publick Condition. *C. Druſus*'s Houſe uſed to be often filled with Clients and others deſiring his Directions: They that enjoyed their perfect Senſes, uſed to apply themſelves to be guided by a blind Director.

When I was a Boy, *Cn. Aufidius Prætorius* uſed to attend the Buſineſs of the Senate-Houſe, adviſe his Clients, and write a Hiſtory in *Greek*. *Diodorus* the *Stoick* lived many Years blind at my Houſe, and purſued his Philoſophical Studies then more intenſely than before; after the Cuſtom of the *Pythagoreans*, learn'd Muſick, and had Night and Day Books read to him in ſuch Studies as required not the Aſſiſtance of the Eyes: Nay, what is almoſt incredible, he taught Geometry, which of all Studies ſeems moſt to require Sight, telling his Scholars how they ſhould draw every Line for the future Demonſtration. *Aſclepiades*, a Phyſician and Philoſopher of great Reputation, is ſaid to make this Reply to one asking him what Inconveniences he found in Blindneſs, *He was obliged to have a Boy more than uſual with him.* Tho'

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Democritus by the Loſs of his Eyes, could not diſtinguiſh White from Black, yet he could diſtinguiſh Good from Bad, Juſt from Unjuſt, Baſe from Honeſt, and Small from Great; and lived very happily without ſeeing the Varieties of Colours, tho' not without a Notion of Things: Nay, he imagined that the Sight of the Eyes diverted the Mind from, and obſtructed her in purſuing the Knowledge of Things: Therefore when others often could not obſerve what was juſt before them, he was able in his Thought to traverſe Infinitude. *Homer* is reported to have been blind: But we muſt argue only from his Picture, and not from his Poems: For what Country, Coaſt, or Part of *Greece*, what ſort of Engagement, Army or Sailing, what Motion of Men or Beaſts, is not ſo deſcribed by him, that if we were blind, he ſtill communicates as much Light to us as to ſee all thoſe various Objects. Shall we then think that *Homer*, or any wiſe Man wanted any thing for the Entertainment of his Mind? Or if it were not ſo, would ever *Anaxagoras* or *Democritus* have ſold all their Patrimony and Goods, and have given themſelves up wholly to the Divine Pleaſures of Learning? The Poets therefore never bring in *Tiræſias*, a wiſe Man, deploring his Calamity of Blindneſs; but *Homer* introduces his *Polyphemus*, ſuitable to the Character he had before given him of Rudeneſs and Barbarity, mightily lamenting his Blindneſs, talking with his Ram, and preferring that to himſelf, becauſe it could ſee to

go

go up and down: This was very right; for the Ram was full as wiſe as the *Cyclops*.

Or what Evil is there in being deaf? *M. Craſſus* was ſomething deaf, nay, what was worſe, had an ill Reputation. Our *Latin Epicureans* cannot ſpeak *Greek*, nor the *Greek*, *Latin*; they therefore are deaf to each other, as not underſtanding each other's Language: And ſo are we all in innumerable Languages which we are not ſkilled in. But they cannot hear the ſoft Sound of Muſick, they are dead to all the Charms of Harmony; they are ſo, and are again dead to all diſagreeable Gratings of Saws, or Grunting of Swine; they can compoſe themſelves to ſleep in the midſt of a Tumult and Outcry: And no one can very much inſiſt on Muſick to the conſtituting of a happy Life, becauſe he muſt own there were many wiſe Men that lived happy before the Invention of Muſick: And as before we made amends for the Defect of Sight by the Hearing, ſo the Loſs of Hearing may be made amends for by the Eyes, which are generally more buſy and inquiſitive in ſuch as cannot hear: And they that have Notions enough in their own Mind, will not want one to talk to them to divert them; they can talk to, and divert themſelves. But let all Calamities be crowded on one Man, let him be blind, deaf, and filled with all Bodily Pains, their Violence will ſoon diſpatch him; but if they ſhould be long and violent, there is a Port to fly to, there is Death, an Eternal State of Inſenſibility. *Theodorus* replied to *Lyſimachus*, when he threatned to put him to Death, *What are you able to do*

that a Fly can not? *Paulus* anſwered *Perſeus*, when he entreated he might not be lead in Triumph, *That is in your own Power.* But I have ſpoke a great deal in my firſt Diſputation, and in my ſecond too of Pain, occaſionally concerning Death. Whoever reflects on thoſe Diſcourſes, will certainly be eaſy under the Thoughts of it, if he doth not even wiſh for it.

The Rule the *Grecians* uſe at their Feaſts would be excellent if introduced into Life; *Let every one drink, or be gone.* Either let him do as the reſt, and enjoy the Pleaſures of drinking, or let him depart, leaſt, for being ſober, he be inſulted by the Company when drunk. So let him that cannot bear the Injuries of Fortune fly from them. This is the Sum of *Epicurus* and *Hieronimus*'s Arguments. And if theſe Philoſophers, who think Virtue by herſelf inſufficient, and that all we commend as Honeſt and Laudable, is only an empty Diſtinction in Names, and not the Nature of Things, yet allow that a wiſe Man is always happy; what great things may not be expected from *Socrates* and *Plato*, and other elevated Philoſophers, in this Caſe? Some of them had ſo high an Opinion of the Goods of the Mind, that they declared thoſe of the Body were nothing in Compariſon; others entirely denied there were any external Goods: This Controverſy *Carneades* was pleaſed to take the Deciſion of upon himſelf; and hath declared that there is no Occaſion for any Difference between the Sects, ſince ſuch things as the *Peripateticks* call Goods, the

the *Stoicks* call Conveniencies; and if their Meaning, not the Words, be considered, they will appear to have both entirely the same Notion of Riches, Health, and things of that Nature. But let Philosophers of other Sects examine how the State of the Case is in these Points, it is sufficient to my Purpose that I have shewed they have all spoke as became Philosophers, concerning the perpetual happy Life of a Wise Man.

But since we shall depart hence to Morrow, let us keep in our Memory these five Days Disputations: I believe I shall write them, for how can I better employ this Leisure I now have? I will send them to *Brutus*, by whom I have not only been desired, but commanded to apply myself to Philosophy. What Advantage they may be to others, I cannot tell; but I am sure they were the only Remedy for my own various and many Misfortunes and Troubles.

FINIS.

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